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THE TIMES

SATURDAY JUNE 3 1989

30p

Labour target Thatcher in Europe battle

Gould attacks over dealings with Bush

- Labour is to use the European elections to launch a concerted personal attack on Mrs Margaret Thatcher
- Shadow Cabinet minister Mr Bryan Gould launched a bitter attack on Mrs Thatcher over President Bush's visit
- The party's election campaign will focus sharply on divisions between the Prime Minister and Mr Edward Heath
- The Foreign Secretary said yesterday that Labour's policy on Europe was a "devastating recipe" (page 6)

By Robin Oakley, Political Editor

Labour leaders have taken a concerted decision to turn the European elections campaign into a personal assault on the Prime Minister. They will attempt to weaken her credibility and sustain the momentum built up in the local government elections and the Vale of Glamorgan by-election.

In one of the most bitter attacks yet on Mrs Margaret Thatcher, by a member of the Shadow Cabinet, Mr Bryan Gould, Labour's campaign co-ordinator, yesterday accused her of "drooling and drivelling" over President Bush and over President Gorbachev on their recent visits to Britain while showing disdain for the members of her own Cabinet and publicly undermining her colleagues.

Opposition leaders believe that they can use the Govern-

ment's problems on Europe, symbolised by the clash between Mrs Thatcher and Mr Edward Heath, the former Prime Minister, to present the Conservatives as divided.

With resolute speculation that Mrs Thatcher will be forced to resign, Mr Gould said that the party's "devastating recipe" to be the Prime Minister's greatest advantage over the Opposition, her ability to deal on equal terms with world leaders.

Mr Roy Hattersley, the deputy leader of the Opposition, will today accuse the Prime Minister of leaking "smears" about her colleagues and claim that the Government is a divided body in its death throes.

Mr Neil Kinnock himself has already urged Britain's voters to turn the European elections into a national referendum on 10 years of Thatcherism.

While there is little new in the rhetoric used by Labour's leaders, the tactics reflect the Opposition's increased confidence that a good showing in the European elections could boost Labour's prospects for the next general election and that they have the openings to undermine the Government's credibility.

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Expelled newsman leaves Russia with flowers



The BBC's Ian Glover-James and his wife Janet Lawrence leaving Moscow yesterday after being expelled in the row between Britain and the Soviet Union.

Bush cheered on return with 'message of hope'

By Nicholas Beeson

President Bush returned to the US yesterday and told a cheering crowd that he had brought "a message of hope" for the American people from their Nato allies.

"We have a great and historic opportunity to shape the changes that are transforming Europe," the President told about 2,000 people gathered at nearby Pease Air Force Base in New Hampshire.

"In this period of historic change, the Nato alliance has never been more united, never been stronger," Mr Bush told the clapping, whistling audience. The decision adopted

this week in Brussels at the Nato summit to propose sweeping arms reductions to the Soviet Union "is not an arrogant challenge to Mr Gorbachev; it's an appeal in good faith," he said.

"We must get to work now to end the Cold War with the Soviet bloc," Mr Bush said.

Photograph Page 16

The President will spend two nights resting at his nearby Atlantic coast home in Kennebunkport, Maine, before returning to Washington tomorrow.

He flew home with his wife after a low-key farewell at Heathrow airport. They were

seen off at the airport by the Chancellor, Mr Nigel Lawson, who represented the Government.

When President Gorbachev left Britain during his visit earlier this year he was seen off by the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe.

A Downing Street spokesman said that the more informal departure yesterday had been planned ahead of Mr Bush's visit. "Mrs Thatcher said goodbye to President Bush at Downing Street last night. He requested her not to accompany him to the airport because he said there was no need."

Baby boy savaged by Rottweiler

By Paul Wilkinson

A six-month-old Birmingham boy was seriously ill in hospital last night after another attack involving a Rottweiler dog, Andrew Little, who was discovered by his grandparents in his blood-soaked cot his body covered in bites, was sent for specialist treatment to the city's Children's Hospital. He is believed to be suffering from internal injuries.

The attack on Andrew was the third serious incident involving a Rottweiler in less than a week.

The boy's mother, Alicia Little, aged 17, said: "I still cannot believe what happened. It just goes to show that

you cannot trust these dogs. They should be kept as guard dogs only."

In Bristol yesterday, magistrates refused to order the destruction of a Rottweiler which savaged Tim Mason, aged five. The child was so badly injured he required plastic surgery.

Meanwhile the British Rottweiler Association has received more than 70 calls in the last week from worried owners. "We are advising people having difficulty controlling their Rottweiler to have it trained immediately or put down," Mrs Marilyn Hayward, the association's secretary, said.

Old Bailey IRA bomber is freed

By Jamie Dettmer

An IRA terrorist who helped draw up the plans for the 1983 mass break-out of 37 republican inmates from the Maze prison was released yesterday for "good behaviour" after serving only half of his five-year sentence.

Gerard Kelly, aged 36, was originally jailed for life after being convicted of involvement in the bomb attack on the Central Criminal Courts in Old Bailey, London, in 1973. After escaping, he fled to The Netherlands, where he was arrested in January, 1984.

He and Brendan McFarlane, the leader of the Maze escape, fought an 11-month legal battle to evade extradition to Northern Ireland.

Both men appealed to the Dutch Supreme Court and the European Commission of Human Rights. The extradition battle became a cause célèbre in The Netherlands, with the

Dutch Labour Government opposing it on the grounds that the men's offences were political acts.

The life sentence being served by Kelly when he escaped had to be remitted by Britain as part of an eventual extradition deal.

On his return to Northern Ireland in 1986, Kelly was charged with 16 offences, including attempted murder and causing grievous bodily harm.

At the extradition hearing in The Netherlands, Kelly told the court that the Maze break out, the biggest mass escape in British and Irish penal history, was designed to embarrass the British Government.

"As a prisoner of war, I have always looked on it as my duty to escape and rejoin my organization. I think this is no different from any other soldier," he said.

Passport managers could join strikers

By Roland Rudd
Employment Affairs Reporter

Britain's passport offices could face the most damaging dispute for eight years with a series of national one-day strikes after the second biggest Civil Service union warned that its members may take industrial action.

The National Union of Civil and Public Servants said its members could vote for selective strikes if next week's negotiations with the Home Office are not productive. Mr

Leslie Christie, general secretary, said his members, who are predominantly middle managers, had continued working during yesterday's day of action in the belief that the Home Office would concede the need for more permanent staff.

"If management do not negotiate in good faith there is a good possibility that my members will reconsider their

Continued on page 16, col 8

Rose fight goes on despite £10m plan

By Simon Tait
Arts Correspondent

Within hours of the developers of the Rose Theatre site announcing their new £10 million plan to save the 400-year-old remains yesterday by raising their proposed 10-storey office block on stilts above the playhouse, it was clear that the battle for the Rose is still on.

Despite having been in negotiations with Imry Merchant, the developer, the Save the Rose Campaign dismissed the new scheme as "very disappointing" as it launched an international campaign to save the Shakespearean theatre and claimed the remains were still in danger.

It was also disclosed yesterday that the £10 million scheme, announced by Imry will have to be approved by the joint board of the Post Office and British

Telecom Pension Funds before it can go ahead and it is not due to meet until the day the Government's month-long moratorium on developing the site expires.

PostTel, the biggest pension fund managers in the country with assets of £16 billion, is financing the development by Imry. Mr Fred Reader, the fund manager, said yesterday: "I shall be putting the proposal forward to the board members with a very firm recommendation, but at the end of the day it is their decision."

Despite the backing of English Heritage for Imry's new design, which would put metre-thick piles around the perimeter of the Rose shell instead of through it and hoist the 10-storey office block 22 feet above the Rose, the campaign to

save the Theatre, which was also formally launched yesterday, has not welcomed the scheme.

"We are very disappointed," Dr Anthony Grayling, director of the its Rose committee's fund raising sub-committee, said. "The new scheme will do severe damage to the perceived remains. One of the piles will go straight through where we have reason to believe the entrance to the theatre was."

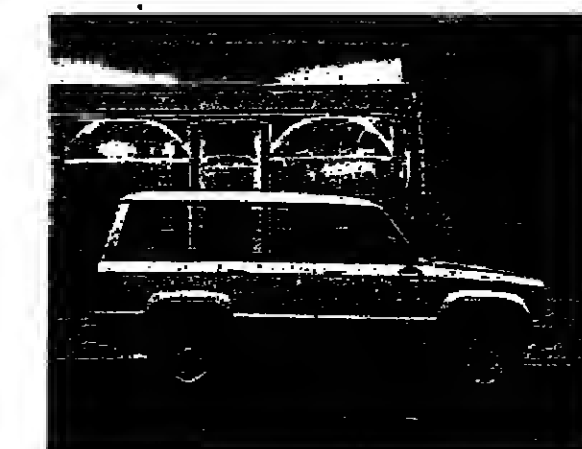
He said only three fifths of the site had been excavated. "Putting piles down like this so close to the perceived remains is like pinning the tail on the donkey."

The scheme also depends on the acquisition of a large wedge of land between the uncovered remains and Southwark Bridge Road, owned by the

Continued on page 16, col 3



Polo At Cowdray Park.
After Eight In Covent Garden.



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In today's 56-page Times

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Pressure for rate rise eases

By George Sivell

Pressure for an immediate rise in British base rates eased yesterday after the dollar weakened in response to economic news in the United States pointing to a gentle slowdown in the American economy.

In London the pound closed up almost two cents against the US dollar at \$1.5930 after news of a marginal fall in American unemployment from 5.3 to 5.2 per cent during May.

Analysts say the unemployment figures may herald an early easing in US interest rates which in turn will reduce dollar pressure on the pound. The all important trade weighted index closed at 92.5 up 0.1 on the day.

Details, page 17

THE 126 MPH TAX HAVEN.



So what's this, then? Some rather underhand tax evasion hints courtesy of Rover? Perish the thought.

We'd just like to point out that one can enjoy all the rewards of executive motoring without undue reprisal from the tax-man.

In the shape of the two litre Rover 820 Si.

As you know, drive a car a whisker over two litres and the demands from the Revenue verge on the draconian. (And now, thanks to Chancellor Lawson's most recent Budget, the discrepancy between cars with engines above and below 2,001cc is greater than ever.)

But surely two litres means loss of power and second-rate performance, not to mention possible misunderstandings regarding one's status?



The 126 mph 820 Si. Many happy returns.

On the contrary.

Not with electronically controlled multi-point fuel-injection (Naturally, every new Rover 800 is unleaded compatible.)

The sixteen valve, 140 PS engine powers the Rover 820 Si from standstill to 60 mph with considerable dispatch.

A nimbleness that leaves many of its larger-engined rivals well behind. Cars, incidentally, not only more expensive to run, but also to buy. Driven it would seem by people happy to pay more to drive slower. But in greater comfort perhaps? Hardly.

The 820 Si is as comfortable as it is powerful. Infra red remote door locking, electric windows front and rear, heated electric door mirrors and slide and tilt sunroof (electric, of course) all come as standard.

As does power assisted steering and an eight speaker stereo system; as well as familiar touches like burr walnut fascia and door inserts.

The Rover 820 Si promises you large-engined performance, large car luxury. There is, however, one extra it can't promise.

A large tax demand.



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Hor



Farn

From Seaside to Helmington

The most rare and arts discovery in the history of the first programme, which show, may have a programme's first into Europe.

A former wall of hall at Helmington with four Chinese figures, which programme a team of experts. The specialist in the ceramics, who discovered the figures, my experience.

Yesterday after for consulting with experts with photographs of the figures. Battle, a 600-year-old and a 100-year-old since 1979, as extremely rare. The adamant they are something we have before. Some of the relatively dating the eighteenth century. I think rather a lot of their importance.

"But we are in a position to make statements. We have only seen the and there is a handling."

The figures are tall on a wooden fine and drive. They appear to be David, Moses, haps, and are.

It is unclear in terms of the programme. The views of the and the programme brought to the attention of a group of people: that was a watercolour to be valued at £10,000.

Cutback medical

By Jill Smeaton

The Government to reform the have been unsuccessful. Medical Research which claims that could jeopardise education.

In its report, Paper the emphasis on self-governing reduce levels.

The franchise National Health block multi-million doctors would from taking part research or service.

Whatever the benefits of care always add care in the short more staff time hospital stays and laboratory results paper argues.

The drive to and increase could lead to hospitals providing services rather where new treatment methods were developed, it says.

In addition, cross-charge might obstruct between the health academic and The proposals difficulties in the

Makin

After 20 years of are growing confident able to bring the millions of British Hopes are pinned on the Sea Fish Farm at Marine Farm at Ardeer of Scotland.

The halibut, which than 200lb, may price, as did the farmed. Not just yet, however, but are so much giving a potentially remain very difficult to small mouth and has to food such as plankton and for the first few weeks of That is expensive.

Horse lifted off its feet in Hillsborough crush



Inspector Hand-Davis: Pleas to desperate fans.

The crowd outside the Hillsborough ground wrapped itself around a police horse weighing more than half a ton and lifted it off its feet "like Cellophane or Clingfilm", a mounted police commander said yesterday.

Inspector Paul Hand-Davis told the Sheffield inquiry into the Hillsborough disaster that his pleas and those of other mounted officers for fans to stop pushing were ignored as the crowd built up outside the Leppings Lane end of the stadium.

The crowd wrapped itself around his horse, Hussar. "I have never experienced anything like that before. The animal became immobile. He couldn't move a leg or a muscle. I couldn't believe it. The horse was

lifted by the crowd. He started to sway and I could tell his feet weren't on the ground."

Soon after 2.30pm there was a huge influx of late arrivals - some of whom had had a lot to drink - and he organized a line of mounted officers across the road to prevent more fans joining the crush.

He said: "Fans started throwing themselves under the bellies of the horses in a desperate attempt to get to the other side. They were in a pretty desperate state. I think drink and desperation could certainly be a factor."

Mr Hand-Davis told Mr Edwin Glasgow, QC, representing Sheffield Wednesday Football Club, that he regarded Hillsborough as a "fine ground - one of the best I have

The police chief who wept at the inquiry after describing his decision to open the gates at the Leppings Lane end of the ground has received hundreds of sympathetic letters and telephone calls. Supt Roger Marshall says he blames himself for the deaths. Callers have spoken of the dilemma he faced that day and his torment since.

policed". He had not considered there was any particular problem with the Leppings Lane turnstiles.

"Looking back I can't see why this tragedy occurred. I really can't. We, as mounted police, put our faith in the turnstile operators and they had always performed magnificently up to then," Mr Andrew Collins, QC,

counsel to the inquiry, said he wondered whether the inspector should have taken steps such as calling for reinforcements or trying to stop people joining the crowd at the turnstiles.

Mr Hand-Davis said that would have been "virtually impossible" because of the manpower required. The inquiry was told that only one ticket stub collected at turnstiles on the day of the disaster was found to be from a forged ticket.

Det Supt Graham McKay reassured relatives that no Hillsborough victims had been certified dead when they were still alive.

He told the inquiry that some people fought in vain to revive those who were almost certainly dead as

bodies were brought into the stadium's gymnasium. The disaster claimed 95 lives.

Mr McKay had been told by Mr Benet Hyner, QC, representing the bereaved and injured, that some had expressed doubts that their relatives were dead at the time of certification because of the state of the body when they saw it. He asked for "reasonable reassurance to the bereaved that nobody was classified as dead until they had been actually medically certified as dead."

Mr McKay: "Absolutely. It was rather the other way. There were groups of people trying to resuscitate what to me were certainly dead bodies but I didn't stop them." The inquiry continues on Monday.

Farmer astounds TV antiques experts

From Brian James Helsingør, Denmark

The most rare and important arts discovery in the 10-year history of the BBC television programme, *Antiques Roadshow*, may have greeted the programme's first expedition into Europe.

A farmer walked into the hall at Helsingør, Denmark, with four Chinese statues, each of an Old Testament figure, which astonished the programme's team of British experts. Mr David Battie, a specialist in Oriental art and ceramics, said: "This is a real discovery. The figures are in my experience unique."

Yesterday, after flying home for consultation with other experts with Polaroid photographs of the four figures, Mr Battie, a director of Sotheby's and a *Roadshow* specialist since 1979, said: "Everyone is extremely excited. They are adamant they are gazing at something we have not seen before. Some of us are tentatively dating these as early eighteenth century, others think rather later. Either way, their importance is certain."

"But we are not yet in a position to make definitive statements. My colleagues have only seen photographs, and there is no substitute for handling objects."

The figures, each five inches tall on a wooden base, are of fine and delicate cloisonné. They appear to represent David, Moses, Abraham, perhaps, and one other.

It is unlikely that, in monetary terms they will be the equal of the programme's previous most famous "find" amid the thousands of items brought to be identified and evaluated for the entertainment of a television audience: that was a Victorian watercolour by Richard Dadd valued at £100,000. The im-



Mr David Battie (left), of the BBC *Roadshow*, and Mr Peter Hoffman, with the four Chinese statues.

portance of the Chinese figures, in terms of art-lovers' interest, however, may be no less great.

"Chinese cloisonné, even of this superb quality made in the imperial workshops, is well known. Vases and figures, usually of animals, only occa-

sionally of Chinese people. I have never seen work of this kind depicting Occidental humans - and certainly nothing so strikingly Christian," Mr Battie said.

"The assumption is that these were made, perhaps as an altar set either by Chinese

working to missionary instruction, or by Chinese converts to Christianity."

On another *Roadshow* programme, Mr Peter Hoffman, aged 68, the farmer, will be told only that the set should be worth at least £5,000, but if the 250-year estimate of their age

is confirmed, their value could soar to 10 times that.

If the find is as promising as the *Roadshow* team hopes, Mr Hoffman knows what he will do with his figures. "Sell them. I have no children to leave them for. But I would like the money to buy another horse."

Christie's reach a milestone as Far East art tops £1m

Christie's reached a milestone in Chinese art collecting, when two classical Chinese paintings fetched more than \$1 million in New York.

A fourteenth-century handscroll elegantly portraying stages in an "Imperial Hunting Party" sold for \$1.87 million (£1.2 million). It was probably executed by a group of Yuan court painters, with one artist responsible for landscapes, another for animals and so on.

Another scroll, of a landscape surrounded with inscriptions, by the sixteenth-century artist Den Qiehang, sold for \$1.65 (£1.04 million). The estimate for both paintings had been around \$500,000.

Old Master paintings continued to catch up on the Impressionists at the sale of the Walter P Chrysler Jr collection at Sotheby's New York. There were records for two contrasting French nineteenth-century artists, Germain and Ingres.

An eerie landscape by Germain went for \$2.4 million (£1.5 million) to Mr Guy Sainty, the New York dealer, breaking that artist's previous record of \$1.3 million.

Ingres's more smoothly executed "Raphael and the Fornarina", an artist's impression of his hero posing with a mistress-model on his knee, sold within estimate for \$908,802 to a private buyer.

An architectural capriccio by Bernardo Bellotto, peopled with richly clad Venetian noblemen, fetched a further record for that artist, at £1.2 million.

The sale, of just one section

of the car magnate's collection, totalled £11 million. At Phillips in London, two George II cast candlesticks featuring cherub heads on their sides by Nicholas Sprimont sold for £214,500, 10 times their estimate. Sprimont was a rare craftsman, known better for his porcelain than his silver.

At the continuing sale of the contents of Thoresby Hall, Nottinghamshire, Sotheby's decided to ignore a warning from the Newark and Sherwood district council that 268 lots of arms and armour might

be subject to listed building consent.

The items, the auctioneers said, were "a heterogeneous assemblage from various European countries including the Middle East, India, Afghanistan, Japan and other countries, with no particular theme and are not part of the fabric of the home or a specific part of the design of the house."

Two national museums were active buyers. The Royal Armouries bought six items, including an eighteenth-century Indian coat of mail, and the National Army Museum, three.

A sixteenth-century "Maximilian" suit of armour doubled its estimate at £16,500, and a nineteenth-century reproduction sold for £13,200 (estimate £7,000).

NEXT WEEK THE CLASS OF 90

● The first part of *The Times Guide to Universities and Polytechnics* starts on Monday. This essential two-week guide for students will cover everything they need to know about life on campus.

ERRATUM

● Also starting on Monday, *Erratum*, the general knowledge competition that challenges you to spot the deliberate mistake. There is a Sinclair Z88 laptop computer to be won every day for three weeks.

CARING FOR OUR



ENVIRONMENT

● And to mark World Environment Day on Monday, a six-page Special Report on the increasing power of the green consumer.



Two readers shared yesterday's £2,000 prize. Mrs Hella Flessig, of Hampstead Garden, north London, said she planned to split her windfall between her son and daughter. The other winner was Mrs Pauline Tilling, of Forestdale, Croydon, Surrey. Mrs S. Turnbull, of Pershore, Worcestershire, redeemed her Portfolio Bond for £10.

NHS reforms

Cutback feared in medical research

By Jill Sherman, Social Services Correspondent

The Government's proposals to reform the health service have been attacked by its own Medical Research Council which claims that the plans could jeopardize research and education.

In its response to the White Paper the council says the emphasis on GP budgets and self-governing hospitals may reduce levels of research.

The fragmentation of the National Health Service could block multi-centre trials and doctors would be inhibited from taking part in NHS research or screening studies.

Whatever the long-term benefits of research, it would always add costs to medical care in the short term, through more staff time, longer hospital stays and additional laboratory monitoring, the paper argues.

The drive to contain costs and increase competition could lead to referrals to hospitals providing cheaper services rather than to ones where new but more expensive methods of diagnosis and treatment were being developed, it says.

In addition the plan to cross-charge for services might obstruct collaboration between the health service and academic and research staff. The proposals may add to the difficulties in recruiting and

retaining clinical researchers. "It is essential that there should be no financial advantage for any component of the NHS in opting out of medical research," the paper says.

A director with special responsibilities for education and research should be appointed to the top tier of health service management. "Research is of fundamental importance for the future quality and cost-effectiveness of health care in the NHS," the council says.

● The Government is to share £1 million between 15 health regions on experimental projects to assess the effectiveness of hospital medical services (Pearce Wright writes).

Mr David Mallor, Minister for Health, announced yesterday the spending on a "medical audit" programme designed to improve patient care that was under discussion before the publication of the Government's White Paper: *Working for Patients*.

The scheme involves 38 projects in 15 health regions in England. Doctors and surgeons will assess their colleagues' handling of cases across almost every class of care and treatment in a system described by the Department of Health as peer review. The system is already used in Canada and the United States.

Passport delays

Plea not to panic over holidays

By Andrew Pierce

Holiday-makers were last night advised by the Association of British Travel Agents not to panic if their passports failed to arrive.

Few holiday cancellations have been reported to the association so far because of the industrial action by passport office staff.

The association said: "We have been assured that emergencies will be dealt with. People who have made postal applications with their birth certificates can still acquire British visitor passports at the post office as long as they take additional identification."

"If people need a 10-year passport there is no alternative but to queue if trips are imminent. We do not envisage people losing their holidays. There is no need to panic."

Thomson Holidays said last night people who have not received their passports and have to cancel bookings would not lose their money. They can transfer it to another holiday once their passport has arrived.

The chaotic scenes witnessed at London passport office, in Petty France, earlier in the week were distant memory yesterday. Thousands of people usually descend on the office on Fridays but they stayed away because

of the 24-hour strike by the Civil and Public Services Association.

The strike drew only partial support and a virtually normal service was maintained. Long queues had been expected outside the office, but only a handful of people waited for the doors to open.

Mr Ian Pestel, aged 28, from Peckham, south London, said: "I have never seen so few people here. I thought I would have to fight my way through the crowds."

"I am flying to Zambia tomorrow to see a sick relative and I did not have a passport. I was worried sick. The visit cannot be delayed. But I was seen within minutes."

Mrs Deborah Headley, aged 27, of Norwood, south London, was due to fly to New York next Tuesday for a family funeral. She was one of thousands of people who jammed the centre on Thursday in a vain attempt to secure a passport.

"When I arrived today I could not believe my eyes. There were just rows and rows of empty seats."

"Everything was sorted out in minutes. On Thursday it was bedlam."

A large queue formed outside the Glasgow passport office, but there was a near normal service.

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Making a meal of the costly halibut

By Kerry Gill

After 20 years of research fish farmers are growing confident that they will be able to bring the reluctant halibut to millions of British dinner tables.

Hopes are pinned on 28 females which have produced about 300,000 eggs each at the Sea Fish Industry Authority's marine farm at Ardtoe on the west coast of Scotland.

The halibut, which can grow to more than 200lb, may eventually tumble in price, as did the farmed salmon and trout. Not just yet, however. Although halibut are so much bigger than salmon, giving a potentially greater profit, their farming is very difficult to rear.

In spite of its size, the halibut has a small mouth and has to be given natural food such as plankton and small shrimps for the first few weeks of life.

That is expensive and, so far, fish

farmers are reluctant to invest in halibut husbandry when the returns are so unsure. Nevertheless, it is predicted that annual production could reach 10,000 tons by the year 2000 with the price eventually ensuring that financial return will exceed investment.

Professor Ronald Roberts, director of the Institute of Aquaculture at Stirling University, says the halibut can grow quickly in the comparatively clean and cold Scottish waters.

Research into halibut farming began in the 1970s and wild brood stock has been gathered at Ardtoe since 1983. The difficulties which marine scientists face with halibut can be measured by the fact that out of the 8,000,000 eggs produced by the 28 halibut, only a few dozen are expected to reach maturity.

In 1967, more than 2,000,000 eggs

produced only 22 fish and only six of those survived. One of those died after leaping out of its tank and landing on the floor - researchers had no idea it could jump out. Worse, the remaining five died in a fire. Inshore fish farming generally is, under pressure from environmentalists and aquaculture is experimenting with farms up to 200 miles off shore.

"The world is at a stage when it is fishing in excess of the sustainable yield of the planet," Professor Roberts said. "Fish farming is the only way we are going to be able to exploit the necessary fish and shellfish requirements for the future."

Halibut is fetching £5 a lb this weekend; wild salmon £6.50; farmed salmon £4.50; wild sea trout £3; and farmed trout £1.99.

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Call to sweep away 'antiquated' system of conveyancing

By John Young and Christopher Warman

Proposals for a drastic reform of the conveyancing system were submitted yesterday to Lord Mackay of Clashfern, the Lord Chancellor, by the National Association of Estate Agents.

The proposals, which were disclosed at the association's annual conference in London, would, it was said, greatly reduce the delays and worries associated with buying and selling a house and could put an end to gazumping.

In a document entitled *Moving Without Tears*, the association says: "The time has come to address the real problem - the entrenched and antiquated system of conveyancing which is crying out for simplification."

The Lord Chancellor ought to reject Law Society propaganda. He should not be party to perpetuating a time-consuming conveyancing system that owed a great deal to protecting professional vested interests and little to those of consumers.

The association's proposed framework for house transfer, based on a conditional agreement between the two parties supervised by a single agent, would be an alternative to the present system of sale "subject to contract", which the association regards as unnecessarily open-ended.

It sweeps away the necessity of a solicitor or authorized

conveyancer for each party, although a solicitor could be the single agent in the transaction. The agent would be a party to the agreement, and could be regarded as acting in a personal capacity even though an employee and representative of an institutional estate agency.

The association says that the Lord Chancellor should specify minimum standards of bonding insurance and professional indemnity to accompany the new ideas, but states that those criteria need not be as stringent as for conveyancing work, since the transaction would have the merits of certainty after the approved agreement.

Under its proposals, the vendor should bear more responsibility, with a duty to disclose all material facts about the property. In turn he should limit his liability by obtaining a surveyor's report, having advised the surveyor that the property was to be sold, with the seller relying upon the report for his indemnity. "This places an identical responsibility upon the surveyor as if the report were being commissioned by the would-be purchaser."

The association believes that recent conveyancing legislation, restricting the preparation of the contract and deed of transfer, is overly protective of the legal profession, with

the consumer no better served.

It said there was no reason why many of the procedures should not be handled by the estate agent. Assembling and providing preliminary information, such as searches, was essentially an administrative operation. "There is no good reason why this should be considered a legal service and even this simple first step could lead to cheaper and speedier house transfer."

If the estate agent commissioned the searches and other pre-sale inquiries immediately on instruction, that would remove an initial impediment to a full commitment.

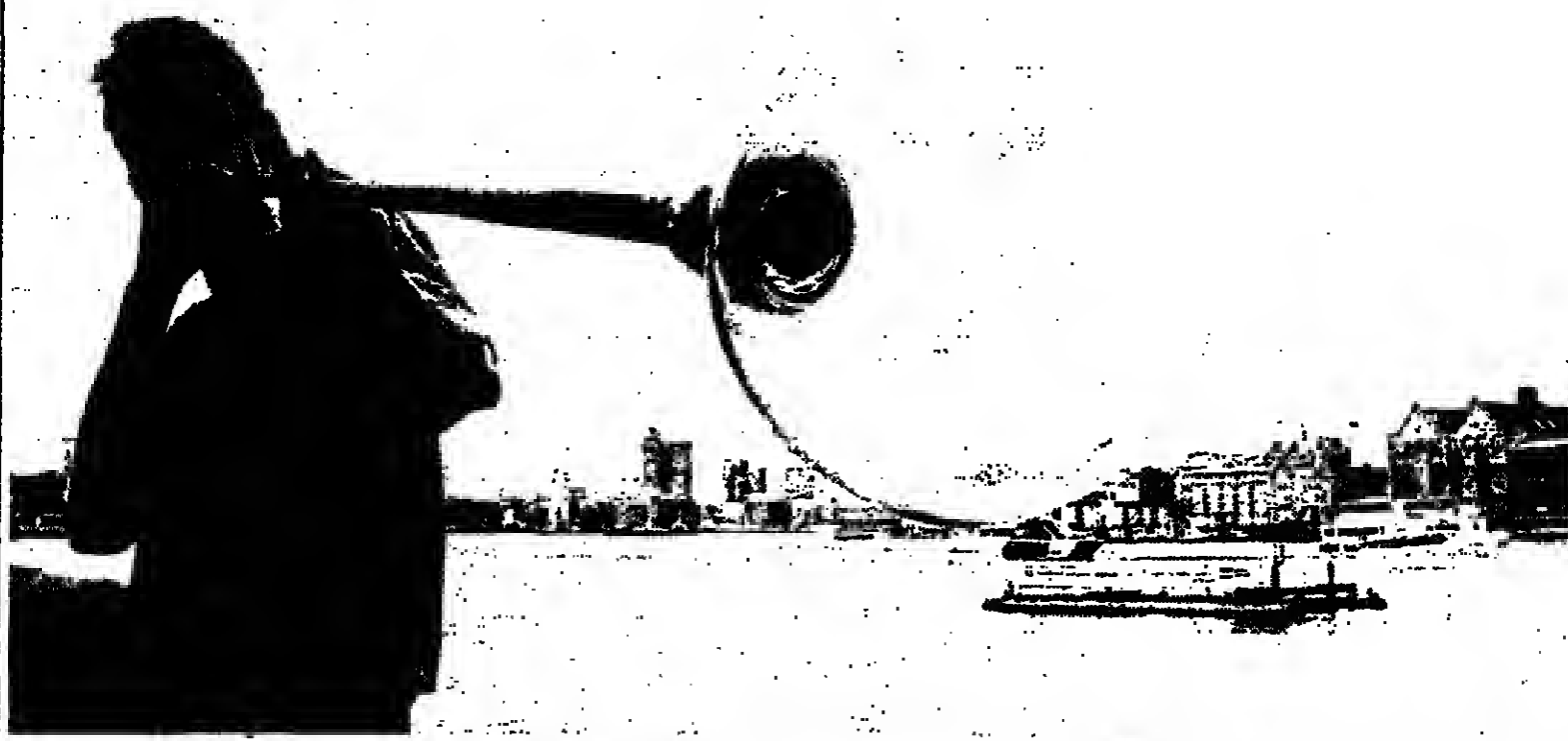
The agreement between willing buyer and seller would be conditional on the right of the purchaser to withdraw in certain circumstances. The main condition would be the need for a pre-specified mortgage offer.

It concluded that consumers would see the merit in a simple procedure using one agent to handle the sale and purchase.

Introducing the proposals in London, Mr Trevor Kent, the association's president, said: "Why should the sale of a registered freehold house take so long? People want to know where they stand. It is the long drawn-out uncertainty that causes the heartbreak and anguish. That must go."

Clear fundraising target for an ancient craft

HARRY KERR



Mr Patrick Stern, an assistant at the London Glassblowing Workshop in Rotherhithe, south-east London, preparing a bottle for the studio's open weekend sale on June 17 and 18. Mr Peter Layton, the workshop's founder, has arranged an exhibit of "Rainforest" glassware and will donate 10 per cent of the proceeds to the Friends of the Earth rainforest campaign. He will also have an exhibition at the Cecilia Colman Gallery, north-west London, from June 12.

SNP within Europe 'would cut jobless queues'

By Kerry Gill

A huge cut in Glasgow's unemployment ranks would result from Scotland becoming an independent state within the European Community, Mr Alex Neil, the nationalist candidate in the Glasgow Central by-election, said yesterday.

He claimed that independence in Europe would reduce the city's benefit queues by a quarter, with thousands of jobs created in manufacturing industries, construction work and the service industry. "The budget pro-

duced by the SNP for an independent Scotland clearly shows a direct subsidy from Scotland to the English Treasury of £2,000 million this year alone," he said. The money was being used to pursue Thatcherite policies, he said, when Scotland was suffering poverty.

Mr Alexander Salmond, SNP MP for Banff and Buchan and the party's spokesman on the economy, questioned why the political parties which supported union with England could not provide their own detailed economic models backing their case.

"Their claims are little more than scaremongering. The case for the union is intellectually bankrupt."

Mr Mike Watson, Labour's candidate, described the SNP's claim to have captured the intellectual high ground as ludicrous. The nationalists were still "peddling the big lie", with the real answer to Scotland's constitutional problems being the creation of an assembly giving effective autonomy within the United Kingdom.

Mr Gordon Brown, Labour MP for Dunfermline East and the party's Treasury spokesman, said families in

Glasgow Central were paying the price for the Government's mistakes with higher electricity and gas bills, the freezing of child benefit and the burden of poll tax demands.

Mr Allan Stewart, Conservative MP for Eastwood, likened the SNP to the Red Clydesiders, saying it was a socialist party. General election: R McTaggart (Lab) 21,619; B Jenkin (C) 4,366; Dr J Bryden (Lib/All) 3,528; A Wilson (SNP) 3,339; A Brooks (Green) 290; J P McGoldrick (Com) 265; D Owen (Red Front) 126. Majority 17,253.

Legal practices

Solicitors forge marketing links

By Richard Ford, Legal Affairs Reporter

The pressures of the market are making themselves felt in solicitors' firms across the country, long before the Lord Chancellor announces his firm proposals for the future of the legal profession.

Spurred by greater competition and the growing demands of clients, firms are jettisoning traditional methods of operating and joining forces with others to share overheads and strengthen the services they offer.

Nervousness within the profession is highlighted by the response to surveys on the prospects of medium-sized solicitors' firms and the challenge they face from big companies and highly specialized operators.

Mr Jonathan Denny, a partner with Cripps Harries Hall in Tunbridge Wells, said: "The Green Papers are only one part of the change. The whole legal business has changed rapidly during the past five years and will do so probably even faster during the next five."

"Obviously this causes uncertainty and firms have to consider how to position themselves to take advantage of the changes or, in some cases, survive."

Although interested in the idea of closer links between firms, Mr Denny says that it is not a panacea. "Networks can create as many problems as they are intended to solve, especially if people go into them without a clear idea of the long-term aim."

Despite his reservations, many High Street firms are

combining in networks to share facilities and, in particular, training programmes and recruitment drives which are considered essential if provincial solicitors are to attract good calibre staff with specialist skills.

The network arrangements are also aimed at helping the medium-sized company compete, while keeping its independence and personal approach to clients.

The creation of Law South, in southern England, linking 11 firms with 200 lawyers, has been followed by LawNet, which has eight firms from Bournemouth to Newcastle upon Tyne.

Mr Tim Lewis, managing director of Solicitors' Central Services, which launched the network, said it would co-ordinate and market solicitors' services, centralize recruitment and training and introduce central purchasing.

Law South sees the main advantages of joining with other firms as in recruitment and training, but also in the development of commercial work and the prospect of establishing a base in Europe.

Other solicitors remain more sceptical about the strategy behind networks and are suspicious of much of the jargon being used by management consultants.

One said: "There is not much point in accepting all this advice if all it means is the end is another layer of managers with titles. That won't save overheads though it will give high-paid jobs to some people on the backs of others."

Airline wants end to stopover ruling

Air 2000, the charter airline, returned to the Court of Session in Edinburgh yesterday seeking to overturn rules which stipulate that flights from Scotland across the Atlantic must touch down at Prestwick.

The airline, based at Crawley, West Sussex, operates a service from Glasgow to Orlando and says enforced landing at Prestwick has cost it more than £230,000 over six months.

Prison visit

The Princess Royal is to go ahead with a visit to Winchester prison next Thursday in spite of a hunger strike by 11 Kurds there who are demanding political asylum after arriving from Turkey.

Ship pair held

Two Palestinian stowaways were being held by immigration officials yesterday after they were found on a cargo ship from Morocco, that docked at Rochester, Kent.

Crash death

Mrs Yu Tak Ying Chan, the mother-in-law of Dr Raymond Crockett, the kidney transplant surgeon, has died in a car crash near his Oxfordshire home. His wife, Elizabeth, was seriously injured.

Snake search

A man who bought a 13ft python for his wife had to ask Swindon fire station for help after it disappeared behind a panel of his Ford Escort.

Wyman weds

Mr Bill Wyman, aged 52, of the Rolling Stones, yesterday married Miss Mandy Smith, aged 18, in a register office ceremony at Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

Exchange off

An exchange visit to Bocair Academy in Glasgow by children from Leningrad has been cancelled because of what Soviet officials describe as visa problems.

Trainee hurt

Mr Mark Watson, a YTS trainee aged 17, was severely injured after being crushed by a road roller while working on a UK2000 programme by the River Witham in Lincolnshire.

Claim fails

A sheriff in Edinburgh has rejected an attempt by a mother whose son died in prison in 1986 to sue the Scottish Home and Health Department for failing to take "reasonable care" of him.

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Howe says Labour wants to build a 'fortress' Britain

By John Lewis, Political Staff

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Foreign Secretary, issued a warning yesterday that Labour is planning import and capital controls — "a fortress Britain in a fortress Europe, cut off from the world".

In an attack on Labour's "hidden manifesto" for the European elections, Sir Geoffrey, speaking in Brecon, said Labour's seven-page policy statement was "short on specifics but long on linguistics, just as we would expect from Neil Kinnock".

He said: "Occasionally, the mask slips and Labour is revealed in its true colours." On planning, Labour wanted huge handouts to bankrupt industries and trade unionists on the board.

"A familiar, but devastating recipe that brought Britain to her knees in the 1970s could so easily destroy all the benefits of the last decade."

"What is left out is more dangerous still: import controls, capital controls, a fortress Britain in a fortress Europe, cut off from the world. That economic fortress would, of course, have no arms. It would be a trade

fortress and nothing else. The Japanese investors would leave Wales as Mr Kinnock's Dad's Army takes to the hills."

The Labour manifesto made little mention of jobs, he said, because in the past two years the Conservatives had shown they were the party of jobs.

"It's all like Harold Wilson revisited, but this time on a European scale. Their answer is not jobs for the people, but jobs for the boys."

Transport cuts attacked

Government under-spending is partly to blame for Britain's series of transport disasters, Mr John Prescott, Labour's transport spokesman, said at a European election press conference yesterday (Robin Oakley writes).

In a fierce attack on Government policy, Mr John Prescott, Labour's transport spokesman, confirmed that his party's radical review of transport issues included the possibility of scrapping the road fund licence. He called Britain's transport system "the poor relation of Europe" and demanded a "levelling up" to European standards.

"The principal aim of Britain's transport policy is to meet narrow financial targets imposed by the Government's ideological commitment to deregulation and privatization."

Mr Peter Brooke, the Conservative Party chairman, said if Labour reverted to a policy of raising the equivalent revenue by increasing the petrol tax, it could cost an extra 35p a gallon.

In Cardiff, the Foreign Secretary laid emphasis on the claim that Conservative policies had brought down unemployment in Wales by a quarter in the past year and made it lower than France, The Netherlands, Belgium, Italy or Spain. Voting Labour was to throw away Wales's European future.

Mr John MacGregor, Minister of Agriculture, claimed yesterday that Labour did not care about Britain's farmers (Robin Oakley writes). He said

that Labour's support for a two-tier price support system would be "highly discriminatory" against British farmers.

Labour's plans for farmers to pay towards the problem of nitrates in water supplies would involve them in costs of £3 billion, equivalent to a 50 per cent tax on fertilizers.

A plan supported by the Labour members of the European Parliament, for most agricultural support to go to the smallest farmers, was a recipe for a switch of money away from UK, he said.

At a Conservative European elections press conference in London, Mr MacGregor said that the annual average rise in food prices under the Conservative government had been only 5.6 per cent, compared with an average 16.5 under the last Labour government.

Defending the Government's record, Mr MacGregor said that agricultural productivity was up 50 per cent, food exports earned £5 billion a year and Britain was more than self-sufficient. Common Agricultural Policy reforms were having an effect.



Mr MacGregor yesterday: "Labour is against farmers."

Constituency profile: Leicestershire

Labour could gain a most marginal seat

By John Lewis

On any dispassionate analysis of this far-flung Leicestershire European parliament constituency, Labour should gain it on June 15.

The majority of Mr Frederick Tuckman, aged 66, the Conservative, was only 1.7 per cent in the last Euro elections in 1984, making it the second most marginal seat in Britain.

The mood now is almost certainly less favourable to him than it was then.

He has an additional 14,000 electors, most of them owner-occupiers who may help but so one is any longer sure about the allegiance of owner-occupiers.

He also has a Labour challenger in Ms Mel Read, aged 58, an active trade unionist and an employment officer with Nottingham Community Relations Council. She appears to be running a highly efficient campaign.

Party managers says that campaigning in the Euro elections began only 10 days ago but his late start will not assist him.

If the Vale of Glamorgan parliamentary by-election is any guide, a two-party squeeze could destroy the 17 per cent Alliance vote last time. Mr Tuckman could be the main beneficiary.

Like other candidates Mr Childs is concentrating on the

Two main parties face the sprouting of the Greens

environment. A member of Greenpeace, he is pressing for greater aircraft safety, arguing for electrification of the railway line to Leicester so the area can share in the benefits of the Channel tunnel.

The constituency is shaped like a butterfly with one wing-tip, on the east, in the lush farmlands of Melton Mowbray and Oakham, the butterfly head in Leicester City and the western wing-tip in North Warwickshire, at one point joining up with Birmingham. The 600,000 electors make nonsense of conventional electioneering methods; 400,000 leaflets go out in one "shot".

Candidates depend heavily on making themselves visible in shopping areas, particularly late night supermarkets, talking to pressure groups.

Chosen 15 months ago, Ms Read has built up con-

No one is sure of owner-occupiers' allegiance

tacts in the workplace. The party machine fought the county council elections on May 4 with the Euro elections in mind.

She calculates that if she does get out the promised voters, she will have a 9,000 majority when the result is announced on June 18.

Her campaign is targeted on bread and butter issues, linking them with Europe. One leaflet on the poll tax, pointing out that Britain is the only EC member to have a community charge, is going to every family with more than three adults.

Another tells 118,000 pensioners that they are worse off than their French and German counterparts. Mr Tuckman says that calculation does not include all the other benefits to which a pensioner is entitled. When those are taken into account, Britain comes third in the league. It appears that Leicester electors have taken Ms Read's version.

One of the largest uncertainties is the performance of Mr George Childs, aged 67, the Democrat candidate, a former pilot. He was chosen only in the past four weeks.

Another hazard for the two main parties is the sprouting of the Greens in Leicester. They won 17 per cent of the vote in one area and 15 per cent in another in the county council elections. Their candidate is Mr Christopher Davies, aged 40, an advisory drama teacher. He learned about the environmental problems by walking the 90 miles from one side of the constituency to the other in a week.

Mr Tuckman is having to fight a careful campaign. He points to EEC grants he has helped to obtain for potato storage barns, local bypasses and other projects. He is spokesman of the Social and Employment Committee of the European Parliament and has been deeply involved in the social policy and "worker participation" proposals that Mrs Thatcher condemned as back-door socialism.

He is again to be opposed by Mr Alan Barrett, an Independent Conservative, who secured 3,249 votes last time.

Partly as a result of his activity in the Bow Group, Mr Tuckman is attracting a galaxy of ministers and party personalities to his support, including Mr Nigel Lawson, Mrs Lynda Chalker, Mr Cecil Parkinson, Mr Michael Heseltine, Mr Leon Brittan and Lord Plumb.

1988 LEICESTERSHIRE P. Tuckman 67, 22,608; P. Davies 40, 20,616; G. Childs 67, 20,616; A. Barrett 67, 3,249. C. 2,249. C. 2,249. Monday: Scotland NE.

West German view

Kohl faces uphill domestic struggle

From Ian Murray, Bonn

After his success at the Nato summit meeting and recognition as a leader by President Bush, Chancellor Helmut Kohl has to get down to the mundane but essential domestic task of trying to rescue his Christian Democrats (CDU) from disgrace in the forthcoming European elections.

Scarcely a month ago, when he launched his new policy programme in the Bundestag, the Chancellor seemed down and out. The programme was a hodge-podge of ideas, some stolen from opposition parties, designed to meet grassroots complaints and showing little sign of real leadership.

Opinion polls show the CDU, with its Bavarian sister party, the Christian Social Union, trailing the opposition Social Democrats by four or five points.

The Free Democrats (FDP), junior partners in the coalition, have failed to gain the 5 per cent support needed to win seats in the last two regional elections — in spite of the fact that Herr Hans-Dietrich Genscher, the foreign minister and the country's most popular politician, is a member. The Free Democrats are fighting for survival in the European election and Herr Genscher is now hard at work on the campaign trail, a star attraction at rallies round the country.

Even more worrying for Herr Kohl than the possible eclipse of the FDP, however, is the estimated strength of the

radical right wing Republican party, which has scored 10 per cent in some areas.

Although Europe is not an issue in the election in the same way it is in Britain, there is growing dissatisfaction with the fact that West Germany is increasingly expected to be the community's paymaster. Financing the single internal market after 1992 will probably push its contributions up from about \$5 billion billion to nearly \$9 billion.

Everywhere there is concern that the single market will reduce standards to a lower common denominator than is currently enjoyed in West Germany on such issues as pollution control, the purity of beer and social legislation.

However, those are not really the issues motivating the electorate, which in any case is not widely interested in European elections. Domestic issues, such as unpopular reforms brought in by the coalition in health, pensions, taxation and the post office, excite more attention than European issues. Unemployment has also been a key issue.

But the Chancellor, who has a reputation for producing his best performances with his back against the wall, has managed with the help of the Nato argument, to deflect attention momentarily from the domestic issues.

He is seeking to bestir the campaign as a great international figure, and that could prove a vote-winner.

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Triumphant Bush returns to the plaudits of his critics

From Charles Bremner
Washington

President Bush returned from his triumph in Europe to Kennebunkport, his Maine home, last night, elated that he had defied the critics at home, asserted United States leadership in Nato, and laid down the outline of what the White House hopes will become known as the "Bush Doctrine".

Beyond the plaudits, offered even by many of his most vehement detractors, however, a feeling persists on this side of the Atlantic that, for better or worse, Mr Bush was forced by political pressure and critical barbs into a dramatic reversal of policy that he had not originally planned.

The script clearly followed a familiar pattern in Mr Bush's career. He displayed similar form, for example, when he came close

to disaster after his defeat in the Iowa presidential caucuses last year. At the eleventh hour for his career, he dropped his gentle image and came back snarling to win in New Hampshire against Senator Robert Dole.

"First Bush enunciates a position," said Richard Cohen of *The Washington Post*. "He characteristically overstates it, and then changes course at the last minute."

There is no doubt that, until three weeks ago, Mr Bush planned a far more modest initiative for Brussels than that eventually put forward calling for big cuts in conventional forces. His staff were, for example, still arguing forcefully against the inclusion of warplanes in arms ceilings only a week before Mr Bush abandoned the position.

Ten days before the summit, Mr Bush delivered a speech implying

that he would give no ground until President Gorbachev had "proved" he was genuine.

Many are delighted that, whatever the stimulus, Mr Bush has shrugged off cautious advice from the Washington foreign policy machine to go with the political tide in Europe, becoming the first President to start the process of dismantling his country's forces on the Continent.

Even conservative critics are pleased by his insistence that the US will remain a permanent European power despite the withdrawal of troops. This European commitment embodies a sub-text that is not, however, reassuring for Mrs Thatcher. Boiled down, it means Washington will henceforward pay more attention to the continental powers and less to Britain.

American officials point out

that this can be the only result of the emerging geopolitical picture, one in which Central Europe is the centre stage and West Germany plays the leading West European role.

Mr Bush summed up his new thinking in an interview before leaving London yesterday, saying

Moscow (AFP) — General Bronislav Omelichev said in a Tass interview that certain of President Bush's arms proposals only appeared to be concessions.

his doctrine "means a united Europe. It means a Europe without as many artificial boundaries... We will be dealing with openness and reformed economies."

There is no suggestion of a new coolness towards Britain, but "priorities are shifting" as one

official put it. On the public level, it appeared in Washington this week that President Bush had become more of a "European" than Mrs Thatcher.

The manner of Mr Bush's switch has also prompted fears from many in his own party that he could have opened a floodgate that he will find difficult to close. The President crossed a Rubicon, they argue, and he will now be forced to keep moving forward and may find it hard to stop when, for example, pressure in Europe grows for scrapping all short-range nuclear weapons.

For hardliners, such as Mr Richard Perle, President Reagan's former Assistant Defence Secretary, Mr Bush's policy switch smacked of "stone-cold panic".

Other experts said the air of improvisation suggested there was still no overall vision in the Bush

Administration. Mr Les Aspin, the Democratic chairman of the House armed services committee, praised Mr Bush for at last "hitting all the right chords in Europe... but he is not out of the woods yet".

"What he has offered is better than status quo plus, but it is still vision minus. What we need is a vision of where we are going overall, beyond tearing down the Berlin Wall."

In his awkward way, Mr Bush in fact defined that vision in his interview with *The Washington Post* yesterday. "Thoughts are that the Soviet Union might well be in the state of radical change. And as this change asserts itself, and as they genuinely change, our doctrine need no longer be containing a militarily aggressive Soviet Union. It means a United Europe. To permit it to happen from

within, the Soviets have to lighten up from without," he said, going on to say he believed assurances from Mr Gorbachev that *perestroika* was here to stay. "He said it will succeed — that things will never be the same again. I'm inclined to believe that, when you see the taste of freedom demonstrated by the proceedings (in the new Congress of People's Deputies in Moscow) the other day, China is the same."

On the strength of Mr Bush's statements this week, some former sceptics believe he has in fact demonstrated his grasp of the over-arching picture. William Safire, of *The New York Times*, for example, said Mr Bush had proved he was the "first US President since Richard Nixon to be in full intellectual command of his national security policy".

Letters, page 11

Sakharov shouted down over war atrocity charge

Moscow (Reuter) — Dr Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet human rights campaigner, was jeered and shouted down in the new Soviet Parliament yesterday when he attempted to defend charges that Soviet troops had committed atrocities in Afghanistan.

Dr Sakharov had made the allegations in an interview with a Canadian newspaper, later published in the Russian press. Yesterday an Afghan veteran, Mr Sergei Chervonopolsky, who lost both legs in the war, launched a virulent attack on him.

"The essence and aims of the irresponsible accusations by Deputy Sakharov are far from clear," he told Parliament. "We are outraged by his irresponsible and provocative assertions."

His speech brought deputies to their feet with thunderous applause and, for the first time since the Congress of People's Deputies opened nine days

ago, the entire Praesidium, including President Gorbachev, joined in the standing ovation.

The hall erupted into a chorus of jeers when Dr Sakharov advanced to the podium to defend his allegations, based on Western reports that Soviet helicopters fired on their own troops to prevent them falling into the hands of the Afghan rebels.

"I deeply respect the Soviet Army and Soviet soldiers," Dr Sakharov shouted over the clamour of insults and handclapping to drown his words.

The television showed army officers screaming abuse at the Nobel Prize winner.

"I never insulted the heroic Soviet soldiers who served there but the war itself, which was a criminal adventure and a huge crime by our country, which cost the lives of almost one million Afghans. It was a war of annihilation, a terrible sin," He recalled that his

protest against the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan at the time had led to his six-year exile to the closed city of Gorky. "I am proud of that exile and regard it as an award," he declared, his voice shaking with emotion.

Referring to his allegations, he said that they were still being investigated, and that in the meantime he was obtaining more evidence to back them up. "Until that investigation is complete, no one has the right to call me a liar."

Clearly aware that his words were having no impact on the enraged assembly, Sakharov left the podium, making way for a succession of army officers and other delegates, who denounced his remarks as slander, lies and an insult to the nation.

"I can tell you there was not a single order from the General Staff or the Defence Ministry to kill our own

people. It is a blatant lie, and I call on Sakharov to take back his lie," said Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, the former armed forces chief.

Not a single deputy spoke in Dr Sakharov's defence. Even the most outspoken of the reformist group in the Congress, with whom Dr Sakharov has been closely associated, remained silent.

Speaking to reporters later another historian, Mr Sergei Stankevich, expressed regret over the attack. "It was a moral lynching of a remarkable man. The war was a mistake, it was our national shame. I am ashamed."

But a fellow historian, Mr Roy Medvedev, who was himself denounced in the pre-Gorbachev era for his anti-Stalinist writings but has since been readmitted to the Communist Party, expressed no sympathy for Dr Sakharov, describing him as either irresponsible or naive.

Polish voters waver on last day

From Richard Bassett
Warsaw

The old lady queuing yesterday in the pouring rain outside a chemist's pointed to the hurly burly of Mr Jacek Kuron, Solidarity's candidate in the Zoliborz district of Warsaw: "I don't know why, but I just don't like that man," she said.

On the last working day before tomorrow's historic elections in Poland, it is the power of the irrational which is defeating any prediction. No one, whether Communist or nationalist, feels any confidence in forecasting the outcome of East Europe's freest elections since the Communist takeover.

In Zoliborz, where Mr Kuron, aged 55, is capable of holding spellbound crowds of up to 20,000, there are still many anti-communists who find him suspect.

"Kuron was too closely involved with Stalinism to be above suspicion entirely," a Zoliborz shopkeeper remarked yesterday.

Mr Kuron, even though his wife died after being attacked by Polish security men during martial law, is also considered by some Poles as dubious because he is not a Catholic. In Poland, this status can be seen as evidence of Jewish origin and anti-Semitic Poles have made a point of drawing hostile graffiti over Mr Kuron's election posters. Though most Poles do not regard anti-Semitism as a factor influencing their voting behaviour, the Government is aware such accusations only help the Communists.

● Jaruzelski visit: General Wojciech Jaruzelski, the Polish leader, is to visit Britain on June 10 and 11.

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Mr Lech Walesa, Solidarity's leader, campaigning for his candidates in the city of Gdynia.

Secret of massacre exposed at last

Moscow (AP) — An official newspaper yesterday exposed the 27-year-old secret of how soldiers killed a score of strikers in a blaze of gunfire, secretly buried them and hid their bloodstains under a thick layer of pavement.

A collection of remembrances published by the youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* marked the anniversary of a 1962 strike over food shortages in the southern Russian city of Novocherkassk, and officially confirmed for the first time rumours that have circulated among Russians for decades.

"I heard the massive fire of sub-machineguns... As a result of the use of firearms, 22 or 24 people were killed,

including a boy of school age," recalled the region's assistant military commander, retired Lieutenant-General Matvey Shaposhnikov. "Thirty people were wounded. The next morning I found out that the dead were secretly buried."

He told the paper that he opposed the use of force and was kicked out of the Communist Party in 1968 for trying to expose it. Mr A. Simonov, a teacher, told the paper that after the massacre "they tried to wash the blood from the square for a long time, first with fire engines, then other ways, with brushes, and at last called in a steamroller and laid a thick layer of pavement".

Komsomolskaya Pravda said one of its

sources, an engineer, Mr Gennady Marchevsky, discussed the attack for only the second time in his life. He was dropped from the Komsomol (the Communist youth organization) for discussing it with his neighbours many years ago, and he had kept silent ever since. Soviet dissidents and Western sources have long made mention of the massacre, reporting that at least 70 people died, but officials denied all the reports.

The *Komsomolskaya Pravda* story was accompanied by a commentary from three members of the new Congress of People's Deputies parliament, saying that it was fitting to report details of the bloodshed as the Congress meets.

WORLD ROUNDUP

Lagos police hold 1,500 after riots

Lagos (AFP) — Police have arrested 1,500 people in the wake of Wednesday's bloody riots in which 10 people died, official sources said yesterday, while the Government announced a ban on all political activity in Lagos state.

Mr Ahmadu Sheidu, the state Police Minister, said the ban was aimed at allowing the return of sanity. He accused some banned politicians, whom the military government has disqualified from a programme to return the country to civilian rule by October, 1992, of manipulating the rioters. A similar ban was imposed last week in Bendel state after six people died in rioting in Benin City.

18-year hunt ends

New York (NYT) — An 18-year search for one of the nation's most wanted fugitives — a New Jersey man who vanished after his mother, wife and three children were found shot dead in 1971 — ended in Virginia after his case was featured on a national television programme.

The hunt for John List had taken FBI officers to Europe and South America. The crucial links were forged by a sculptor's bust of what List would look like after almost two decades, a telltale scar behind his ear, and a tip by a viewer of a television programme, *America's Most Wanted*. List, aged 63, a college-educated, church-going accountant, had changed his name to Robert Price but kept his profession, and married a woman who knew nothing of his past.

Liza Minnelli fined

Stockholm (Reuter) — Liza Minnelli, right, the singer and actress, has been fined 12,500 kronor (£1,190) for bringing her dog, Lilly, into Sweden in April in violation of quarantine regulations, court officials said yesterday.

The district court of Helsingborg said Miss Minnelli, who did not attend the hearing, admitted bringing the dog into the country on April 9 when she arrived to perform in Stockholm with Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Junior.



Iran accuses Britain

Nicosia (Reuter) — Iran, saying the Salman Rushdie affair was far from over, accused the British Government yesterday of sending police and "mercenaries" to attack a rally by Muslims in London last Saturday. Speaking at Tehran University, President Khatami said London police protected trouble-makers who attacked the Muslims demonstrating against Rushdie for writing *The Satanic Verses*. "How can the British Government still claim that it supports freedom of speech?" he said.

Deportation claim

Iraqi troops have entered the Kurdish town of Qala Diza on Thursday and begun the mass transportation of its estimated 100,000 people to an unknown destination, Kurdish leaders said yesterday (Hazhri Teimourian writes). The two main leaders of the Kurdish minority in northern Iraq said that the people of Qala Diza were resisting the deportations and appealed to the world to help prevent them.

Leading article, page 11

Britain accuses Eastern bloc on human rights

From Susan MacDonald
Paris

The record of Eastern European countries on human rights was sharply attacked yesterday by Sir Anthony Williams, head of the British delegation to the Conference of the Human Dimension here.

While other Western nations at this follow-up to the Vienna Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe delivered a general mixture of encouragement and admonishment, and Eastern bloc delegates listed their own achievements so far and the problems still to be overcome, Sir Anthony said: "I seek to highlight what we see as a disturbing disparity in certain cases between high-flown declarations of intent and much less high-flown

actual practice." He said that many participants of the Helsinki Final Act remembered the President of Romania observing at the time that the principles and standards enshrined in the accords would be immediately and firmly applied.

Sir Anthony said that the Soviet Union's talked-about new time-scale during which those with access to state secrets would not be allowed to leave Russia sounded more like a prison sentence to him. He would be passing the Soviet delegation a list of names of the people adversely affected by the current practice of refusing visas, all of whom were well-known.

"The name of Mr Stanislav Devaty of Czechoslovakia is probably less well known — except perhaps to our Czech colleagues,"

Sir Anthony said, to the discomfort of the Czech delegation. Mr Devaty, a Charter 77 signatory, "was detained on March 16 this year, in connection with two petitions to the authorities. He has been in and out of prison ever since."

"Can we ask our Czechoslovak colleagues to tell us how they justify their treatment of Mr Devaty? Or better still, could they perhaps assure us that from now on they are going to leave him alone?"

This demand drew a rejoin from the head of the Czechoslovak delegation, Mr Frantisek Dolezel. "According to our information Mr Devaty is free," he said. "We are prepared to furnish information about him and in return ask questions on human rights in Great Britain, but we do not consider this

plenary session the appropriate place."

Sir Anthony expressed concern about the treatment of Christians in Czechoslovakia and, swinging back to the Soviet Union, he called the Ukrainian Catholic Church, with its membership of at least four million, "the world's largest banned religious organisation".

He said: "I would like to ask the present Soviet authorities whether they now believe there was ever any justification for its liquidation under the old Stalinist law?"

Then came the turn of the East Germans. "May we please soon have the explanation we have sought about the practice of the German Democratic Republic of shooting at and either killing or wounding people trying to leave the

country. The authorities will know very well why we are particularly interested in the plight of Herr Noew, who was forcibly removed by guards when he tried to swim to freedom on February 14."

Finally he asked Hungary whether there has in fact been mass migration since they have dismantled their "border fortifications".

"Is the removal of barbed wire, spike fences, ditches and so on something Hungary could confidently recommend to those states which still put their trust in them?"

● New clampdown: The detention this week of 16 churchgoers at the Nikolaikirche in Leipzig appears to signal a new clampdown by the East German authorities on opposition activities under the umbrella of the church (Anne McEvoy writes).

Near-disaster as jumbo goes out of control Freak weather blamed

By Harvey Elliott in London and Robert Cockburn in Sydney

A localized meteorological "freak" was last night believed to have caused a Qantas jumbo jet to go wildly out of control over Queensland, injuring 47 of its 305 terrified passengers.

Weather experts were called in to examine in detail the conditions encountered by the Boeing 747 as it flew through an apparently clear sky at 32,000ft on its way from Sydney to Singapore.

But with only sparse local weather reports available they had almost no clues to help them find out why the aircraft was suddenly thrown violently upwards for more than 1,500ft before plunging several thousand feet.

Passengers were hurried against the ceiling and bags cascaded from the luggage

racks as the aircraft vibrated and shook as the freak conditions hurled it out of control above the barren deserts of the Australian hinterland.

The meteorological charts of the area show that a 100-knot jetstream was crossing the area at about the height of the jumbo, but that should not have been sufficient to cause the phenomenon known as a high-speed jet nipet.

The aircraft, which was on automatic pilot at the time, would have behaved in the same way, however, first being pushed upwards then falling as its speed dropped rapidly.

The pilot would have been able to recover from the stall only when the falling aircraft's speed had built up sufficiently to enable him to pull out of the

dive. It is possible that the area may have been affected by the inter-tropical convergence zone, where masses of air from the northern and southern hemispheres meet and form a huge frontal system in which the air is often funnelled into sudden spiralling chimneys. But the area over which the incident occurred is normally too far south for this.

Upward draughts of air can be formed over mountain ranges in a potentially dangerous condition known as a standing wave. Yet this incident was over flat desert with no nearby mountains.

A developing storm, in which hot air rises sharply, often surging up far higher than the normal flight path of the aircraft, can also create strong vertical winds, although there were no reports of thunderstorms in the area at the time.

The possibility of a malfunction in the auto-pilot is considered highly unlikely, and the aircraft flew on without incident after three hours on the ground in Darwin, where the pilot was interviewed and engineers made a thorough check of the instruments and controls.

Had there been the slightest doubt about the integrity of the auto-pilot, the aircraft would have been grounded.

UK applies brake to EC road safety proposals

From Michael Binyon, Brussels

Maintaining its assault on Brussels regulations seen as beyond European Community competence, Britain is set to oppose two important road safety proposals that will be put to European transport ministers next week.

Mr Paul Channon will express opposition to a Commission plan to lower the permitted level of alcohol in drivers' blood. He will also vote to block a regulation insisting that seatbelts must be worn in the back seats of cars as well as by those in the front.

For once, however, Britain will not be isolated in its insistence that the EC has no role in legislation that is essentially social rather than economic. It will have the powerful backing of West Germany, which is reluctant to allow any Community competence in transport. With Denmark, they are likely to block both measures under the majority voting system.

On drink-driving, Britain's objections are not simply ideological. The Commission wants to lower the amount of permitted alcohol from 0.8 millilitres per litre of blood to 0.5 millilitres. Only Portugal and The Netherlands currently have this lower limit; all the others allow a maximum of 0.8 millilitres, except Ireland, which allows 1 millilitre. Mr Channon will argue that to

move to a lower limit would be unenforceable and might increase the number of drunk drivers. People might be over the limit after only one pint of beer and might therefore ignore what they saw as a stupid regulation.

On the compulsory wearing of seatbelts, Britain's objections to the substance of the proposal are fewer. Most EC countries are likely to introduce legislation along these lines soon, but there is still argument over what the rules should be for children. The Commission proposes to exempt them, whereas some member countries want to insist on children wearing belts.

Britain supports the compulsory fitting of anchor points for rear seatbelts, saying that the single market will need this harmonization of standards.

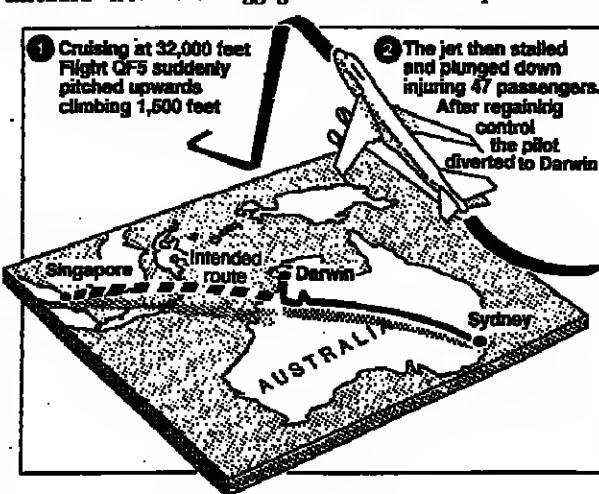
It would also back the Commission on a third proposal — the minimum depth of permitted tyre treads — if Brussels were to present this as an economic directive to regulate the sale of secondhand tyres. But the Commission wants to insist, on road safety grounds alone, that all tyres must be changed when the tread has worn to 1.6 millimetres, instead of 1 millimetre at present. Only Luxembourg currently insists

on this stricter standard, and Britain argues that it makes little difference to road safety.

A change would cost the British motorist an estimated £5 a year extra in new tyres.

This proposal is also likely to be blocked by Britain, Denmark and West Germany. Bonn's opposition is crucial, for EC plans must be blocked by at least two of the bigger member-states. Germany is clearly anxious that, if it admits Community competence in road safety, it will find it hard to argue against the imposition of common Community speed limits. The right to drive as fast as one likes on motorways is a contentious political issue in Germany.

Britain's new vigilance in trying to block any EC legislation not relating to the single market in now in evidence at every Council meeting. It was breached on Thursday, however, when consumer affairs ministers allowed passage of a resolution calling for consumer education in schools. This would seem to admit EC competence in school-level education, something that Britain vigorously opposed in the Lingua language-teaching programme. But a resolution is not binding, and British officials suggested that Britain would simply ignore those parts it found objectionable.



Mujahidin force sterile deadlock in a city under siege

From Anatol Lieven
Herat, Afghanistan

The city of Herat is clearly firmly in the hands of the Afghan Government. How far its reach extends is another matter. The bounds of state control were made all too apparent when an evening stroll in the ruined Malik Gate quarter of the old city, just 200 yards beyond the walls of the citadel, ended abruptly on the edge of an unmarked minefield, amid warning shots from behind and a suddenly erupting exchange of fire between the garrison and the Mujahidin.

The latter's rockets were crashing into the ruins a little way in front, and over our heads a government machine-cannon was firing in response, its shells leaving golden streaks in the twilight. As to the mines, the risk became all too apparent next day, in the Herat regional hospital.

One of its patients is Saifuddin, a soldier of the garrison who lost a leg 10 days ago when he strayed into one of his own side's minefields. The rest of the

ward was occupied by civilians injured in the same way.

According to the soldiers with us, the Mujahidin responsible for the bombardment that evening were probably from the Jamiat-i Islami Party, led from Peshawar by Professor Burhanuddin

One catches a glimpse of a graceful courtyard, a reminder of old Herat, celebrated by poets

Rabbani. Most of its supporters are Tajiks, a majority in Herat province.

Its local commander, Captain Ismael Khan, first gained fame in March, 1979, as one of the leaders of an army mutiny in Herat against the Communist Government. This was accompanied by a general revolt in the city and helped provoke the Soviet intervention.

The army column which suppressed the revolt fought its way into the city through the Malik Gate, destroying the

area in the process. From the massive walls of the fortress, a vast expanse of ruins from this and subsequent battles stretches to the west. Among them one catches a glimpse of a graceful courtyard, a reminder of old Herat, celebrated by Persian poets and Western travellers.

In a strikingly similar situation to that at Kandahar and Ghazni the Mujahidin have been able to hold out in this ruined quarter of town. A government soldier — a small dark man, with a naturally cheerful face set in an expression of contained panic — told us that their positions are about one kilometre away from the citadel.

Neither the Russians nor the government forces have been able to dislodge them, but neither have the Mujahidin been able to launch an attack to capture the rest of the city.

The result, as elsewhere, has been a stalemate lasting for years, with a steady stream of casualties (at Ghazni, Kabul bazaar rumour has it, the Mujahidin now control most of the town, but it is

impossible to verify this).

The civilian population, as elsewhere, is enduring the situation. Emerging from the ruins after fleeing the bombardment, we met two brothers, Asad, aged 10, and Hafiz, aged 9, sitting on their doorstep calmly surveying the explosions. They had lived there with their families for three years, without anyone of their acquaintance having been killed — which suggests that the Mujahidin bombardments of Herat may be slightly more discriminating than those which are doing such damage to their reputations at Kabul and Jalalabad.

Few rockets are said to have landed on the populated parts of the city in recent months.

The garrison does not appear to expect any imminent Mujahidin offensive and the defences of the city are clearly very strong. Apart from the city itself, the Government controls the road south to the airport, about 11 miles away. Those to the Soviet and Iranian borders also appear to be open most of the time, to

judge by the goods and the prices in Herat's bazaars.

The prices of staple goods there are a good deal lower than in Kabul, a fact that our Kabul guide and interpreter celebrated by buying a 15lb bag of sugar. However, these roads are evidently

The garrison does not expect an imminent rebel offensive and its defences are clearly very strong

subject to repeated Mujahidin attack, and we travelled in an armoured personnel carrier, past numerous firing positions and dug-in tanks, their barrels pointing mostly to the east.

It is impossible to say how much of the countryside in Herat province is controlled by the Government, because despite repeated requests the local authorities proved unable or unwilling to take us there. Large areas are said to be controlled by local militia forces, or

"defenders" as the Government calls them. In Herat city, these are supplemented by party volunteers. Both consist largely of slightly alarming youths in civilian dress and carrying Kalashnikovs, their cowboy-like appearance accentuated by the handkerchiefs pulled over their mouths against the dust-laden Herat breeze.

Government officials told us that many of the rural "defenders" are defectors from the Mujahidin. The Governor, Mr Fazlul Haq Khaleqyar, had on his desk a letter which he claimed was from a "very famous" local Mujahidin commander, expressing his desire to make peace with the Government. President Najibullah has named Captain Ismael Khan in particular as one of the leading commanders whom he is inviting to make peace. However, as the hours ticked by in a night made sleepless by the artillery and machine-gun fire on the outskirts, it came to seem less and less likely that this invitation will be taken up in the immediate future.

Scepticism mounts as bland Uno takes helm

From Joe Joseph, Tokyo

Mr Sosuke Uno starts his new job as Prime Minister of Japan today with the triple handicap of knowing that many find him uninspiring, that most regard him as little more than a puppet of the barons of the ruling Liberal Democratic Party, and that his party's power-brokers are already haggling over his successor.

Even Mr Uno confesses that his candidacy came as a bolt from the blue, a view echoed by many commentators. Gentle critics say he lacks the leadership skills needed to rescue the LDP from its present crisis. Sterner ones dismiss him as "an astounding choice", a "mediocrity among mediocrities".

Mr Uno was eased smoothly into office yesterday by a fat majority in Parliament which acts as a rubber-stamp for the wishes of the Liberal Democrats.

He swiftly set about assembling a new Cabinet experienced enough to tackle a tricky agenda of domestic and foreign problems, but fresh-faced enough not to be entangled in the Recruit bribery scandal that toppled the administration of Mr Noboru Takeshita.

His new team will have to restore some faith in the LDP's Recruit-tainted reputation to soften the hammering the party is expected to suffer in upper house elections this summer. Mr Uno will also have to set about smoothing ruffled trade relations with America and preparing Japan's position for the summit of leading industrial nations in Paris next month.

The need for some strong voices was reflected in the decision to push Mr Hiroshi Mitsuoka into the post of Foreign Minister and to keep Mr Tatsu Murayama as Finance Minister.

Mr Mitsuoka's experience in trade issues as Trade and Industry Minister in the Takeshita Cabinet will help in tackling the trade friction with America. Mr Murayama will

ensure continuity in financial affairs.

Mr Uno, who writes poetry and paints in his spare time, confessed yesterday that he also invents motives. A favourite that has guided him through his political life so far is "Spring winds go through iron walls". He said he would draw inspiration from this enigmatic Eastern maxim.

It is hard to fault the widespread belief that the amiable Mr Uno, a relative youngster in Japanese politics at 66, owes his promotion to his low profile and a bland, blameless past. This has kept him out of the political limelight but it has also distanced him from the grubbier end of Japan's money politics that sparked the Recruit affair.

Apparently Recruit did not reckon Mr Uno was influential enough to indulge, which says perhaps too much about his political clout.

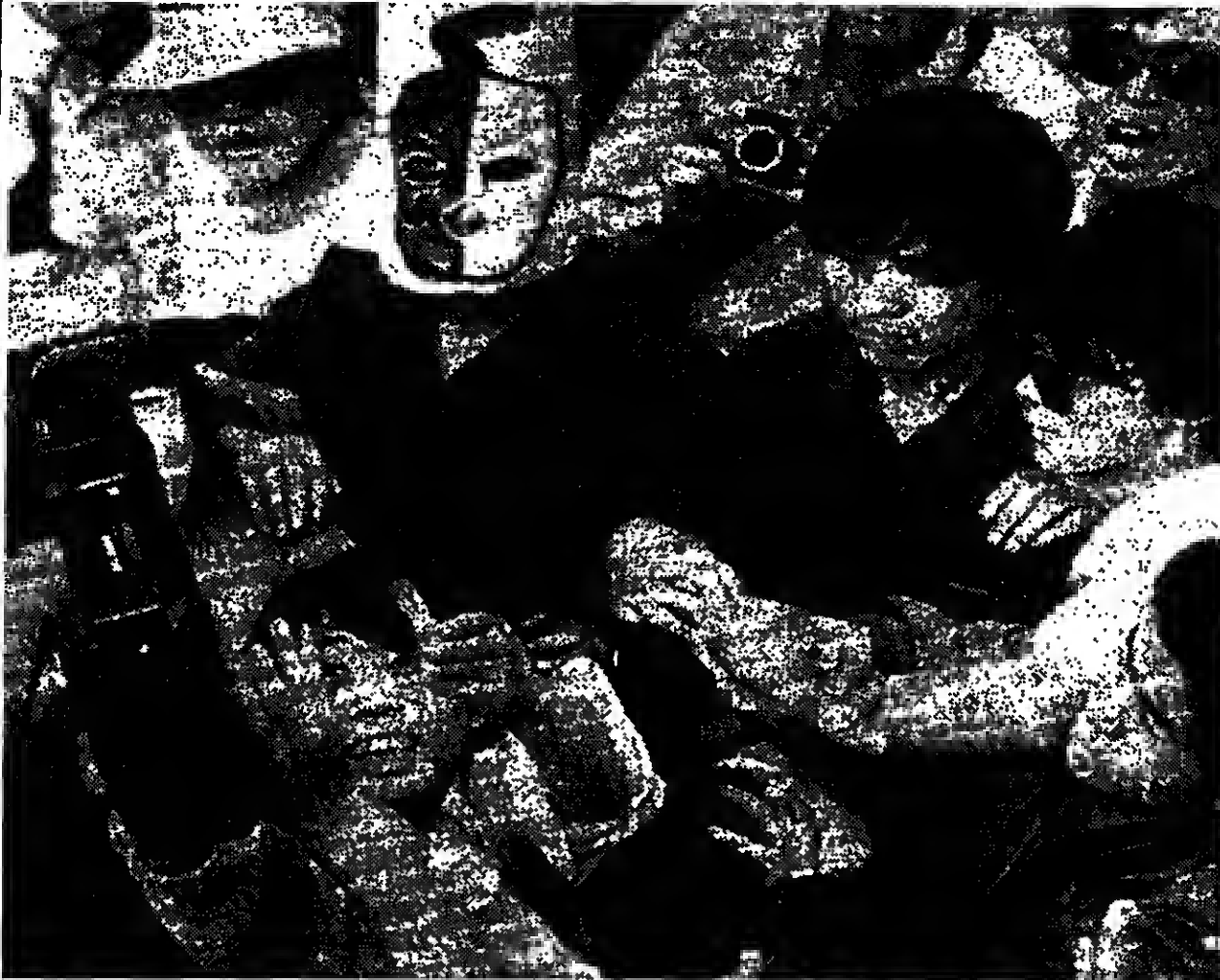
Mr Uno was the second richest member of the Takeshita Cabinet with personal assets of 300 million yen, but he was not an aggressive fundraiser. He is the first politician since the war to lead the Liberal Democrats without having invested many years and millions of yen courting his colleagues.

Mr Uno's first act yesterday was to denounce the Recruit scandal as "deplorable" and to emphasize the need for political reforms. With a new but somewhat uneasy no-nonsense authority, he added: "The most important task is to regain public confidence by reconsidering the past and reconstructing a fresh party."

But scepticism about Mr Uno's independence grew with the speed with which he made his first appointments and by the choices.

The key post of party Secretary-General went to Mr Ryutaro Hashimoto, aged 51, a rising star in the party but also one of the closest aides to Mr Takeshita.

Camera spy sparks a clash



Students demonstrating in front of the People's Daily offices in Peking try to wrest a video camera from a man they suspected of being an undercover policeman.

Students in long march to Peking

From Catherine Sampson, Peking

A pop singer, a businessman and two intellectuals started a new hunger strike in Tiananmen Square yesterday as Nanjing students set out on a long march to join the student movement in Peking.

The latest group of hunger strikers declared in their manifesto that it was not enough for Mr Li Peng, the Prime Minister, to be overthrown but that China needed an authority with a popular mandate. They were Mr Hou Dejian, a pop singer; Mr Zhou Duo, a corporate planning manager at a private electronics company; Mr Liu Xiaobo, a professor of literature at Peking teacher training university; and Mr Zhao Xing, a sociologist.

Prominent intellectuals were present in the crowd of supporters gathering round the steps to the monument to the people's heroes. About

2,000 students cycled to the offices of the party mouthpiece, the People's Daily, in one of the most vociferous protests yet against state control of the media. They dubbed the newspaper "Li Peng's poodle". Some copies

were burnt. People's Daily journalists were among those protesting for press freedom before the declaration of martial law. But since then troops in the editorial offices have ensured pro-Li coverage.

In another show of defiance

600 miles to the south, about 1,000 students in the city of Nanjing set off on Thursday on a modern long march, aiming to reach Tiananmen Square by the end of June.

Students have been pouring into Tiananmen Square from all over the country in past weeks, their way made easier by railway workers waiving fares. Now such charitable practices have been forbidden.

Peking students are relying more and more on students from elsewhere to maintain a presence in the square. Despite reported splits, protesters have reached a consensus that students will stay in the square until June 20, when the Standing Committee of the National People's Congress is expected to meet. Students' demands for an end to corruption are to be placed high on the agenda of that session.

Only 1,000 new arrivals, camped out in tents, have not joined the hunger strike at the Whitehead centre, where Vietnamese await their turn to appear before immigration officials.

Refugee protest grows

Hong Kong — In the storm over Vietnamese boat people, Hong Kong legislators have threatened to withhold money for housing new arrivals, while the British Ambassador to Vietnam has said he believes Hanoi may soon accept the repatriation of boat people rejected by Hong Kong (Jonathan Brande writes).

By last night a protest hunger strike, which began among 2,000 Vietnamese on Thursday, had spread to about 5,000 boat people at the Whitehead Detention Centre. The Government fears a further spread of the protest, which is over the strict screening policy to separate genuine political refugees from economic migrants. Another 18,000 Vietnamese are in other centres, and hundreds more arrive daily.

Only 1,000 new arrivals, camped out in tents, have not joined the hunger strike at the Whitehead centre, where Vietnamese await their turn to appear before immigration officials.

Chinese press sees Zhao as another Nagy

From Mary Dejevsky, Peking

Chinese journalists have long shown a special interest in Hungary because of its pioneering economic reform programme, but they have recently discovered a new source of Hungarian inspiration in the person of the late Imre Nagy, reformist leader of the abortive 1956 uprising.

Scarcely a day now passes without a front-page article in the Chinese press about political reform in Hungary, and in particular the latest stage in the process of Nagy's political rehabilitation.

The reason for this consuming interest is clear: at a time of stifling military press censorship in China, Hungary's chequered path to political reform offers a tempting historical parallel to reform-minded intellectuals in China.

The tragic figure of Nagy, who is now acknowledged to have been right, more than 30 years after his execution, stands unambiguously for Mr Zhao Ziyang, the reformist general secretary of the Chinese Communist Party whom intellectuals regard (however tenuous the grounds) as their protector.

Mr Zhao has not been seen or mentioned in public since the declaration of martial law by Mr Li Peng, the Prime Minister, two weeks ago. He is widely believed to have been removed from office.

Articles about Nagy's rehabilitation seem designed to "communicate a message and a warning to Mr Li and the hardliners in the leadership who appear to be winning the current power struggle. The message is that Mr Zhao is remembered and will continue to be remembered.

The warning is of the dangers of condemning the party general secretary unjustly. Look, the Chinese articles seem to say, how ridiculous the Hungarian authorities now appear, reversing their judgement so radically. Will China make itself look ridiculous when it recognizes that Mr Zhao was right and his persecutors wrong?

To anyone looking for them, the parallels between Nagy and Mr Zhao are a striking indictment of recent events in China. Nagy, as his rehabilitation citation reads

(quoted at length by the Chinese press): "Fought to stop Stalinism in Hungary... and against the counter-revolutionary actions taking place during the uprising." What happened in Peking in mid-May is already being termed a popular uprising. Its hardline detractors have labelled it counter-revolution; its supporters speak of a return to Stalinism.

Let the parallels between the two events be doubted, the English-language *China Daily* yesterday drove the point home: the Hungarian revolt "broke out... with mass demonstrations for political reforms and demands that Soviet troops leave".

The Zhao-Nagy analogy is one of the small ways in which Chinese are successfully stabbing at their country's invisible power holders. The

Budapest (Reuters) — Mr Sandor Rajnai, the man responsible for arresting and interrogating Imre Nagy, the Hungarian Prime Minister who fled after the 1956 uprising, has resigned as Hungary's Ambassador to Moscow, the state news agency MTI reported yesterday.

crowds who throng to view the "Goddess of Democracy" — the 30 ft high replica of the Statue of Liberty in Tiananmen Square — are doing the same: so are taxi drivers and shopkeepers who burn snatches of the "Internationale" as they work, and young people who deliberately wheel their bicycles over soft drink bottles to crush them (the bottles are a symbol for Deng Xiaoping, the supreme leader, whose first names mean little bottle).

For the time being the elderly leaders are defending their power. Statements about martial law have come from those who were in theory retired to the second rank in the past five years.

What is happening in China today is a battle to the death — the death of the elderly leaders. Mr Zhao Ziyang, like Imre Nagy, may be accused of having tried to skip a stage of history, but he still has a slim chance of being vindicated in his lifetime.

West Bank settlers give way over special Arab ID tags

From Richard Owen, Jerusalem

Jewish settlers at Ariel on the West Bank yesterday bowed to pressure from Israel and abroad and withdrew a controversial regulation requiring all Arab workers on the settlement to wear special identification tags on their clothing.

The measure caused an outcry among liberal Israelis and in the US, where the tags were compared with the yellow stars worn by Jews in Nazi Germany.

The Ariel settlers' council said it would still require all "non-residents", whether Jewish or Arab, to carry an identity badge bearing a photograph for security purposes. Mr Ron Nachman, the settlers' chairman, insisted the intention was not racist.

He said Jews from the West Bank had the right to protect themselves against "terrorists" on the *intifada*. "People objected to

the tags", he said defiantly. "But what would they say if an Arab bomb went off in one of our kindergartens?"

The Government has also stepped up security by issuing plastic identification cards to Arabs from Gaza working in Israel. Palestinians living in Gaza were ordered home from Israel last month.

Israeli employers have complained that the measure is double-edged, since it deters Arab workers from entering Israel and affects Israeli industrial productivity.

Many Israeli companies rely on their Palestinian workforce. Similarly, Jewish settlements rely on Arabs to do menial jobs and building work, despite the *intifada*.

"We are never sure whether the Arab who works for us during the day is throwing stones or petrol-bombs at us during the night", one

settler said. Palestinians regard the West Bank as Arab Palestine, and see the Jewish settlers as intruders.

Yesterday, as the Israeli Army vowed to take new measures to halt violence by settlers, troops turned out in force to prevent armed settlers from Kiryat Arba, near Hebron, from marching on the nearby Arab village of Halhoul. This followed the slaying of Israeli-registered cars in Halhoul.

The settlers said they were furious at the Army's failure to protect them. "We did not start the *intifada*, the Arabs did, to get us out", one said. "But we have a right to live here in peace as Jews and to protect ourselves."

Development row: This week's ground-breaking ceremony in Jerusalem for the new British-backed Jerusalem Pearl hotel, shopping and upmarket housing complex

has caused mixed reactions.

It will look, one Jerusalem resident said yesterday, "like a bit of Costa del Sol architecture plopped right next to the ancient walls of the Holy City". Others, including one Arab shopkeeper at the nearby Jaffa Gate, said the new development would at least "bring us some more business".

For some, it is proof that despite the Arab *intifada*, which has caused a drop in tourist revenues, foreign investors — in this case Mr Cyril Stein of Ladbrokes — still have faith in Israel as a tourist and business destination. For others, the development, at an estimated total cost of £170 million, is a piece of insensitive property speculation by the Israeli and Karti, the Jerusalem Development Company.

A third view is that the Mamilla project is official name — will "at least be better than the eye-core

we have at the moment", in the words of one official from City Hall, which overlooks the site. For Mr Teddy Kollek, the Mayor, the project is a further step in the modernization and beautification of a united Jerusalem.

Mamilla, a corruption of the Arabic *Maman Allah* (God's Trust) was formerly the Muslim cemetery of Jerusalem. But it is also held to be the burial site of Christian martyrs who died at the hands of the Persians, and of Jews killed by the Greeks.

Mr Stein, who was in Jerusalem this week to see the project begin, took the decision to invest even though powerful American backers had withdrawn because of the unstable situation created by the *intifada*. Mr Stein reportedly paid £20 million for the site, half its estimated value.

Conservationists, led by the

former Deputy Mayor, Mr Meron Benvenisti, forced the architect, Mr Moshe Safdie, to scale down the project and to preserve some of the houses previously scheduled for demolition.

Mr Safdie said yesterday the new complex would at last provide Jerusalem with "a decent shopping centre", something it at present lacks compared to the more cosmopolitan Tel Aviv on the coast.

But he said it would also provide a "bridge" between east and west Jerusalem, and thus ensure that the *intifada* did not succeed in reintroducing the division of the city into Jewish and Arab halves. The project also faces last minute objections from 300 Kurdish Jews who worship in a synagogue on the otherwise deserted Mamilla site and who are refusing to move out unless another synagogue is made available to them.

Adair help for Soviet rigs blaze

Moscow (Reuters) — Soviet fire fighters, aided by Mr Red Adair, the American rig fire specialist, are battling a blaze aboard three rigs at an offshore oil complex in the Caspian Sea.

A government official said teams had extinguished fires aboard one of four rigs which were engulfed in flames after a series of explosions a week ago at the complex, 90 miles offshore from the city of Baku.

Revenge death

Potenza (Reuters) — An Italian whose teenage son was paralysed four years ago after a leg operation walked into the surgery of one of the doctors involved and shot him dead.

Rebel order

Perth (AFP) — Australian officials have signed a deportation order for Sergio Buschmann, a Chilean rebel leader, but trade unions threatened to block any expulsion move.

2,800 held

Kampala (Reuters) — The Ugandan Army has detained more than 2,800 suspected rebel sympathizers without charges, the Government said.

Bomber found

Valencia (Reuters) — A British Second World War aircraft, believed to be a Lancaster bomber, has been found in the river Rhone in southern France, police said.

Historian uncovers musical epitaph of a celebrated jazzman

From Jon Pareles
New York



Charles Mingus: Revered as bass player and composer.

Andrew Homzy, a jazz historian from Canada, was cataloguing the late Charles Mingus's scores — piles of music paper stored in bags and boxes around the Manhattan apartment of his widow, Sue Mingus — when he started to find what seemed to be parts of larger pieces for a jazz orchestra.

One started with measure 417, another with 2,106; eventually, he realized that the stacks of frayed, yellowed, oversized manuscript paper all fitted together. He had discovered "Epitaph," the Mingus

magnum opus that will be performed in its entirety for the first time tonight at the Alice Tully Hall here.

The musicologist Gunther Schuller will conduct a 30-piece jazz orchestra including Mingus alumni — Jack Walrath on trumpet, John Handy and George Adams on saxophones, Eddie Bert on trombone, Roland Hanna on piano — and other first-rank soloists, among them Wynton Marsalis and Eugene "Snoopy" Young on trumpets.

At a rehearsal on Tuesday afternoon, Schuller said: "Epitaph is unprecedented in jazz. It is a breakthrough piece for

its length, the size of the orchestra, and the grandeur of its conception.

"It's not just a bunch of strung-together pieces, like jazz suites. It has much more of an overall continuity than most extended jazz compositions."

Gunther Schuller describes "Epitaph" as "a summation of everything that Mingus ever did."

From the 1950s until his death in 1979, Charles Mingus, an inspired bass player, combined experimentation with a bedrock knowledge of jazz roots, embracing gospel and blues

and Ellington, flamenco and cumbia and mambo, bebop and modern jazz — all brought together with a gutsy, brawling and passionate intelligence.

Mingus was both forward-looking and conscious of history, the father of current avant-garde jazz and he was hard on musicians in a way that turned them into over-achievers.

From the 1950s onwards he experimented with structure, composing extended works and breaking free from the standard song forms.

Parts of "Epitaph" surfaced at an infamous 1962 concert (which was intended to provide

the occasion for a live recording) at Town Hall, where Mingus was first able to convene the large ensemble — six trumpets, six trombones, tuba, seven saxophones, bassoon, contrabass clarinet, two pianos, two basses, guitar, vibraphone, drums and percussion.

When the first concert date was moved forward five weeks, rehearsal time evaporated, and while the concert extended into the small hours only fragments of the performance were usable.

Sections of "Epitaph," notably "The Chilly of Death," turned up in small-group ver-

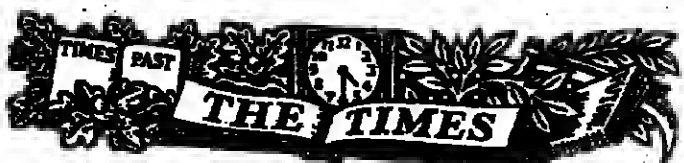
sions, but of the piece's 18 sections fewer than a third will be at all familiar to Mingus fans. The composer kept the larger work to himself; according to Schuller, even Mingus's long-time drummer, Daunte Richmond, was unaware of it.

Schuller, who had commissioned a Mingus composition as early as 1957 and who frequently conducted Mingus's orchestral works, said he believed that the disappointment of that concert led Mingus to put "Epitaph" aside, although he worked on it sporadically into the early 1970s and assembled it.

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POLES AND POLLS

The first round of Poland's elections tomorrow takes progress towards democracy in the Soviet bloc an important step forward. It will establish a parliamentary opposition in the Communist world. It is right to ask for more, for free elections that truly reflect national sentiment. But it would be churlish to deny the real and impressive advance signified by this weekend's polling.

It is essential that both first and second rounds in this precedent-setting election be fairly conducted. The whole point of this experiment would be thwarted if ballots were manipulated. The Communist Party, having agreed to a minority opposition in the Lower House and to a fully democratic share-out in the less significant Upper House, must now accept the outcome of the vote.

The Communist Party campaign has had unpleasant undertones, including suggestions that Solidarity is financially supported by the West and that Poland's sovereignty is under threat. This, as an indication of the party's readiness to play foul rather than surrender territory, could be a disturbing omen.

There have been other signs of nervousness. The refusal to register NZS, the independent students' union, was a tactical error and might create the germ of a radical extra-parliamentary opposition. But this election *Angst* on the part of the authorities is also a sign that at last the politics of risk, of public failure, has returned to Eastern Europe.

By agreeing on elections at such short notice, the authorities had hoped to profit from disorder in the opposition. In fact, it would have paid the Polish Government to wait longer and allow more of the natural divisions to emerge within Solidarity.

The union has shown itself quick to adapt in the countryside, where it was never very strong and the authorities could have expected to gain from political indifference. The party may thus face some humiliating defeats.

Some hard post-election fighting can be expected. This summer will be particularly tough as the party regroup, tries to restore its morale and claw back lost terrain. Solidarity should take care not to play its game by resorting to the autocratic measures which have marred its election campaigning.

Solidarity was never a monolith, although it

chose to present itself as such during its underground existence in the years of martial law. In reality it is neither a simple trade union nor a united political party. It is, at best, an umbrella for all the many currents of Polish society: the traditional and the liberal Catholics, the social democrats and free marketeers, the anti-Russian nationalists and the believers in President Gorbachov.

Poland is entering a period of political pluralism. But this does not translate necessarily into a bipolar parliamentary system, the Communist Party versus Solidarity. Both the party and the opposition are likely to splinter.

The Prime Minister, Mr Mieczyslaw Rakowski, will have to learn the arts of parliamentary management. He must be ready to persuade and negotiate. The opposition, for its part, will have to learn that there is no stigma in co-operating with the "authorities". Why should not elected Solidarity deputies become ministers? It is time for Solidarity to share responsibility at an institutional level.

The priority, however, is for the new Parliament to define its powers. Despite the election, Poland is still a long way from parliamentary democracy. Real power is still vested in the Politburo and in the state institutions — the judiciary, the press, the army, the police — which are still in the hands of the party.

A critical Parliament can lay down rules for open competition to state appointments. The Nomenklatura, the list of jobs in the fiefdom of the party, need not be entirely scrapped. Instead, the party could present its candidate for a position and others would be free to compete. A politically balanced selection board would then choose candidates on their technical merits.

The new Parliament should also establish comprehensive rules of supervision. It is not enough for the Minister of Internal Affairs to make an annual report to Parliament; there should be a regular and open monitoring of internal security.

This may fall short of Western democratic in action, but the new Parliament, despite its limitations, should not be underrated abroad. If the West wants to encourage democratic change in Poland and the Soviet bloc, it should give this imperfect experiment its backing.

THE GREEN ADVANCE

"Green consumers", so recently considered a faddish appendage to the mainstream marketplace, are fast becoming a force which industry ignores at its peril. Their forbears, the "healthy eaters", were prepared to pay extra for additive-free foods, the green consumers demand more, the health of the world.

Once found almost exclusively among the young and left-wing, they now hail from all age groups and parts of the political spectrum. A survey in *The Times*, which will be published on Monday, World Environment Day, charts a market revolution in the West.

Environmentally-aware consumers are still a minority. But market research suggests that one in five shoppers would "buy green" given the choice. Consumer guides now help them to select "best buys" not just in terms of price, but of environmental friendliness.

Popular awareness of the threat to the ozone layer has been an important contributor to this exponential growth in green consumerism. Just over a year since the campaign against the use of CFCs, an ozone-depleting chemical in aerosols, began in earnest, it is close to victory: 90 per cent of the aerosols sold in Britain will be CFC-free by the end of this year.

The trend, however, is away from single-product campaigns. Manufacturers are now facing green consumer pressure in such varied sectors as motor cars, paper products, furniture and food. Nor is concern limited to end products: scrutiny extends to manufacturing practices ranging from energy conservation, pollution control and waste management. Green considerations are beginning to influence investors.

The British market has been slow to wake up to the fact that the old opposition between the environment and the economy no longer holds, and that successful firms will woo the

green consumer. The supermarkets have been relatively quick to respond, but are being compelled to look to foreign suppliers. Fewer than 1 per cent of Britain's farmers have switched to organic methods, with the result that the demand for organic foods outstrips British supplies by more than two to one; the balance is imported.

There are 1,500 companies involved in pollution control and waste disposal technology. Their turnover is £1 billion — impressive until it is set against a current global market estimated at £100-£150 billion. British imports of pollution control equipment are rising, and Britain, the EC's largest exporter of water purification equipment in 1981, has lost that position and has also become the Community's second largest importer.

The latest initiatives by the Department of Trade and Industry and the Confederation of British Industry should help. The DTI has circulated advice on the implications of environmental awareness to 40,000 companies. There are plans to follow up with detailed advice on how to switch to materials which do not harm the ozone layer. The CBI last week held a seminar on "green business".

More needs to be done in research and development and in marketing. A system for vetting companies' claims for their products, already in place in West Germany, is needed here.

The Design Council logo scheme could serve as a precedent. It would protect consumers and could help to remind British industry that in the 1990s, the innovative will profit from fast-expanding "green" markets. Laggards will be caught in a pincer movement of tougher environmental controls and more exigent consumers.

NEW LANDS FOR OLD

The decision by Burma to start calling itself Myanmar was not quite the worst news of last week. This was that it might change its name to Myanmar Naing-gnan. A proclamation is now anxiously awaited.

Upper Volta, several years ago, was rechristened Burkina Faso overnight. But as most people in this country were under the impression that Upper Volta was a village in Central Russia, most famous for a song about its boatmen, its disappearance from the map went unremarked.

Generations of Britons taught in the dying days of empire still thumb through dog-eared Philips' school atlases, to pore over Bechuanaland and the Gold Coast or to mourn for Tanganyika and Siam. They spin their globes in frustration and in vain, in search of the distant Gilbert and Ellice Islands, like Columbus scanning the horizon for Calcutta.

Their replacements, however, are more or less pronounceable — though Vanuatu needs pause for thought and the Sinhalese seem to have mispelt Sri Lanka. But Myanmar Naing-gnan presents problems, not least for the Passport Office's new computers, which are already having some trouble with Western Europe.

It must be hoped that the Foreign Office will lose no time in protesting over the impending threat to "Burma". The name is deeply etched in British culture, from Kipling to the Burma Road.

But it has to be admitted that the rationale sounds sensible enough, in that Myanmar is the country's real name. "Burma" seems to have been the nearest that the British could get to pronouncing it, which suggests that they did not try very hard. (How they managed to turn "Sri Lanka" into "Ceylon" is no less baffling).

The "naing-gnan" suffix means, more or less, "the state of" and could possibly be dispensed with in a hurry.

Rangoon will become Yangon for similar reasons. But Mandalay will reportedly stay the same, out of consideration to the world's bass baritone. It was the only good news to emerge this week from Burma.

Our forefathers did their best to make life simple. Thus Beijing became Peking and München, Munich — and Moskva was turned into Moscow and Roma, Rome. Not content with turning Mercator's Projection pink, they translated it for the benefit of their heirs. Now their values are once more being overturned.

Where it will end remains a source of speculation. Nearer to home the Welsh have prepared for independence by reviving (and sometimes inventing) their own nomenclature. Thus names like Caerdydd and Abertawe (for Cardiff and Swansea) have appeared — and Y Drenewydd (a literal translation) for Newtown in Mid-Wales.

Politicians have done their bit too, and in the Soviet Union the names of cities are a political barometer. Mr Gorbachov may yet immortalize his age (at least until his successor comes along) with Raisgrad, Kimvostock and Glasnost Square. Perhaps Mrs Thatcher should mark her own *perestroika* by lending her name to a new shopping precinct or petrol filling station. American presidents have aircraft carriers named after them and many a Labour minister or alderman has a council estate or at least a street to boast of.

The principle is thus incontestable. In practice the choice of name needs careful thought. The Burmese, or Myanmar, should think again before making life too hard for Anglo Saxons.

Irish union as ultimate aim

From Mr Francis Bennion
Sir, As a constitutional lawyer I have recently been invited to give informal advice to a non-sectarian group who want the Conservative and Labour parties to organise in Northern Ireland. I support this aim, and am disposed to help. My preliminary researches have however raised doubts on which I would value the opinion of your readers.

From the early 1920s, when Northern Ireland came into separate existence as one part of the United Kingdom, the province has been treated by successive British Governments as significantly different from the remaining part. Over this period, an unwavering official policy seems to have been directed to securing that ultimately Northern Ireland shall be united with the South in one republic.

There are several reasons for this policy. Northern Ireland is expensive to service. The Government prefer, if they cannot have an ally across the Irish Sea, to have a neutral rather than a hostile force, which is made more likely if the North is conceded. It has been essential to retain the support of the United States, first against the Germans and later against the Russians. Because of the strong Irish lobby across the Atlantic, this is aided if our Government connives at the idea of ultimate Irish union.

For these reasons I believe the British Government have never wholeheartedly endorsed the concept most Britons innocently believe to be our national aim, namely the complete integration of Northern Ireland with the rest of the United Kingdom. The Anglo-Irish Agreement is the latest manifestation of this.

So should I give my modest assistance to those who wish to make the integration of the United Kingdom a reality? Or should I accept that a cynical charade has been going on for the past 70-odd years, and cynically join those who watch it?
Yours faithfully,
FRANCIS BENNION,
62 Thames Street,
Oxford,
May 26.

From Mr Andrew Moulden
Sir, I am amazed that Mr Bryson (May 29) chooses to group the Northern Irish political parties in terms of "non-Protestant" and "others".

This type of thinking, equating religious denomination and political leaning, can only further the way in which beliefs, accompanied in many cases with varying degrees of irrational prejudices, are passed from father to son wrapped in a package which justifies the political views in terms of the religion of the family. Christians have always used their faith as the moral basis for their formulation of opinions, political or otherwise, but there is nothing in any religious denomination which dictates its members' precise political standpoint.

In any case, Mr Bryson has fallen into the trap set by his own terminology, since the Alliance Party of Northern Ireland, which he refers to as "non-Protestant", does in fact support the continuance of the Union.

Yours faithfully,
A. MOULDEN,
10 Apollo Walk,
Portrush, Co. Antrim,
Northern Ireland,
May 29.

Critics of the IRA

From Sir David Bates, FRS
Sir, The articles (March 24, 29) and letters (April 8, 28, May 20, 26) in your columns on the attitude of the SDLP to the RUC raise an important issue.

Garret FitzGerald's denial (April 28) that it has been ambivalent must surely mean that members of the Northern Ireland Office never expressed their concern about it at any of the Anglo-Irish Agreement meetings that were held when he was Taoiseach. Yet the discussions that took place were commonly described as "full and frank".

Yours faithfully,
DAVID R. BATES,
1 Newforge Grange,
Belfast 9,
May 26.

Cambodian conflict

From Mr Edward Bagnall
Sir, Your recent editorial, "The road to Peking" (May 15) seems yet again to place the onus on Peking rather than Moscow in attempting to find a settlement of the Cambodian conflict. Given recent events in China, this seems slightly wishful thinking.

The West remains largely ill-informed about Cambodia. It is hardly surprising since no non-Communist country (India excepted) has an embassy in Phnom Penh, as we do not recognise the Vietnam-backed Government there.

It is not my brief to defend the present Cambodian Government. I did, however, manage to visit Cambodia last year, and my conclusions drawn from the many ordinary people I spoke to were that Prince Sihanouk continues to enjoy unrivalled support and that very few wish the Vietnamese to remain in their country. They all

implored the West to prevent the Khmer Rouge from returning to power.

Nato and the future of Germany

From Sir Clive Rose
Sir, Your leading article on "Summit candour" (May 29) presents an alarming vision of Europe's future which starts with the supposition that "the wildest dreams of those who wish to transcend today's harsh nuclear realities come true" and ends at the point where Germany — "denudearised and neutral" — has abandoned the Western Alliance and the United States has withdrawn from Europe.

This brings you to the rather lame conclusion that "Nato would be weakened". It would indeed. It is difficult to attach any meaning to a North Atlantic Alliance without the United States, whose continued "military assistance" you recognise as being "indispensable" in preserving the balance in Europe for the future. But your reasoning, though long on supposition, is short on realities.

The three Western powers (France, the United Kingdom and the United States), with the support of their Nato allies, have been committed to support the West German aspiration for reunification ever since the founding of the Federal Republic in 1949. During the 10 years after Stalin's death, they made constant but vain efforts to secure Soviet agreement to reunification "in peace and freedom" and to satisfy any resulting Soviet security concerns. Nato ministerial communiques have regularly reaffirmed this commitment. The Federal Republic's commitment to the Western Alliance, from Dr Adenauer onwards, has been equally firmly maintained.

The possibility that the Soviet leaders would, or in practice could, "release" East Germany to join the West can be discounted, as you yourself admit. The alternative of West Germany leaving Nato to join with the East as a member of the Warsaw Pact can be dismissed as absurd. It cannot

Sovereignty issue

From Mr Bryan Harris
Sir, There has been much interesting discussion in your columns recently about the "sharing" or "abdication" of national sovereignty in the interests of European integration. However, it is a contradiction in terms for a democratic state to share or cede its sovereignty. The concept of national sovereignty and the concept of national democracy are inseparable. In 1800, Fox drank a toast to "our sovereign, the people". Parliamentarians, officials, and even monarchs do well to remember the principle which he proclaimed.

With all its faults, the nation state is the focus of democratic rule. How far a state can be subsumed in a larger entity and keep its democratic integrity is doubtful. It succeeded in the United States largely because of the common language and the powerful commitment of the immigrants to their new country.

It is tempting to think that, in the long run, the European Parliament may supply the genuinely democratic element in the other-

wise bureaucratic structure of the European Community. But it would be unwise to count on it. Apart from the absence of the two factors making for the success of the United States' democracy, there is another factor to take into account. This is the sheer size of the entity. The European Parliament cannot adequately represent the Community's population; and the constituencies are far too large. The trend should be towards smaller, not larger political entities; towards devolution, not amalgamation.

Closer economic cooperation between the member states of the European Communities is an admirable ideal. Economic and political integration, to the extent that it requires a dilution of democratic control, is a flawed concept. There are priorities; and democracy is a higher one than European Union. So far, the public debate has not shown that the two can be fully reconciled.

Yours faithfully,
BRYAN HARRIS,
The Orchard,
Coln St Aldwyns,
Gloucestershire,
June 1.

Service at the lunch-time service of Holy Communion, which is held on the day of the annual general meeting of the Overseas Service Pensioners' Association and the Corona Club's annual reunion party.

Sir Charles Hartwell was the Secretary of the Colonial Service Memorial Committee, which raised the funds for the plaque, mainly through subscriptions received from former members of the service, who included

Yours faithfully,
NIGEL DURDANT-
HOLLAMBY
(District Commissioner,
Tanganyika, 1950-62),
The Outfield, Chartway,
Sevenoaks, Kent,
May 31.

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Sir Charles Hartwell was the Secretary of the Colonial Service Memorial Committee, which raised the funds for the plaque, mainly through subscriptions received from former members of the service, who included

Yours faithfully,
NIGEL DURDANT-
HOLLAMBY
(District Commissioner,
Tanganyika, 1950-62),
The Outfield, Chartway,
Sevenoaks, Kent,
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Shangri-La air at Westminster

From Mr Cyril Glasser
Sir, The announcement of Sir Derek Oulton's retirement as Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor (Appointments, May 25) draws attention to an extraordinary record which must be the envy of even the longest-serving members of the Vatican Secretariat, the Japanese Imperial Court, or the Chinese Politbureau.

During the last 105 years there have been only seven holders of the post of permanent secretary, in part the consequence of a statutory provision allowing retirement as late as 75, contrary to normal Civil Service rules. Even more remarkably, four of the seven men concerned are still living. Sir Derek (aged 61) joins Sir George Goldstream (81), Sir Denis Dobson (80) and Sir Wilfrid Bourne (67) as a member of the most exclusive club in government.

As somebody who formerly worked in the Lord Chancellor's Department, I have always thought that there must be something in the air around the Palace of Westminster which explains the longevity and vigour of these officers. Unkindly souls have suggested that this may have been the result of the less strenuous demands of the department in pre-Mackay days.

One of Sir Derek's predecessors (who lived to 94) could remember days when no letter was received in the office. A second, so secretive that he preferred to seal up and send all correspondence himself; retired at 75 and plunged into a life of left-wing politics, becoming the century's oldest Government minister at 84. A third took up fox-hunting at 64, received an important administrative appointment at 75, and died whilst attending an old boys' dinner, aged 86.

Sir Derek may be a strapping. But his successor, Tom Legg, a callow youth of 53 by comparison, can speculate from his eyrie in the House of Lords that 20 years after the dust has settled over the Green Papers on the legal profession he may still be serving as permanent secretary. Twenty years after that, in 2029, he could even be helping the Prime Minister to celebrate her golden jubilee in office.

Facing the prospect of well over 200 meetings with his fellow permanent secretaries before he is due to retire, Mr Legg may care to re-read James Hilton's classic novel and ponder on the advantages and disadvantages of the eternal youth with which his appointment now seems to cloak him. He may also wish to take the opportunity to reassess the role of a department, once aply described by a distinguished predecessor as "the hinge" between government and the judicial system.

Yours sincerely,
CYRIL GLASSER,
Shendons (Solicitors),
14 Red Lion Square, WCI,
May 31.

Second opinion

From Mr Leslie Turner
Sir, Medicine is not all gloomy, (Bernard Levin, "Having an awful time with Dr Gloomy", May 29). The late Sir Henry Acland, sometime Regius Professor in the University of Oxford, wrote less legibly than did most doctors in the days when medical secretaries were unknown. He was invited to dinner by the wife of one of the canons of Christ Church, who was quite unable to decipher his reply.

The canon suggested that she should take the letter to a chemist in the High, who would certainly be able to read the professor's writing, in view of the many prescriptions of his he was daily called upon to dispense.

The chemist was accordingly asked to interpret the letter. He retired with it to the back of the shop. Five minutes later he reappeared. "That will be half-a-crown", he said, as he handed the lady a bottle of medicine.

Yours faithfully,
LESLIE TURNER,
5A Lynton Park Road,
Chesham, Bucks,
May 29.

Either-way offences

From his Honour David Lloyd-Jones
Sir, Mr Francis Palmer (May 19) suggests a limitation by amount (£200) of the right of a person charged with theft to elect trial by jury.

Such a restriction could and, no doubt, would be frustrated by the coconspirator who would ensure that the value of any property taken would exceed the prescribed amount.

Yours faithfully,
D. LLOYD-JONES,
29 Curzon Park, North,
Cheshire,
May 29.

Across the years

From Mr L. J. Woolley
Sir, With the imminent approach of Crossword No. 18,000, I wonder how many readers remember the clue to 29 across in Crossword No. 1,000, which appeared on April 22, 1933 — "How a Quaker grocer, if dishonest, might tell Susan to adulterate the sugar" (two words).

The answer, of course, was "Thousandtissue".
Yours etc.,
L. J. WOOLLEY,
Wilders Wood,
Ghyll Head,
Windermere,
Cumbria,
May 25.



COURT CIRCULAR

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
June 2: The Queen this morning opened the Crown Estate Development at Royal Mini Court overlooking Tower Bridge.

Having been received on arrival by the Mayor of Tower Hamlets (Councillor Jeremy Shaw) and the Earl of Mansfield and Mansfield (First Crown Estate Commissioner), Her Majesty toured the development and unveiled a commemorative plaque.

During the tour the Master (Mr. E.G. Chandler), Warden and Clerk of the Worshipful Company of Gardeners presented to the Queen a bouquet of flowers to commemorate Her Majesty's Coronation.

The Duchess of Grafton, Mr. Robert Fellowes and Lieutenant-Colonel Blair Stewart-Wilson were in attendance.

By command of The Queen, the Earl of Dundee (Lord in Waiting) was present at Heathrow Airport, London this morning upon the departure of The President of the United States of America and Mrs. Bush and bade farewell to The President and Mrs. Bush on behalf of Her Majesty.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
June 2: The Duchess of York this morning visited The Clergy, Residential Home for Mentally Handicapped Children, Weymouth, Dorset.

Her Royal Highness was received by Her Majesty's Lord-Lieutenant for Dorset (The Lord Digby).

Her Royal Highness then visited the West Dorset Children's Centre, Dorchester.

In the afternoon Her Royal Highness, as Patron of the Motor Neurone Disease Association, attended a Flower Festival and Country Fair in aid of the Association at Athelhampton House, Puddinghove, Dorset.

Her Royal Highness travelled in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight. Captain William McLean was in attendance.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
June 2: The Prince Edward, Chairman of The Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme, Projects Group, today attended a luncheon at St. James's Palace to launch a Travel Fund to assist Award participants.

KENSINGTON PALACE
June 2: The Duke of Gloucester this morning opened the new Medallion Upholstery factory at Aberrillery, Gwent and as Honorary Colours visited the Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers (Militia) at Monmouth Castle.

In the afternoon His Royal Highness visited the Pontypool Fire Station, Pontypool, Gwent.

The Duke of Gloucester, attended by Major Nicholas Barne, travelled in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight.

The Duchess of Gloucester was present this afternoon at a Reception in aid of the Restricted Growth Association at Mansion House, London, EC4.

Mrs. Michael Wigley was in attendance.

YORK HOUSE
June 2: The Duke of Kent, President of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution today named the new Lifeboat at St. David's Dyfed.

His Royal Highness, who travelled in an aircraft of The Queen's Flight, was attended by Mr. Andrew Palmer.

The Duchess of Kent today opened the "Britain in Luxembourg" Exhibition in Luxembourg and later returned to Heathrow Airport, London.

Miss Sarah Partridge was in attendance.

Royal engagements
TODAY: The Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, will visit St. Agnes, Isles of Scilly, at 10.30, and will commission the connection of the mains electricity cable at St. Mary's at 3.00.

TOMORROW: Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother will perform at the Theatre Royal at 6.30 in aid of the National Aids Trust.

The Princess of Wales, as Patron of the London Symphony Chorus, will attend a performance of Elgar's *The Kingdom* at the Barbican Centre at 7.20.

Prince Edward will attend a charity luncheon in aid of the National Council for Voluntary Organisations at 1.45.

Princess Alexandra will attend a special production of songs by Stephen Sondheim "Being Alive" at the Theatre Royal at 6.30 in aid of the National Aids Trust.

Church service details for tomorrow

CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL: 8.30 AM. Service for the 100th Anniversary of the death of Thomas Becket. Rev. P. J. Johnson, 3.15 PM. Service for the 100th Anniversary of the death of Thomas Becket. Rev. P. J. Johnson, 3.15 PM.

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Clifford Longley

Barren years of the eighties

There are seven months to go before the end of the decade, and the eighties have still not yet thrown up one interesting, original and powerful religious idea.

Religion thrives on innovation and growth. And the statistics of church attendance continue their long decline, even though it is becoming fashionable for commentators to claim a new sense of spiritual interest in the population at large. But even the cults are not new any more.

The Billy Graham crusade, due to start in London later this month, is a modernized version of an idea which worked in the fifties. The theology of liberation and the liturgical renewal movement emerged in the sixties, feminist theology and women's ordination in the seventies. They are all from the post-war agenda; and it has reached the bottom of the page.

The Bishop of Durham's ideas were already old fashioned at the time he gave them a new lease of life, which may be why he was so taken aback by the reaction to them. Virtually all the religious controversies of this decade have consisted of a public scrap between theological ideas from previous decades. Even the famous eighties row between church and government was a product of the sixties and seventies consensus thinking on the churches' part, with all the originality on the political side.

New ideas flourish because they catch the mood, which must be what is meant by the biblical phrase "reading the signs of the times" or the modern expression "an idea whose time has come". There is a full graveyard of ideas whose time has seemed to come and then went away again in the eighties. As for the statistics, the Bishop of Hull, the Right Rev. Donald Snelgrove, has drawn attention in his June diocesan leaflet to what is surely not merely a local pattern when he laments the continual decline in confirmations in the archdiocese of York.

"Our casualties are due to religion not reshaping or growing, to our worship lacking any sense of awe and mystery,"

he remarked. Perhaps the revival of awe and mystery is what the nineties will be about, but it will still need that crucial undiscovered "idea" to make it happen.

The problem centres on the religious imagination, which is either fertile or not depending on a very peculiar combination of circumstances. In the church it has worked best when there was some external discipline over thought, but not too much; and enough freedom to move in, but with difficulty. The classic example of these optimum stress conditions in this century was the Second Vatican Council, and in the last 300 years, the Protestant Reformation. When anybody may say anything about anything, and no-one much cares what they say, the religious imagination goes blank. So it does, too, when one wayward thought invites damnation or the torture chamber.

This is a flaw in every movement which seeks to liberate religion from the need for an objective point of reference, from doctrines and dogmas whose truth is in principle independent of one's opinion of them. It is an uncreative mental ambience in which to think: there is no resistance to thinking, there is nothing against which the mind can push. In such a framework, faith becomes a free-floating emotion with no particular shape, a fashionable and pedestrian "respect for the spiritual" which shuts out the question "the spiritual what, exactly?"

In spite of all the talk of a conservative backlash this lack of substance has been the flavour of the religious climate of the eighties. The backlashers do not like to resist ideas with ideas but instead jockey for political leverage over their opponents. The Pope displaces progressive theologians from their teaching posts, but does not engage with them in debate; the synodical conservatives in England rally their troops through the division lobbies, but do not want to argue.

It is part of the flavour of the decade, equally, to lament the loss of a general sense of wonder, rather as the Bishop of Hull refers to the absence of awe and

mystery in the church's worship. There has first to be a Something worth being awed by, however, and the church has gone shy of such Somethings. But this is a very concrete-minded age. What it can't grasp, it won't wonder at. Wonder is present in this interplay, in fact, but it is in the other direction: it is religion which is in awe of the mysteries of the modern world, not the modern world which is in awe of the mysteries of religion.

The secularism and scientism of the public culture and the private local culture of the churches have now moved apart to such an extent that there is a visible gap between them, and increasing difficulty in communicating across that gap. They are not even mutually hostile, in fact: each side yearns to move towards the other. Society senses the anguish of aimlessness and the disorder of ungrounded values without religion. On the other side religion offers just itself—as if the medium was enough without a message, and the message might be laughed at. But religion does not start to be true or false, or useful, until it starts to say something. This it does not dare to do, because it fears rejection. So it offers itself as a sort of method, a kind of attitude, but without content or substance.

What his silenced new religious thinking in the eighties, therefore, is this subtle sense of intimidation by the secular world and all its bright and brittle glamour. The present generation which ought to be doing the thinking has been struck dumb, its imagination swamped, by the astonishing technological revolution it has lived through, possibly the fastest and furthest range of cultural change in one generation in all of human history.

When the next generation comes of age, intellectually, it will have known nothing but television, air travel, motorways, and computers, and find nothing intimidating in them because they are so ordinary. It will not be afraid of rejection, and it will not be shy of a firm religious idea or two. Then the mental engines should start to fire again.

School news

Haileybury

The following Awards have been made for 1989:

Headmaster's Award: J. A. Barrett, Haileybury School, Hertfordshire; J. A. Barrett, Haileybury School, Hertfordshire; J. A. Barrett, Haileybury School, Hertfordshire.

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Forthcoming marriages

The Hon R.A. Cresswell

The engagement is announced between Rory, son of Lord and Lady Waterpark, of Blitchington, Oxfordshire, and Anne, daughter of the Hon. Lord and Lady Waterpark, of Blitchington, Oxfordshire.

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Dr J.E. Nicholl

The engagement is announced between James Edward, son of Commander and Mrs C.J. Nicholl, of Warrash, Hampshire, and Anne, daughter of the Hon. Lord and Lady Waterpark, of Blitchington, Oxfordshire.

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Executive Editor
 David Brewerton

THE POUND

US dollar
 1.5930 (+0.0180)

W German mark
 3.1175 (+0.0002)

Exchange index
 92.5 (+0.1)

STOCK MARKET

FT 30 Share
 1745.5 (-0.1)

FT-SE 100
 2102.6 (-0.8)

USM (Datastream)
 167.51 (-0.52)

Juliana's in £22m takeover

Juliana's Holdings, the disco and party organizing group, is being taken over by Wembley, the sports and entertainment company, in a £22 million deal.

The terms are £1 of convertible loan stock worth 102p for each Juliana's ordinary, or a cash alternative of 90p.

Juliana's shares responded yesterday with a 5p rise to 88p. Wembley has received undertakings from holders of 52 per cent of Juliana's equity to accept the recommended bid.

Juliana's main attraction for Wembley is its hospitality division, which provides a range of services from furniture and marquee hire to a travelling discotheque.

Mr Brian Wolfson, Wembley's chairman, said it was an ideal acquisition and a further step towards becoming a major supplier of leisure services.

Each £1 nominal of Wembley 7.5 per cent loan stock is convertible into ordinary shares between 1990 and 1999, inclusive, at 136p.

STOCK MARKETS

New York	2512.88 (+22.05)
Dow Jones	2512.88 (+22.05)
Nikkei Average	33687.42 (+313.93)
Hong Kong	2675.38 (-14.00)
Amsterdam	1832.22 (+2.22)
Brussels	1524.8 (-8.7)
Frankfurt	1419.71 (+3.71)
Paris	6103.98 (+4.75)
Zurich	481.2 (+3.5)
London	572.0 (+7.9)
FT 30 Share	1745.5 (-0.1)
FT-SE 100	2102.6 (-0.8)
USM (Datastream)	167.51 (-0.52)

MAIN PRICE CHANGES

Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)
Anglo Leasing	448p (+20p)

INTEREST RATES

London Bank Base	14%
3-month interbank	13.13%
3-month Treasury	8.36-8.36%
30-year bonds	104.12-104.12

CURRENCIES

London	New York
£1/\$1.5930	\$1/£0.6280
£1/DM3.1175	DM3/£1.5930
£1/FF10.5577	FF10/£1.5930
£1/Yen225.85	Yen225/£1.5930
£1/Index92.5	Index92.5/£1.5930
ECU £0.66507	SDR £0.78084

GOLD

London	New York
AM \$362.70 pm \$361.50	Close \$361.75-362.25 (\$227.50-228.00)
New York	Comex \$361.50-362.10

NORTH SEA OIL

Brent (July)	pm \$17.50/bbl (\$17.50)
Datena	latest trading price

TOURIST RATES

Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank
Australia	5	Bank	Bank

Australian Mutual buys FAI's stake in Pearl

By Danielle Robinson, Sydney, and Jeremy Andrews, London

The Australian Mutual Provident Society has bought FAI Insurance's 13 per cent stake in Pearl Group for Aus\$205 million (£98 million) cash, lifting its shareholding in the British insurance group to almost 18 per cent.

AMP, Australia's largest institutional investor, paid 418p each for the 23.8 million shares, 22p above Thursday's closing price. Yesterday Pearl shares leapt 36p to 430p, before closing at 427p.

News of the deal came as a surprise to Pearl's chief general manager, Mr Nigel Proddow, who

said it would "really be quite nice to have a friendly shareholder."

He said that the Australian company had written to Pearl's chairman after buying its initial holding two years ago, even though the stake was below the 5 per cent disclosure threshold. Pearl had had friendly contacts and exchanged views with AMP since and "hoped to meet the company again shortly."

Analysts, however, are not so sure that AMP wants to remain a passive investor in Pearl. During its takeover of the smaller mutual life insurer, London Life, AMP disclosed that its five-year target

was a 5 per cent share of the British market. Some believe the AMP move could even trigger an aggressive bid from the Continent.

Of particular interest is Pearl's former Holborn head office, a City landmark, which is estimated to be worth up to £140 million. The recent move to Peterborough is not yet reflected in its share price.

Mr Peter Constable, insurance analyst with Fleming Securities, said: "The Pearl offers what every life insurer trying to break into the UK market wants. It has a very strong balance sheet, a very sound life fund and a secure sales force. In a reasonable market we believe the

shares are worth 50p more than the current level and a full takeover price would be over £7."

AMP's holding in Pearl marks its second significant move into the British insurance market. It merged with London Life, Britain's oldest mutual insurer, in March.

The Australian company has just undergone a significant operational restructuring and is concentrating on becoming one of the world's larger life offices. It is already well entrenched in its position as Australia's leading insurance company with Aus\$30.29 billion worth of total assets under management. It already had about 4.5 per cent of

Pearl and its newly-acquired holding makes Pearl its highest investment in the British insurance sector.

Mr Leigh Hall, AMP's chief manager of investments operations, said it was too early to say if it would consider lifting its stake further. "This large block of stock was only offered to us yesterday. I think we'll take it one step at a time." He added it was not AMP's style to request a seat on the Pearl board but it would consider any invitation to join.

Mr Rodney Adler, chief executive of FAI, said he now planned to take advantage of further invest-

ment opportunities in line with a strategy of Australasian expansion.

The sale of the Pearl stake, which ends FAI's flirtation with the UK insurance industry, came as speculation grew that FAI was about to make a bid for one of Australia's largest property groups, Hooker Corp. Mr Adler confirmed that FAI has built an 8.5 per cent stake in Hooker.

It is believed FAI's sale of Pearl came after a breakdown in talks about a friendly takeover of the British insurance group at a price substantially above market value.

The tribunal found Mr Hall's evidence was to be believed.

US slowdown soothes fears of rates rise

By Colin Narbrough, Economics Correspondent

Fears of dearer money and still higher mortgage rates receded yesterday after news of a sharp slowdown in the US economy took pressure off the hard-pressed pound.

Despite the market's negative view of sterling, it managed to stabilize after a severe bout of weakness that earlier this week threatened to force Mr Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor, into a fresh base rate increase from the 14 per cent set only last week.

In London, the pound closed almost two cents up against the dollar at \$1.5920, but slipped a little against the German mark closing at DM3.1163. The Bank of England's trade-weighted sterling index ended the day 0.1 point higher at 92.5 after 92.6 at midday. The modest gain matched the improvement seen on Thursday after the West German central bank left key lending rates unchanged.

Official US statistics on job creation pointed to an early easing in US interest rates and a softer, more stable dollar. One minor US bank, South West Bank of St Louis, cut its prime lending rate half a point to 11 per cent, but the big US banks said they had no plans to lower rates straight away.

City analysts said that US employment figures for May, which showed the slowest growth in jobs since March 1986, provided one of this week's few pieces of good

news for sterling. Mr Lawson's dismissal on Thursday of suggestions that Britain was facing a sterling crisis failed, however, to convince analysts that the pound will not come in for renewed difficulties.

Mr Gavyn Davies, chief UK economist at Goldman Sachs, said: "Sterling is certainly headed downwards," but was reluctant to predict what might trigger the next move, given the lack of British economic statistics next week.

The looser approach the Government has shown to the

for Fed Funds, the key inter-bank lending rate for overnight funds. This has hovered at about 9 3/4 per cent for the past two weeks.

Though the number of new jobs grew by a much lower than expected 101,000 last month, the April figure was revised sharply upwards to 206,000, sending a mixed message to the markets.

Last year, some 300,000 new jobs were created each month. Despite the slowdown, last month saw unemployment fall to 5.2 per cent from 5.3 per cent.

Evidence of slower growth this year was welcomed in financial markets as proof that the Fed's use of higher interest rates to fight inflation was working.

The dollar slipped on the jobs news, dropping to DM1.9615 from DM1.9685, and later weakening to DM1.9530. US Treasury bond prices rose sharply, the benchmark 30-year bond rising nearly a full point, pushing its yield to 8.52 per cent, down from 8.60 per cent at Thursday's close.

UK reserves figures published yesterday showed an underlying fall of \$739 million last month, indicating the extent of intervention in support of the pound. But the market was unimpressed by the data, especially given the fact that the two last days of the month - when the Bank of England intervened heavily - were not included. The decline compared with a drop of some \$250 million in April.

exchange rate could, however, allow sterling to move lower without a base rate cut, he said.

Mr John Sheppard of Warburg Securities saw the US news giving the Federal Reserve Board a "bit of room" to ease its monetary stance.

The first move by the Fed, which has been reportedly split over rates policy, will probably be to lower the rate

Still no go-ahead for Abbey float

By Vivien Goldsmith, Family Money Editor

The Abbey National Building Society has had to compress its flotation plans because it has still not been given the go-ahead for conversion by Mr Michael Bridge, the Building Societies Commissioner.

More than 60 per cent of eligible voters vote on flotation and 90 per cent of them voted in favour of conversion.

However, the Commissioner can withhold his consent if he believes the vote did not reflect members' feelings, relevant information was withheld or the Abbey was unlikely to be granted a banking licence.

Mr Alexander Sandison of Abbey Members Against Flotation said: "He never said

there would be an early decision. I think we put up a sufficiently strong argument to ensure that the result was not a foregone conclusion."

The Abbey is planning to announce the float price on June 15, with dealings beginning in mid-July. This is already a tight timetable for a flotation in which nearly 5 million people are directly involved.

The society had said that yesterday was the latest on which it could obtain the Registrar's confirmation and still follow the planned timetable.

But now it has reworked its plans and set a new deadline for the early part of next week. Family Money, page 23

BCI liquidators in wind-up petition

From Dominique Searle, Gibraltar

Gibraltar's Supreme Court will hear petitions later this month from the receivers and liquidators dealing with the local branch of Barlow Clowes International, the collapsed Barlow Clowes company, for the winding-up of seven companies registered on the Rock said to have received £18 million of investors' money.

The petitions allege that direct payments were made to companies linked to Mr Peter Clowes, former chairman of BCI, without any security being offered.

In particular, the petition against Charterley Marine makes a direct link between payments by that company and the yacht Boukaphalos, which was used regularly by

Mr Clowes. The vessel is said to have been sold by the liquidators for about \$2 million (£1.29 million), \$500,000 less than the purchase price.

Mr Stephen Hook of Cork Gully, one of the liquidators, confirmed this week that some of the companies named in the petitions had been listed by Mr Clowes as assets.

Each petition states that "about £88 million of investors' funds was paid to a series of legal entities for no consideration and without taking any security. About £60 million of this was lent to companies associated with Peter Clowes, who controlled the companies. The remainder was lent to entities controlled by his business associates."

Allied move as whisky loch begins to dry up



New life for old distilleries: Alan Rutherford, operations director of United Distillers, yesterday

Two more distilleries to re-open

By Derek Harris, Industrial Editor

Two more mothballed whisky distilleries are coming back into production as the Scotch surplus - a serious problem in the early 1980s - is being wiped out.

Allied Distillers, part of Allied Lyons, has bought the Imperial, at Carston, Morayshire, and Glenlauchers at Mulben, Banffshire from United Distillers, the Guinness subsidiary.

Prior to the Guinness takeover United Distillers had mothballed 10 distilleries. At the end of last year 83 malt distilleries were in operation, but this figure could rise to 90 by the year's end, according to Dr

Alan Rutherford, the distilling operations director of United, Britain's biggest distiller. Reopening a typical malt distillery creates up to 15 jobs.

United recently bought its Manochmore distillery on Speyside back into production, while the Knockdu distillery, in the same area, was sold to Inverhouse Distillers for reopening.

Gibson International has put the Little Mill distillery near Loch Lomond back on stream.

Two other malt distillery reopenings involve foreign buyers - France's Pernod Ricard at Glen Allachie and

Japan's Nikka at Fort William.

Dr Rutherford said: "Too optimistic forecasts of future demand made in the early 1970s landed the industry with the whisky loch. So we are being optimistic, but cautious, our own strategy being based on demand rising by 1 per cent to 2 per cent a year."

Nearly a third of United's sales are still being met by present stocks, but Dr Rutherford expects the excess to be wiped out after three years.

United now has 30 malt distilleries in operation and has four - still mothballed - as a strategic reserve should

demand increase more than expected.

Although the UK market for Scotch is in slight decline, burgeoning exports have increased overall sales 2 per cent by volume, with malts showing a rise of 12 per cent.

Sales in the United States, the biggest single export market, have faltered, but shipments to European countries have been rising, with the EC now accounting for about 35 per cent of Scotch exports.

Far East prospects are also looking good. Japan has eased taxes on imported spirits and some barriers are coming down in Korean markets.

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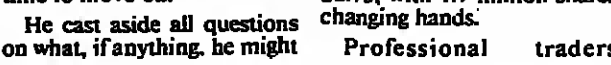
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 38 Finsbury Square, London EC2A 1PX. Tel: 01-638 2540.
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Sales rose from £26.4 million to £31.5 million. Net earnings turn out at 34p a share compared with 24p a share previously. There was an extraordinary profit of £700,000 generated from property sales. The current year has started well, and the outlook is encouraging, the board says. The shares rose 10p to 365p.

Attention centred on USX because it is Mr Icahn's only other large investment and on Thursday Mr Charles Corry, took over as chairman from



TWA agreed to buy two weeks ago from Airbus Industrie at a cost of some \$3.5 billion.

But the Japanese have made the Washington operation self-sufficient and told British management to carry out all funding here.

British Coal Enterprise 'helps make 47,000 jobs'

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Henderson fund group slips to final £12.4m

By Wolfgang Mächan

Henderson Administration, one of the few remaining independent fund management groups in Britain, announced a sharp fall in pre-tax profits, down from £22.5 million to £12.4 million, for the year to end-March.

The fall in profits was matched by a downturn in revenue to £38.8 million, from a previous £55.2 million.

However, the results were slightly ahead of market expectations, and indicate a recovery from the downward trend since the crash in October 1987, which culminated in a fall in Henderson's interim pre-tax profits from £15.2 million to £4.3 million last year. The shares moved up 5p to 81.5p on the news. Henderson

son has been the subject of takeover speculation, following the disclosure that USF&G Corporation, a United States property and insurance group, and Legal & General, the British insurer, had built up stakes of about 8 per cent each.

On the basis of these results, however, takeover speculation is likely to be subdued for the time being.

Mr Ben Wrey, the deputy chairman and joint managing director, said he hopes that the momentum achieved during the second half of last year could be maintained in the current year.

He said that during the period Henderson achieved significant cost reductions,

coupled with increases in management fees, and added that management fees may have to rise even further in certain selected areas.

Henderson has about 30 per cent of its funds under management invested abroad, which compares with an industry average of between 20 per cent and 25 per cent. The strongest exposure, with 12 per cent of funds under management, remains in the US.

Mr Wrey said the company had been bullish about the US economy and the dollar for the past six months. Henderson has about 12 per cent of funds invested in the US, a level which is expected to be retained for the time being. But

he is far less optimistic about the UK.

"The UK market remains uncertain," Mr Wrey said. "I find it hard to persuade myself it will rise. It is very difficult to make a case for a major rally."

However, with liquidity remaining high, there is also little risk of a significant fall, as a result of which there is no need to further reduce the UK exposure.

Mr Philip Gibbs, an analyst at CL-Alexanders Laing & Cruckshank, the stockbroker, has forecast a rise in pre-tax profits to about £19 million in the current year.

The final dividend is 23p per share, making a total dividend of 30p, an increase from a previous 27p.

Chancellor's whipping boy growing into a flawed giant



KENNETH FLEET

Governments do not like foreign exchange markets, except when the currency moves in tune with their wishes and its value reflects the wisdom of their policies. Sir Harold Wilson gave the impression that the Gnomes of Zurich were in his back garden and up to no good. Nigel Lawson is less specific but equally quick to blame the forex dealers for the recent drop in sterling. This, of course, is simply passing the buck. The pound's fall from grace is largely the result of events much closer to Downing Street.

The City, for the moment, is hooked on the pound's performance, the possibility that even higher bank base rates might be needed to prevent a free fall, and the policies and personalities at the heart of the matter. The City is also now convinced that the Prime Minister will make important changes to her ministerial team next month.

They are forecast to be on an unprecedented scale: transfers for Sir Geoffrey Howe, Nigel Lawson, Douglas Hurd, Lord Young, George Young and Paul Channon; lucrative new contracts for Cecil Parkinson, Nicholas Ridley, Kenneth Baker, John Wakenham and John Major, and regular first-team places for Portillo, Redwood, Patten and Bottomley (Virginia).

Meanwhile, away from the realm of speculation, the West Germans did not raise their interest rates this week, although the Japanese did. The Americans, with President Bush now firmly in the driving seat and clearly a considerable diplomat, actually lowered theirs yesterday. This could take some of the heat off weaker currencies, such as our own.

It is becoming clearer why the world has again been clamouring for dollars. The Bush Administration is moving fast toward a package of measures, acceptable to the Democrat majority in Congress, that over three years would cut heavily into the budget deficit. The package would contain the expected petrol tax, possibly some form of value-added tax, reductions in defence spending and a change to progressive rates of income tax. Anticipation is the name of the game in all markets. Mr Greenspan, the chairman of the Federal Reserve, who does not look on a particular exchange rate as the prime objective of financial management, prefers that the Administration should get its budget act together first.

Where the Chancellor has an entirely legitimate concern is in the size of the London foreign exchange market, and the way it is developing. The Bank of England is looking at the volume of business and the capacity of the market. The last time it did this was in 1985; since then forex turnover in London has doubled, to something of the order of \$450 billion to \$500 billion (£286 billion to £318 billion) per day. This is a staggering figure. More immediately worrying than sheer volume is the amount of spare capacity in the market. More and more players have joined in, adding to competition, reducing margins and increasing the risks inherent in taking positions.

The advent of computer program trading in currencies is seen as a potential threat. If widely adopted it would cut margins to the bone and undermine the stability of the banking system.

Bank needs to act

The Bank of England is principally concerned with managing the National Debt, supervising the banking industry and offering economic and financial intelligence and guidance to the Government — roughly in that order. It is rare for the Bank to intervene in the affairs of other major City markets unless they are trapped in a mire from which they are unlikely to haul themselves without outside assistance. Lloyd's, which almost managed to time some of the greatest scandals in the history of insurance with the Royal Assent to the Lloyd's Act, was one such occasion still fresh in the nostrils. The snarling of the London Stock Exchange in the net of the Restrictive Practices Act — the prelude to the Cecil Parkinson-Nicholas Goodison July 1983 accord — was another. We may be on the verge of a third.

Since Big Bang, which virtually destroyed the International Stock Exchange's monopoly to dealing in stocks and shares, the institution has dimin-

ished in importance. Within the new regulatory framework the Securities Association has superior status and exercises many of the ISE's former responsibilities, for example investor protection. So far, however, the distinction between what should be two separate organizations has been successfully blurred and the development of a series of independent exchanges, which might make more sense in present day conditions than one, flawed umbrella exchange, has been thwarted.

The proper role of the ISE is in dispute, not because of any lack of consultative documents but because of determination within the ISE to cling to past glories and faults within the power structure. The Council of the Exchange is a weak body (nothing new in that of course) and easy meat for the executive directors who now run the establishment with a staff of 3,000 at their command. Like good Civil Servants they have expertise and a thorough grasp of where their own career interests lie.

There are two points about the current debate. One, it is taking place in an atmosphere of recrimination and distrust. Most, though not all, American houses are outraged by what they regard as outmoded thinking a hankering after restoring the old jobbers' cartel for the benefit of the big three market-makers. Two, the ISE council clings to the belief that difficulties in the wake of Big Bang and the 1987 crash are best tackled by tinkering with the rules.

The market's basic problem is overcapacity, and heavy loss-making in member firms which ultimately can be overcome only by getting costs down. Yet the ISE persists in setting up in competition with its own members (the in-house automated dealing facility, SAEF); saddling them with the considerable development and operating costs of information, checking and settlement services (Topic, Charn, Sequel, Talisman, Sapon) which would be better undertaken by independent organizations outside the Exchange; and blocking the devolution of trading among autonomous, specialized exchanges which would work better freed from the ISE's dead hand.

For the sake of London's future as Europe's first and the world's third major international securities market it is time the Bank of England banged a few heads together.

HunterPrint falls for first time

By Neil Bennett

HunterPrint has recorded the first fall in profits in its 24-year history after severe disruption from the opening of a new printing plant and a collapse in orders for new issue prospectuses.

The magazine and forms printer saw a 38 per cent decline in profits to £2.31 million, on sales 11 per cent lower at £46 million, to the six months to April 2. The dividend is being held at 3p.

The figures were below City expectations and the shares slumped 30p to 22.5p. Mr Michael Hunter, the company's chairman and founder, said the rest of the year was difficult to forecast, but the second-half trading would be similar to the first.

He added that the full-year dividend would be 10p, the same as last year, as a mark of confidence for the future.

The company also gave a warning that there would be an extraordinary cost of £7.4 million included in the full-year figures from redundancy payments and moving expenses. This is £2.4 million higher than the figure it gave during last June's £10.6 million rights issue.

HunterPrint is completing a £31 million magazine printing plant at Corby, Northamptonshire. The company said it had incurred extra costs of £200,000 as a result of the disruption.

The Corby plant is operating and has won some large new magazine printing orders, including *Number One* from IPC, and *Express*, the magazine for American Express cardholders.

Profits in the financial printing division collapsed by 90 per cent to £35,000 despite higher sales. HunterPrint blamed the fall on the reduction in demand for rights issue and flotation documents.

The specialist printing division, which prints direct mail letters, fell £150,000 short of budget.



Printing successes: Michael Hunter (left) with Paul Bauer, the finance director, yesterday

P&S jumps 40% despite lost deals

By Martin Waller

Portsmouth and Sunderland Newspapers, the regional publisher and printer in which Associated Newspapers has a 5 per cent stake, raised pre-tax profits by 40 per cent to £5.75 million in the year to April 1 — despite the loss of sizeable contracts to print *The Guardian* and *The Observer*.

A 5.35p final dividend makes a total up from 5.28p to 6.80p.

The group's publications benefited from a 21.5 per cent rise in advertising revenue to £33.3 million.

Mr Charles Brims, chief executive, said the current financial year had started well, although this year's advertising growth would not continue at the same rate. Newspaper sales revenue increased by 6 per cent to £8.6 million.

The loss of contracts to print *The Guardian* and southern editions of *The Observer* held back production revenue to £6.7 million, a 4

per cent rise. The company found a temporary stop-gap contract with the Mirror Group for part of last year to fill capacity left by *The Observer*, and is now negotiating with other possible customers including *The Sunday Correspondent*, a new national newspaper due to be launched this autumn.

The capacity freed by *The Guardian* was filled by a new three-year contract won to April this year to double the daily print-run of *The Independent* at the group's Portsmouth plant to 250,000 copies.

Meanwhile, profits from retail operations — a 20-strong tobacco and confectionery chain, and 28 convenience stores in the southern counties — grew by 91 per cent to £740,000.

The convenience side is to be further expanded, with another 10 stores to be added each year.

Opec expected to resist quota rise

By Graham Searjeant

Leading members of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries are anxious to avoid rocking the boat as they enjoy the fruits of a 50 per cent rise in crude oil prices this year.

As they gathered for the organization's half-yearly meeting in Vienna, most members seemed anxious to resist any substantial rise in output quotas to ensure that prices stay near Opec's target of \$18 a barrel.

Saudi Arabia, which has resumed the leading position, wants to allow the price to rise through the target rather than increase output at this stage.

It may threaten to flood the market to prevent higher output being agreed.

But the Libyan oil minister, Mr Fawzi Shakshouki, said he wanted to maintain both the target price and existing quotas for the second half of the year.

Members of Opec are al-

ready exceeding the 18.5 million barrels a day combined quota.

Production is estimated to have exceeded 20 million barrels a day during April and reached 21 million barrels during May, but much of the excess in May has gone into storage.

Kuwait and the United Arab Emirates are, however, anxious for higher output quotas.

They do not wish to risk any further rises in world prices curbing demand.

Both are thought to want extra production quotas of at least 300,000 barrels a day, although it was not clear whether this would lead to higher production or merely regularize excess output.

Formal meetings will start on Monday amid hopes that agreement can be reached without the usual extended period of wrangling among members.

G10 insists on reforms by debtor countries

By Colin Narborough, Economics Correspondent

The Group of 10 leading industrial nations yesterday backed the idea that the benefits of new arrangements for cutting debt and debt servicing can only be realized if developing countries adopt strong economic policies and undertake structural reforms.

Mr Onno Ruding, the Dutch Finance Minister and chairman of the International Monetary Fund interim committee, said there was concern among some G10 nations that new financing would be seen as an "open door" to highly indebted nations that have not taken sufficient steps to improve their performance.

G10 finance ministers were meeting in Bern, the Swiss capital, to consider a report proposing that the IMF retain primary responsibility for advising Third World countries on economic reform.

It also calls for the World Bank to take charge of ensuring the effectiveness of development policies and the efficient allocation of resources in the public and private sectors.

The G10 report was commissioned to examine the relationship between the IMF and the World Bank to the area of economic adjustment, but has largely been overtaken by a task-sharing accord between the two institutions and debate on the debt relief plan put forward by Mr Nicholas Brady, the US Treasury Secretary.

● Mexico, the developing world's second biggest debtor, has agreed with the Paris Club of creditor nations to reschedule \$2.6 billion (£1.6 billion) of debt. The money will be repaid over 10 years instead of the original three.

Dwyer soars 64% at half-way stage

By Neil Beckett

Dwyer, the fast-expanding property group, saw its pre-tax profits climb 64 per cent to £1.38 million in the half-year to end-March on the back of near tripled trading profits.

Total income more than doubled to £3.34 million compared with £1.57 million and shareholders receive a payout of 1.5p, up by a half.

Expansion of the company's portfolio helped raise rental income to £2.02 million, up 77 per cent, while property trading profits were £1.08 million, from £370,000 last time.

Mr Desmond Bloom, chair-

man, said a positive note about the Scottish portfolio, bought for £8.2 million in

March. He said property values were still rising strongly there and some disposals had already produced trading profits in the second half.

Mr Bloom added that the rental income was growing from on-going rent reviews and Dwyer was also refurbishing several of its buildings.

The company was well placed to cope with the current high interest rates after its £12.8 million preference share issue in April.

Phillips & Drew, Dwyer's broker, is forecasting year-end profits of £3.85 million compared with £2.1 million and a net asset value per share of 300p, against last year's 244p.



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Foreign & Colonial

IT.T. 08/08/89

Overseas investor tipped to buy US hotels group

Hilton leaps as talk of sale intensifies

From Philip Robinson, Los Angeles

Shares of America's Hilton Hotels group soared on Wall Street yesterday amid suggestions that Mr Barron Hilton, the chairman and chief executive, was about to appoint an investment banker to seek a buyer for the \$4 billion (£2.5 billion) chain.

Hilton shares jumped just under \$2 for a two-day gain of 55%. The company has soared in value by almost \$700 million in the past three weeks since Mr Hilton, who now speaks for 35 per cent of the shares, told shareholders that he would be bound to consider all serious offers for the group.

Analysts have been cutting back their profit estimates for Hilton after first-

quarter figures indicated problems with the company's casinos in Las Vegas and Reno, Nevada.

While the Las Vegas Hilton showed a 34 per cent increase in gambling volume, its profits were down after failing to win at the gaming tables.

Most analysts are expecting net earnings barely changed at \$133 million this year. Despite this, at least one says the hotel and casino chain could command a price of between \$90 and \$95 a share from a friendly bidder, valuing the group at \$4.5 billion. Word is that Mr Hilton is talking to a foreign buyer.

Hilton Hotels has been surrounded by takeover speculation since ownership of

a key block of family shares was resolved in the courts giving Mr Hilton direct control over 25 per cent and influence over 9 per cent held by his family foundation. Other family members hold about 1 per cent between them. American institutions speak for 47 per cent of Hilton shares with two holding a combined 15 per cent.

Mr Hilton told the recent annual meeting that although he was not seeking buyers for the company, if a qualified person expressed an interest then the board had a duty to give it careful consideration. Analysts say it is now increasingly likely that Mr Hilton will sell the company to overseas investors.

Late recovery

Prices recorded are at 4 p.m. Changes are calculated on the previous day's close, but adjustments are made when a stock is ex-dividend. Where one price is quoted, it is a middle price. Changes, yields and price/earnings ratios are based on middle prices. (aa) denotes Alpha Stocks.

[illegible]

● Ex dividend a Ex all b Forecast dividend ● Interim payment passed f Price at suspension g Dividend and yield exclude a special payment k Pre-merger figures n Forecast earnings o Ex other r Ex rights s Ex scrip or share splits t Terminate No concurrent date

UNLISTED SECURITIES

FOREIGN EXCHANGES

Exchange Index compared with 1985 was up at 92.5 (day's range 92.5-92.6).

STERLING SPOT AND FORWARD RATES

Market rates for June 2

Range	Close	1 month	3 month	Other sterling rates	
New York	1.9940-1.9936	1.9935-1.9930	0.54-0.51	Australia dollar	277.18-290.44
London	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Canada dollar	2.045-2.085
Frankfurt	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Deutsche mark	0.9380-0.9310
Paris	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	French franc	6.55-6.55
Geneva	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Italian lira	2036.00-2036.00
Madrid	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Japanese yen	160.00-160.00
Stockholm	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Swedish krona	4.66-4.66
Oslo	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Norwegian krone	4.76-4.76
London	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Portuguese escudo	200.00-200.00
Frankfurt	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Spanish peseta	166.64-166.64
Paris	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	Swiss franc	2.00-2.00
Geneva	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	U.S. dollar	0.71-0.71
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Geneva	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	U.S. dollar	0.71-0.71
Madrid	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	U.S. dollar	0.71-0.71
Stockholm	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	U.S. dollar	0.71-0.71
Oslo	1.9936-1.9932	1.9931-1.9926	0.54-0.51	U.S. dollar	0.71-0.71
London	1.9936-1.9932				

THIRD MARKET

Exchange Index compared with 1985 was up at 92.5 (day's range 92.5-92.6).

Canada	1.3620-1.3636	Denmark	7.8650-7.8700	Italy	1428.0-1428.0
Japan	1.9500-1.9520	W Germany	1.9650-1.9680	Belgium (Cont)	41.16-41.21
Switzerland	2.7020-2.7040	Switzerland	1.8935-1.8945	Hong Kong	7.7740-7.7750
France	1.3282-1.3288	Netherlands	2.2160-2.2176	Portugal	162.40-162.70
India	1.2005-1.2075	France	6.5700-6.5750	Spain	124.00-124.10
Australia	0.6350-0.6410	Japan	141.80-141.90	Austria	13.78-13.78

EURO MONEY DEPOSITORS &

BULLION:
Open: \$382.00-382.50 Close: \$381.75-382.25
High: \$393.00-393.50 Low: \$381.00-381.50
COIN:

Amplifier (10x): \$373.00-378.00 (\$234.00-237.00)

LONDON FINANCIAL FUTURES

Open	High	Low	Close	Vol	Open	High	Low	Close	Vol
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92.74	92.08	92.08	92.08	7834	Sep 89	93.43	93.72	93.32	93.73	5342
						93.26	93.60	93.11	93.60	27041

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Odds and evens of horse ownership

There are no racing certainties in the buying stakes, but Tony Levene reveals how to clear some hurdles

Picking the winner of Wednesday's Derby will give thousands of people pleasure. But usually only one person enjoys the supreme pleasure - owning the winner.

For just a few hundred pounds upwards, it is possible to savour the moment of owning a first-past-the-post racehorse - or at least part of one.

Owners can share in the millions of pounds in the race game - prize money, breeding fees and horse sales. But, beware, for horse ownership is not the best investment. There is just one chance in seven of getting any money back at all, and the odds are even slimmer against real returns.

"Anyone who buys a horse for racing has to realise that it is a pleasure that will rarely be profitable," said Mr David Harris, a partner at Stoy Hayward, the accountant, and author of the *Horse Racing Advisory Council's Guide to the Taxation of the Bloodstock Industry*.

The classic route to ownership is to buy a yearling and put it into training. One with a good pedigree and some chance of winning a race will cost at least £10,000. Those

with more uncertain merits start at about £2,000.

The two biggest agents are the Curragh Bloodstock Agency and the British Bloodstock Agency. They will buy on the prospective owner's behalf up to a set limit, arrange for insurance, training, transport and breeding on a commission basis of about 5 per cent.

A flat racer costs £10,000 a year to keep although hunters and steeplechasers are less expensive at some £7,500, including insurance against premature death.

A horse has up to about eight racing seasons, at the end of which most are worth just £200. A few may be worth a seven-figure sum for breeding purposes.

Owning a horse in that league means taking specialist financial advice, but at a lower level, the Inland Revenue ignores winnings and outgoings from horse owning. It realises that it is generally a hobby.

Ownership at lower cost can be enjoyed by sharing a horse, usually through a syndicate. But the Jockey Club no longer allows new syndicates. It insists on legally-enforceable

partnerships, with each member registered as an owner.

Syndicates can also suffer from such "hidden" charges as training, stable staff, transport, veterinary fees and shoes.

First Racing Co-operative in Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, is another route. It promises no hidden charges nor special deals for directors. Mr Les Barnes, a director, said: "Membership costs £1,300 per share for a racing season, whether on the flat or over the jumps. Each 12 shares buys a horse and there is enough over for all other expenses."

The least expensive way in is through shares in a public company formed for horse ownership. There are about 20 racing ples, of which the biggest is Full Circle. They sell shares at about £400 each, use the cash to buy horses, train them and pay directors and company staff.

At the end of a fixed period, the company is wound up and assets distributed among investors. If the company has been successful, the original stake is enhanced by prize money and profits from sales and stud nominations.



The joy of victory: trainer Luca Cumani congratulates Kahyasi, winner of last year's Derby

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Free foreign motor cover on the cards

By Linda Rout

Anyone taking a car abroad needs a "green card," effectively extending insurance for the duration of the holiday.

Now, a growing number of insurance companies are giving them away free to existing policyholders.

Motorists with policies at Guardian Royal Exchange or Municipal Mutual, or who have a Motor Plus policy from Municipal General, can have green card cover free. Normal policies cover them for up to three months abroad every year at no extra charge. But it is as well to obtain a green card before departing simply to prove cover does exist.

Among companies charging for green cards are General Accident, Royal Insurance, Sun Alliance, Cornhill and Municipal General. For holders of its cheap and cheerful Motor Cover policies, fully comprehensive cover for a Ford Escort 1100, for example, for 14 days in France, varies from £14 with General Accident to £10 with Municipal General. Motorists insured via the RAC insurance brokers' division would pay between £10 and £15 depending on the insurance company used. But the AA offers a green card "backed" by Norwich Union to anyone. This would cost £32.50 for the Escort 1100.

Regular travellers abroad could save their combined time overseas by the maximum time for which their insurance company will cover them - often three months.

For such travellers, Campbell Irvine, the travel insurance broker of Reigate, Surrey, offers a policy with a 12-month green card. The company estimates it might add up to 50 per cent to a normal motor premium depending on type of car and driver.

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FAMILY MONEY

Looking for a Pep with fizz

Not all personal equity plans are created equal, Maria Scott looks behind the ballyhoo that has blown up around the new-look Peps since the Budget

Many unit trust groups — and others — have already launched new-style personal equity plans, but investors should not feel compelled to make a quick decision about investment.

At least two of the biggest players in the Pep market, Barclays and Lloyds Bank, have yet to launch their new plans. And some managers, which have launched Peps will be adding to their range later in the year.

Before leaping into the arms of just any Pep operator, investors need to ask themselves several questions. The first is: does he want to take advantage of the special concession which will allow an investment of £7,800 into Peps before the beginning of the next tax year — £3,000 under the old rules and £4,800 under the new ones?

Secondly, what are the investment objectives — is he basically a small saver who would probably be better off with a unit trust plan, or can he make use of the more sophisticated Pep?

There is probably no single Pep manager who will satisfy all demands, and the investor who chooses the wrong type of plan may lose out. It is not possible to split money between two managers, so, to avoid expensive switches from one manager to another it is best to make the right choice from the outset.

Miss Cathy Gordon, head of personal financial planning at

Coopers & Lybrand, the accountant, warns people not to be too carried away by the marketing hype surrounding Peps and the tax concessions.

"The tax concessions are good," she says, "but they are not the only things the investor should look at."

She sees Pep investors falling broadly into two categories — the small saver, who uses a unit trust plan, and the much larger investor who uses a self-select plan to shelter part of an established portfolio from tax.

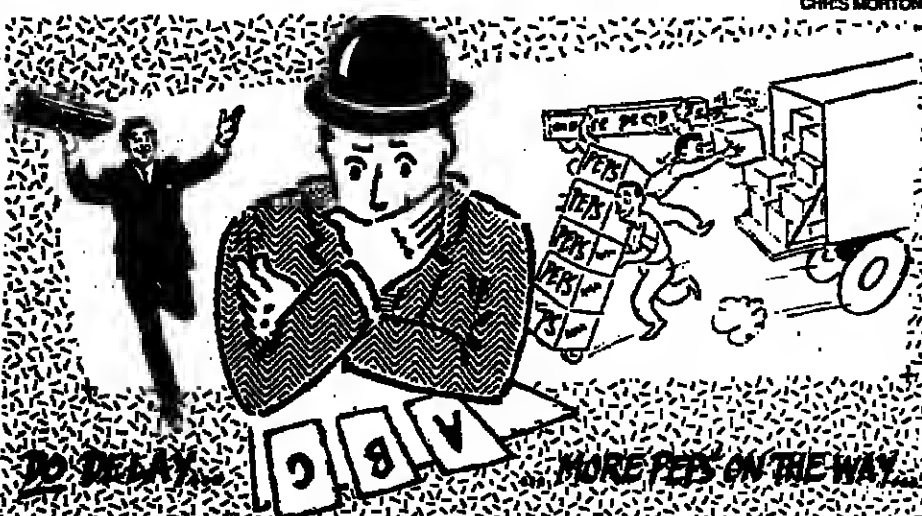
Miss Gordon doubts the value of plans which include a small number of shares, perhaps mixed with unit trusts.

Larger investors may want to take advantage of the concession allowing an investment of £7,800 in Peps before the start of the new tax year in 1990. For a married couple the total will be £15,600.

For those who have not already invested under the old rules, the only way to take full advantage of the concession is to choose a manager who still has an old-style plan in operation — and not all do so.

Another thing to watch for is the restriction on unit trust Peps. The rules stipulate that if someone puts the maximum unit trust allowance of £2,400 into a unit trust plan, this cannot be topped up to £4,800 later in the year if the particular plan manager does not offer a plan which includes equities.

As yet, Fidelity, which launches its unit trust plan on Monday, offers neither an old-



style plan, nor a top-up facility.

Miss Mary Blair, product development director, says that the company has already decided that there will be an equity top-up scheme later in the year.

But in the meantime Fidelity wanted to get something simple off the ground quickly. By putting off the launch of the top-up and avoiding the launch of an old-style plan, the company has kept costs down.

The unit trust Pep, which takes lump sums of £2,400 only, has no charges other than those made by the trusts themselves. Investors can choose between Fidelity Special Situations and Fidelity Growth Plus Income, or split the investment between the two. A savings scheme may be added later.

M&G is now offering a savings scheme but the minimum monthly subscription of £60 may deter the small saver — another example of how Pep choice is not quite as wide as the marketing noise suggests.

The company says £60 was the amount it needed to draw to make the plan pay, without adding extra charges.

The only fees are those levied by the unit trusts themselves. M&G offers a choice of six trusts, including two income-orientated ones, Extra Yield and Dividend.

Barclays, which was prominent in the Pep market from its earliest days, expects to launch two new Peps in the Autumn, probably at the beginning of October. Both will offer direct investment into shares, but one will be a managed and the other a self-select Pep.

So as to allow investors to invest up to £7,800 in the year, Barclays plans to launch an old-style Pep which will hold money in cash until the new Peps are launched later in the year. Interest will be paid on the deposits. Barclays expects to open this plan in the next few weeks. Lloyds Bank, which

invests in a mixture of shares and unit trusts, Sharp's managed Pep will invest in shares chosen by Sharp and the self-select plan allows the investor to choose for himself.

On the savings scheme, the initial charge is £5 a month, plus a 1 per cent charge for each deal on the portfolio. There is also an annual charge of 1 per cent. Under the self-select Pep, the initial charge is £50, plus standard dealing charges on each transaction — Sharp's minimum commission is £40 — and an annual management fee of 1 per cent.

On the managed Pep, an investor will pay an initial £50, plus 1 per cent per deal and an annual administration fee of 0.75 per cent.

Total charges will depend on the amount of dealing done on behalf of each client. But Sharp does not expect a huge amount of chopping and changing within portfolios.

Sharp is making its old managed Pep, operating under the previous rules, available to people who want to invest £3,000 under the old rules.

The unusual feature of Sharp's plans is that investors will be able to arrange to draw regular income from their Pep once the portfolio is big enough to generate this, either through dividends or capital growth.

Sharp will either calculate what it expects the dividends to be over 12 months and pay out a twelfth of that each month, or the client can stipulate what he wants to draw, as a percentage of the portfolio, and that will be provided by dividends. The required sum will be supplemented by some of the capital if necessary.

There will be a savings scheme taking a minimum of £100 a month. This will

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A path through the current account minefield

Despite all the new current accounts launched by the banks and building societies, customers are still not being given enough information about charges, says the Consumers' Association in the latest edition of *Which?* magazine.

The magazine says that, just because a current account has no transaction charges, this does not necessarily mean that customers automatically enjoy free banking.

"You may still find yourself paying up to £50 if you overdraw once without permission. Even if you never overdraw, it's possible you'll be charged if

you ask for anything out of the ordinary — up to £6.50 for a copy of a previous statement, for example — but you probably won't know the cost until it turns up on your next statement," *Which?* says.

The magazine says customers should be told all the possible costs of the banking service in advance.

Other charges customers might face include up to £5 for stopping a cheque; at least £5 for having a cheque cleared within 24 hours (£7.50 at Allied Irish (UK), £9 at the Bank of Ireland); £5 for a bank draft — £11.50 at Robert Fleming/Save & Prosper and £10 for a

Bank of Scotland draft of £2,000 or more; up to £5 for receiving a bank reference.

"Meanwhile, all too few banks produce clear information about their charges — and in any case, the decision on how much you'll be charged (or whether you'll be charged at all) usually depends on the individual manager," says *Which?*

The magazine includes a useful reminder about the fees charged by some of the new style, interest-bearing current accounts. Midland Bank's Vector and Meridian accounts and TSB Scotland's Elect accounts charge

a monthly fee, although on Meridian this only applies on balances of less than £1,000. *Which?* says: "You don't need to pay between £60 and £120 a year to get good service or an overdraft."

The magazine's best-buy list "for cheapness and simplicity of charges if you overdraw, plus a good rate of interest" are: Abbey National Current Account, HFC Current Account Plus, Nationwide Anglia FlexAccount, Northern Rock Current Account, Robert Fleming/Save & Prosper Classic.

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FAMILY MONEY

Homeowners' dreams crumble in the advance of property blight

Use of tin mine waste in building materials has meant hundreds of Cornish houses are literally falling apart. Hugh Thompson reports

Two per cent of the houses built in Cornwall between the wars were constructed from concrete blocks made of muck, the waste from the tin mines.

Some of these blocks have shown such deterioration that surveyors dare not pass the houses as long-term assets. Consequently, building societies will not lend on them and a lot of people in Cornwall, many of them retired, are left with an asset which is, literally, crumbling about their heads.

An Englishman's home is not only his castle but his nest egg — something of increasing value to protect his standard of living in his old age and to pass on to his children.

When Jean and Jimmy Turner bought a three-bedroom semi-detached house with a view of the beach in Perranporth, north Cornwall,

they were granted a mortgage by the then Provincial Building Society for £10,000 of its £13,000 cost.

Unfortunately, soon after moving into the house, Mr Turner suffered chronic kidney failure. After a time of hoping for a cure, the Turners became desperate. Mrs Turner said: "We heard that you could buy a kidney transplant in America for £15,000. We talked about it and decided that if this would save Jimmy's life, it was worth selling the house. We decided to sell the house to buy Jimmy a new kidney."

It was then that the Turners found out about muck. A few prospective buyers came to look at the property but there were no offers. "Not even the builder we asked to do the place up bothered to return, because he said there was no point as the house was



Crumbling home, crumbling hopes: Jean Turner at her house built with muck blocks.

Cornwall, having no natural clay and being far away from the brick-making centres, has long used other materials, such as cob and concrete, for house building. During the

1920s and 1930s, muck, the Cornish name for iron sulphate minerals, was not only available but free. The minerals in muck eventually expand and turn into sulphuric acid which can lead to such rapid deterioration that the blocks literally come apart in people's hands.

When the Turners found that they could not sell their house, they turned to the building society which had surveyed the property with a view to getting some recompense — the Provincial, now the National & Provincial.

Mrs Turner said: "We got nowhere and eventually Jimmy died, but the problem has stayed with us. It made his last years very upsetting. He used to sit and worry all the time."

"I've tried to carry the fight on but I've just been told that because I did not officially complain within six years I have no case. It's hopeless. Jimmy and I worked hard for 40 years so we could pass something on to the children."

One local surveyor, Mr David Scott, of Stratton and Holborrow, said: "It's like cancer — people would rather not know the bad news. The other day, I was acting for a prospective purchaser and when I was arranging a survey and mentioned that I would be testing for muck, I was told that the house had come off the market."

Ironically, Millers, the estate agent, and National and Provincial, the two professional agents involved in selling the house to the Turners, have recently set up a muck aid centre in Truro. This shows a house which has been treated by a yet-unproven cure.

This cure, while showing significant results, does not

offer a guarantee and costs £25,000 per house.

In Cornwall, there is a cynical joke which goes: "What do you do with a home made of muck? Sell it to someone from Birmingham." Surveyors have not only been sued for not spotting muck but some have been threatened because they have erred on the side of caution. Mr Charles Stimpson, a surveyor with Stimpson's, and the leading campaigner in the fight to find a cure for muck, said: "Eighty per cent of muck property is not deteriorating but such are the fears that although property may well stand for another 100 years, it is blighted."

"We do not know enough about the properties to give structural guarantees, especially as the public are only too quick to sue. We have launched an appeal to raise money for research so that we can be more specific about what we are talking about, and also offer solutions."

"At the moment, there is just panic and chaos which, of course, some have cashed in on."

A developer recently offered two owners of adjacent muck houses in Falmouth £12,000 each, instead of the market price of £50,000, to take the properties off their hands. They took the cash. Now, the developer has knocked the two properties down and has obtained planning permission for 12 flats worth £300,000.

One householder sued a surveyor for £30,000 for not spotting muck, then found another surveyor who did not spot it either and was able to sell the property.

In fact, to those with enough land, the planning authorities have been very liberal in allowing muck homes to be knocked down and two houses built on the plot. Recently, a house which would have been worth £125,000 unblemished was knocked down and the plot with planning permission sold for £90,000.

But for Mrs Turner, with a small semi-detached and a tiny garden in a tight block, this is not an option.

The banks and building societies, who have much riding on the mortgages of these blighted properties, have so far resisted appeals for a £155,000 research fund which the local Camborne School of Mines believes is needed to find a cure.

Mr Victor Phillips, senior lecturer at Camborne says: "What is needed is far greater understanding of muck, its chemistry and how it reacts with the environment. Only then can we have a code of practice and find a way of stabilizing these blocks."

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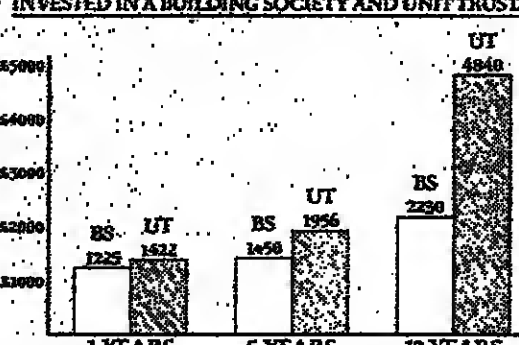
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You'll see from the table below that unit trusts have in the past proved to be an excellent medium to long-term investment.

COMPARATIVE PERFORMANCE OF £1,000 INVESTED IN A BUILDING SOCIETY AND UNIT TRUST



UNIT TRUST figures are for the average of all authorised unit trusts. Source: Standard & Poor's. Figures calculated as at 1 January 1989, for an initial investment of £1,000, net income reinvested. The rate for BUILDING SOCIETY is 'Ordinary Share Account' rates prior to August 1982. Seven Day Notice rates from August 1982 to May 1988 and High Interest account rates from June 1988 onwards. These figures are calculated on an after-tax basis. The results show that over a period of high inflation and high interest rates, the unit trust performance has been a guarantee for the future.

THE VALUE OF UNITS IS NOT GUARANTEED. THE INCOME FROM THEM AND THE CAPITAL VALUE CAN GO DOWN AS WELL AS UP.

2. Two levels of investment management — at no extra charge.

Once you've made your initial investment in MASTER TRUST, your money doesn't just stay put. It's carefully managed by one of the most respected investment teams in the country.

The MASTER TRUST management team continually assesses market movements. They then decide which of the individual unit trusts to buy, which to sell — and when.

This means you have two levels of investment expertise working on your behalf: the fund managers of the individual unit trusts, plus the MASTER TRUST investment team.

What's more, this second level of expertise comes at no extra charge.

It couldn't be easier to invest!

Investing in MASTER TRUST is easy. All you need to do is complete and return the Investment Instruction below, along with your cheque for the amount you wish to invest. That's all there is to it. And as it's a FREEPOST address, you don't even need a stamp!

Act now for a bonus of up to 1½%.

Invest in the NORWICH MASTER TRUST by 21st June 1989 and you could qualify for a special launch bonus. For an investment of £1,000 or over, you'll receive 1½% bonus units free; for £2,500 or over 1% bonus units; and for £10,000 or more, your bonus unit allocation will be 1½%.

BUT HURRY! TO QUALIFY FOR THE BONUS ALLOCATION, YOUR INSTRUCTION MUST BE WITH US BY 21st JUNE 1989.

If you have any questions about MASTER TRUST please call our Helpline on 0603-680231.



IMPORTANT DETAILS OF YOUR INVESTMENT

BUYING UNITS All you have to do when buying units in Norwich Union's MASTER TRUST is complete and return the Investment Instruction along with your cheque. We'll then send you a Contract Note followed within 3 weeks by a Certificate confirming your purchase. (Special consideration may be given to deals of £15,000 or more).

SELLING UNITS We will normally be able to buy back your units from you whenever you wish at the bid price at the time. We'll send you a cheque within 5 working days of receiving your renounced Certificate which you must send back to us when you sell. (Special consideration may be given to deals of £15,000 or more). There is usually a 0.5% difference between the buying and selling prices which covers initial expenses.

CHARGES Initial fee, which is included in the offer price. Annual: Zeta, Provision is made in the Trust Deed to enable the Managers to increase the Initial charge to 75% and the Annual Charge to 2% (plus VAT). Three months' notice will be given of any increase in the Annual Charge but at present the Managers have no intention to do so. The trustee is Citicorp Trustee Company Limited.

OFFER PRICE This is the price at which units can be purchased by the investor. The offer price is recalculated at 12 noon each working day, the valuation point.

BID PRICE This is the price that the Managers will pay for your units if you wish to sell them back. The bid price is calculated at 12 noon each working day, the valuation point. To find out how your investment is performing look at the financial pages of the Daily Telegraph or Financial Times.

MINIMUM INVESTMENT You can invest in the MASTER TRUST with as little as £500. There's no upper limit to your investment.

TAXATION AND THE UNIT HOLDER An investor holding unit trusts will have two potential areas of tax liability to consider: Income Tax and Capital Gains Tax. Income Tax is payable on the income received from the unit trust in the form of distributions. Capital Gains Tax may be payable if a gain is made when units are disposed of.

INCOME TAX If you are a basic rate taxpayer there is no further income tax to pay on distributions. The distribution carries a tax credit sufficient to discharge your income tax liability. But if you are a higher rate taxpayer additional tax will be payable at the excess of the higher rate over basic rate income tax. Non tax payers can claim the tax credit from the Inland Revenue.

CAPITAL GAINS TAX Unit holders disposing of units may be liable to Capital Gains Tax if their net chargeable gains from all sources in a tax year exceed the exempt amount. The amount of the gain may be reduced by the application of an indexation allowance. In the 1989/1990 tax year the exempt amount is £5,000. (At present only one £5,000 exemption is available to married couples living together). Gains in excess of the exempt amount are taxed at the taxpayer's marginal income tax rate.

TAX AND THE TRUST FUND The Trust Fund has a tax liability on income — the two types of income it is likely to receive attract different tax treatment.

Franked Investment Income (distributions received from the Trust Funds in which the Master Trust invests) carries a tax credit and there is no further tax liability.

Unfranked income — income from banks and other deposits is subject to Corporation Tax.

Capital gains realised within a unit trust are not liable to tax.

INCOME DISTRIBUTION The income of a unit trust is distributed, usually half yearly on fixed dates, to unit holders in strict proportion to the number of units held. You can choose to have the money paid direct to your Bank Building Society current account. Otherwise it will be reinvested to purchase further units.

YOUR RIGHT TO CANCEL The Financial Services (Cancellation) Rules 1989 gives you the right to cancel your unit trust purchase within 14 days from the date you receive the Notice Of The Right To Cancel. This will be issued at the same time as the Contract Note but sent to you under separate cover. Any drop in price during the intervening period must be borne by the investor.

A copy of the scheme particulars, annual and half yearly reports, are available on request from Norwich Union Trust Managers Limited.

NORWICH UNION MASTER TRUST Investment Instruction

To: Norwich Union Trust Managers Ltd., FREEPOST, P.O. Box 124, 51/59 Rose Lane, Norwich NR1 1BR.

I wish to invest £ in the MASTER TRUST from Norwich Union at the offer price ruling at the valuation point following receipt of this Instruction.

I enclose a cheque made payable to Norwich Union Trust Managers Limited.

SURNAME MR/MRS/MISS/MS

FORENAME(S)

ADDRESS

POSTCODE TELEPHONE NO.

FINANCIAL ADVISER (if any)

If the investment is being made on behalf of a child under the age of 16, please give his/her full name here:

SIGNATURE DATE

A copy of the completed Instruction and Scheme particulars are available on request. The details that you are being asked to supply may be used to provide you with information about products and services within the Norwich Union Group or offer.

Normally Norwich Union uses distribution units, with all income being reinvested on your behalf. If however you would prefer to receive income twice yearly, then please tick the box and complete the details below.

☐ I prefer to receive income twice yearly. Details below:

Return this coupon to Norwich Union Trust Managers Limited, FREEPOST, P.O. Box 124, 51/59 Rose Lane, Norwich NR1 1BR.

Expatriates wary over offshore investment

Many expatriates living in Spain had their confidence in offshore investment shaken by the Barlow Clowes affair.

Others reported difficulties in carrying out financial transactions through institutions in their adopted country.

The conclusions arise from a survey, commissioned by the Royal Bank of Scotland. Sixty-four per cent of those questioned were British and almost 90 per cent were more than 50 years of age.

Forty-nine per cent said that their attitudes towards offshore investment had changed and 44 per cent said they were now unlikely to invest. Thirty-eight per cent said they would now be generally more cau-

tious about their choice of investment. Their attitude towards Gibraltar, where Barlow Clowes International was based, was slightly more muted. Only 28 per cent thought they would change the way they felt about Gibraltar, although nearly 60 per cent of those said they would steer clear of the Rock altogether.

Sixty-one per cent of respondents complained about poor quality of service within financial institutions and 21 per cent said language was a problem.

However, all said they were better off for having left Britain.

Maria Scott

UP TO **10.60%** NET
90 DAYS' NOTICE SHARES

Balances of £40,000 and over
10.60% equivalent to 14.13%*

Balances of £10,000 to £39,999
10.35% equivalent to 13.80%*

Withdrawals at 90 days' notice or on demand with 90 days' loss of interest.

Monthly income available at 10.05% (£40,000 and over) and 9.80% (£10,000 — £39,999).

*Equivalent yield to basic rate taxpayers. Interest rate variable. Assets exceed £280 million. Member of The Building Societies Association. Walthamstow Building Society, 888 Forest Road, Walthamstow, London E17 4BB.

To: Walthamstow Building Society, Freeport, Walthamstow E17 4BB. Tel: 01-531 3231 (24 hr service).

I/we enclose a cheque for £ to open a 90 Days' Notice Shares Account with interest added annually ☐ or paid monthly ☐ Please send further information on 90 Days' Notice Shares.

Name(s) Address Postcode

Signature(s) Date

Walthamstow Building Society

FAMILY MONEY

Debt aid group seeks help from lenders

Support in Debt, a voluntary debt counselling agency and support group set up in Manchester 12 months ago, is attempting to persuade financiers to fund a nationwide organization.

Mr Stuart Giles, SID director and a debt counsellor with Manchester City Council, explains that SID acts as an "honest broker," intervening between the debtor and creditor to negotiate agreements over repayment. Often, he says, SID offers the best possibility for the creditor of getting his money back.

As well as Department of Employment and Inland Revenue representatives, senior management from leading banks and building societies, accountancy firms, manufacturers, probation officers, and a consumer

educational group will attend the organization's first annual meeting on June 20.

National Westminster Bank has already donated £2,000, and talks have been arranged with the Halifax Building Society over the provision of office accommodation.

"What we are saying is let's work together because there is room for everyone to offer help where it is most needed," says Mr Giles.

An increasing number of banks, building societies and debt collection agencies are turning to SID for help.

In some cases the debt is paid off reasonably quickly, but in others it takes years, as exemplified by the woman who fell behind in repayments

for a washing machine, and became entangled in a succession of loan companies. After the intervention of SID she began paying off the £400 she owed by small weekly instalments.

SID is not a Samaritan-style refuge. It insists that debtors face their financial obligations while restoring their self esteem. The first step, says Mr Giles, is to convince people in financial difficulty that they have the same rights as everyone else - "no easy task when they have been stripped of self-respect and just want to crawl under a stone."

"Supporting them through that trauma does not mean just providing a shoulder to cry on," Mr Giles says. "That is of no help to anyone."

Practicality is what is needed in the best interests of everyone, and that means facing the problem and finding a sensible way to overcome it."

Banks, building societies, finance companies and debt recovery services appear to realize that when all else fails - preferably before that point is reached - SID offers what may be the only hope of recouping money owed instead writing the debt off.

Ian Smith

Company representatives wishing to attend SID's Awareness Day at Manchester Town Hall on June 20 should write to Mr Stuart Giles at 1, Linksfield, Denton, M34 3TE (061 320 8622).

INTEREST RATES ROUND-UP

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
BANKS						
Ordinary Dep A/c	4.55	4.60	3.70	none/none	7 day	
Fixed Term Deposits:						
Barclays	8.40	8.73	9.98	2,500-25,000	1 min	01-499 1567
" "	8.13	8.23	7.40	2,500-25,000	6 min	01-499 1567
" "	8.23	8.33	7.70	2,500-25,000	1 min	01-499 1567
" "	10.32	10.52	8.28	2,500-25,000	6 min	01-499 1567
" "	9.59	9.59	7.67	10,000-25,000	1 min	01-499 1567
" "	8.37	8.37	7.50	10,000-25,000	6 min	01-499 1567
" "	8.58	8.58	7.50	10,000-25,000	1 min	01-499 1567
" "	8.58	8.58	7.50	10,000-25,000	6 min	01-499 1567

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
HIGH INTEREST CHEQUE ACCOUNTS						
Bank of Scotland MHC	10.01	10.48	8.38	2,500	none	081-442 7777
Barclays	8.30	8.50	8.88	1,500	none	0604 252881
" "	7.10	7.30	5.84	No min	none	01 825 8543
" "	8.20	8.50	8.58	1,000	none	01 825 8543
" "	7.80	7.90	8.32	1,000	none	01-325 5358
" "	8.50	8.77	7.02	2,000	none	
" "	8.50	8.50	6.58	500	none	01-374 2874
" "	9.10	9.51	7.81	2,500	none	081-558 8555
" "	8.00	8.00	7.20	2,000	none	01-800 8000

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
BUILDING SOCIETIES						
Ordinary Share A/c	6.15	6.15	4.92	1 min	none	
Best buy - largest soc:						
" "	6.15	6.15	4.92	1 min	none	
" "	6.40	6.40	6.74	250 min		
" "	6.40	6.40	6.50	500 min		
" "	6.25	6.25	7.40	10,000 min		
" "	6.40	6.40	7.22	20,000 min		

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
Cash/Cheque Accounts:						
Abbey Nat	5.00	5.00	4.00	1 min	Rate rise	
" "	6.00	6.00	5.52	500 min	with target	
" "	6.00	6.00	4.90	500 min	balances	
" "	6.00	6.00	4.90	500 min	balances	

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
NATIONAL SAVINGS						
Ordinary A/c	5.00	3.75	3.00	5-10,000	8 day	041-840-4855
Investment A/c	10.75	8.00	6.45	5-100,000	1 min	041-840-4855
Income Bond	11.50	8.50	8.00	2,000-100,000	3 min	0253 08191
Personal Bond	11.50	8.50	8.00	2,000-100,000	3 min	041-840-4855
3-6th Issue Cert	7.50	7.50	7.50	25-1,000	8 day	081-3864800
Yearly Plan	7.50	7.50	7.50	25-100 min	14 day	081-3864800
General	5.01	5.01	5.01	100-100 max	5 yrs	041-840-4855
Education Rate	12.01	8.02	7.28			

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
GUARANTEED INCOME BONDS						
Handover Guarantee	11.75	11.75	9.80	5,000 min	1 yrs	Figures from
" "	11.75	11.75	9.80	5,000 min	2 yrs	Crane de
" "	11.75	11.75	9.80	5,000 min	3 yrs	Vers all
" "	11.75	11.75	9.80	5,000 min	4 yrs	01 404 5755
" "	11.75	11.75	9.80	5,000 min	5 yrs	for details

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
OTHER (INSURANCE COMPANY)						
Prudential Home Loan	13.025	30-150k			Rate is reduced until	
" "	01 885 1731				30.9.89	

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
FIRST TIME BUYERS						
Landlord	12.75	10-60k	100		Loans 75% available	
" "	12.75	10-60k	100		Agreed 18-30 interest	
" "	12.75	10-60k	100		only for 1st 5 years	
" "	12.75	10-60k	100		0.75% reduction if 2	
" "	12.75	10-60k	100		year - products below	

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
BANKS						
Bank of Ireland	12.75	30-75k	100			
" "	0754 060505					

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
OTHER (INSURANCE COMPANY)						
Prudential Home Loan	13.025	30-150k			Rate is reduced until	
" "	01 885 1731				30.9.89	

Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
OTHER (INSURANCE COMPANY)						
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Bank	Normal rate	Compounded at 25%	Compounded at 40%	Interest improvement %	Notes	Contact
OTHER (INSURANCE COMPANY)						
Prudential Home Loan	13.025	30-150k			Rate is reduced until	
" "	01 885 1731				30.9.89	

New mortgage from Halifax

The Halifax, Britain's largest building society, has launched a mortgage fixed at 12.75 per cent for three years. Loans must be linked to an endowment or pension policy. The society has also launched a special deal for new mortgages of more than £50,000. There is a 0.55 per cent discount on the standard rate of 13.5 per cent on loans over this size. There is no commitment to reduce rates on existing large mortgages. Borrowers with loans of £50,000 are getting a 0.5 per cent cut from the standard rate while those borrowing more than £100,000 receive a 0.5 per cent cut.

Midland Bank has raised the interest rates on its high-interest deposit bonds. The rate for money deposited for six months has gone up from 9.5 per cent to 10.5 per cent.

BRIEFINGS

People who are waiting for a refund from the Inland Revenue may take some comfort from the news that the department does set itself some targets for dealing with post and other matters. Aims for 1989-90 include having no more than 15 per cent to 30 per cent of a typical day's post not handled within a fortnight. The Revenue deals with 150 million items of post a year.

Last year more than 120,000 cycles were stolen in the UK. Now Halfords, which claims to sell a quarter of all new bikes, has launched an insurance scheme. For £12 the bike will be covered for two years against theft. This cover, arranged via Swinton Insurance, can be renewed.

Britain already has a vigorous life insurance industry but Mr Dan Dene, a founder member of Hambro Life, now Allied Dunbar, believes there is room for yet another operator. He has founded Pegasus Group which is building up its own sales force. Its range of products includes an endowment mortgage, a 10-year maximum investment plan and a personal pension. Soon, the company plans to launch a "dread" disease policy which pays a lump sum if the policyholder develops a major illness. The policy will also pay out if a child becomes ill. Pegasus's fund management will be done by Barrings.



Midland's caring card

With help from seasoned fund-raiser Jimmy Savile (above), Midland Bank this week launched a credit card which gives the card holder a chance to benefit charity each time the card is used. The Terrence Higgins Trust, the Aids charity, is among the 12 charities which will receive money. When cardholders make their first purchase with the new Midland Care Card, which is part of the MasterCard network, the bank will donate

£5 to charity. After that it gives 0.25 per cent of the value of purchases. Midland hopes that the card will raise £2 million in the next four years. People using the card can ask for money to be donated to one of the 12 charities or the money can be split between them. The interest rate on the card is 2 per cent a month, 26.8 per cent (APR). This is the Midland's second affinity card. The first, the ArtsCard, was launched last month.

PORTFOLIO MANAGEMENT FOR PRIVATE INVESTORS, FAMILY TRUSTS AND CHARITIES

For further information about our services please telephone Richard Mosley on 01-377 9242, or write to him at the address below.

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31 Sun Street, London EC2M 2QP.

A Member of the International Stock Exchange and The Securities Association.

Are your Savings Certificates working hard enough for you?

If you already have fixed-interest Savings Certificates you'll certainly be aware of the benefits.

Your capital is as safe as houses, the interest rate is fixed and guaranteed for five years from the time you buy your Certificates and all that interest is tax-free. There is nothing to declare on your income tax form.

So far so good. But are they still working hard enough for you? Perhaps not.

Perhaps you hold Certificates which are more than five years old. If so, they may be earning interest on our General Extension Rate which is now 5.01% pa, tax free.

You might do well to consider our 34th

Issue, with its five-year guarantee. If you hold it for the full five years you will earn 7.5% pa, tax-free.

You can reinvest up to £10,000 in 34th Issue from matured Certificates. And you can also hold up to another £1,000 worth of 34th Issue. (This is the normal limit.)

This way, your investment will again be working hard for you.

Ask for the Repayment and Reinvestment form (DNS 502MA) at your post office or bank and send it to the Savings Certificate Office, Durham, along with the Certificates you want to reinvest. For more details ring 0253 793090, 9am to 9pm including weekends.

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THE TIMES

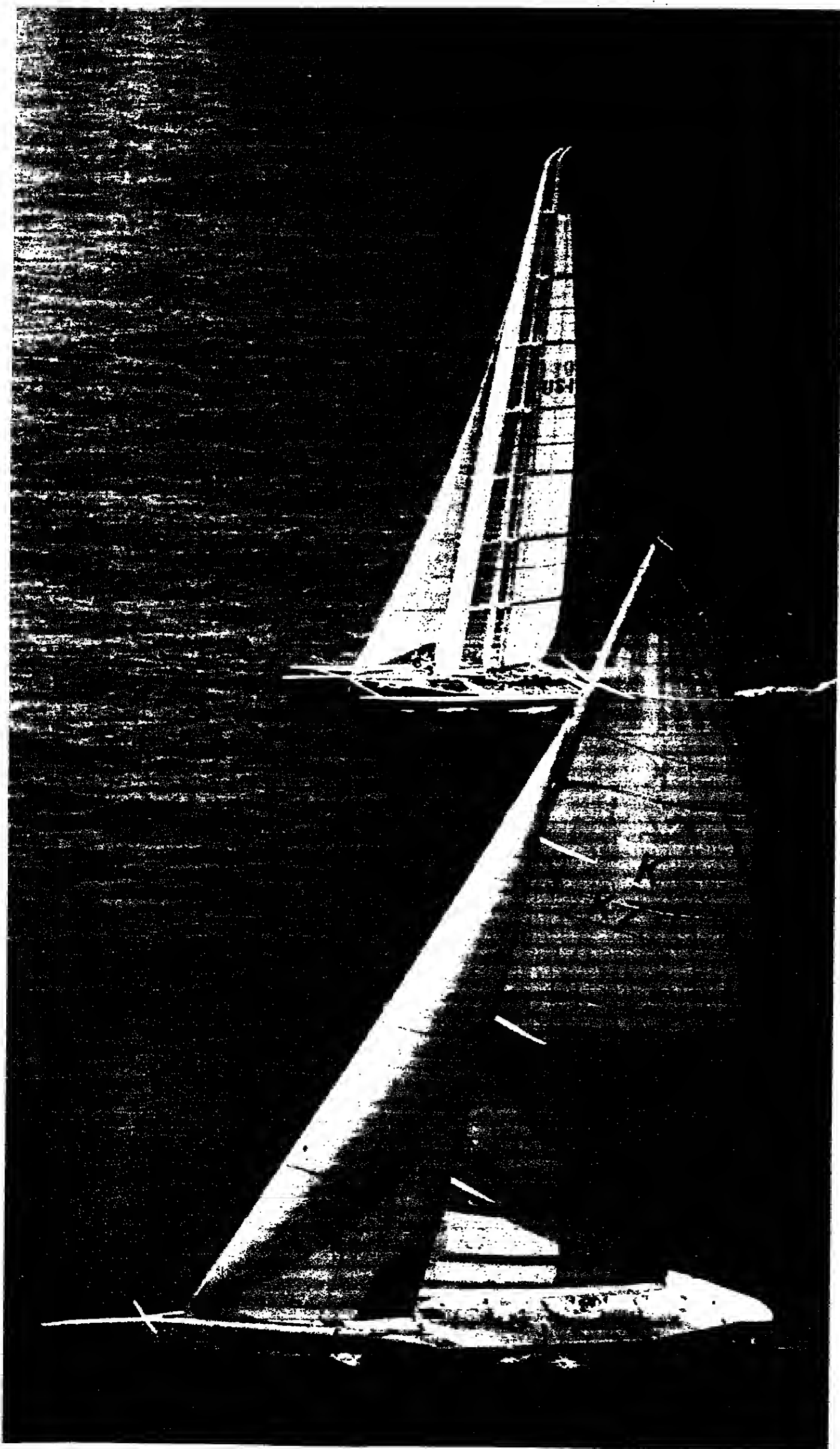
JUNE 22ND	FACTURING
JUNE 28TH	CORPORATE FINANCE
JULY 19TH	INVESTMENT TRUSTS
SEPT 1ST	SMALL BUSINESSES
SEPT 26TH	U.S.M.
OCT 11TH	COMMERCIAL PROPERTY
NOV 10TH	FUTURE & OPTIONS
DEC 11TH	BUSINESS IN THE COMMUNITY

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SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

NATIONAL SAVINGS

Whoever won the America's Cup, we couldn't lose.



Stars and Stripes is the fastest and most technically advanced catamaran ever built.

New Zealand is the largest and fastest monohull yacht ever to take part in the America's Cup.

At sea the monohull was no match for the catamaran.

In the courts it was the other way around.

Which boat actually was victorious is still a subject of heated argument. It's an argument we, at Hewlett-Packard, can afford to stand back from.

Both teams shortened their design-cycles by choosing Hewlett-Packard UNIX* workstations to design and simulate their yachts.

Without our high-performance graphics it's doubtful if either would have made it to the starting line in time.

Both teams also stowed Hewlett-Packard computers aboard for the race. Obviously they wanted to make sure their boats performed as well in the water as they did on the screen.

It was a case of heads we win, tails we win.

*Unix is a registered trademark of AT&T



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- TRAVEL: BELGIUM'S BULGE
- COOK: PERFECT PORK PIES
- DRINK: JUNE WINES
- EATING OUT: JONATHAN MEADES

THE TIMES

REVIEW

SECTION 3

SATURDAY JUNE 3 1989

THE COLOUR OF BLOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS: SPERANSKY/MAGNUM

In Georgia, the symbols of resistance in the fight for freedom are blood, wine and roses. Paul Griffiths reports from the troubled easternmost outpost of Orthodox Christianity



Women at war: mourners at the funeral of 16-year-old Tamara Chovelidze, who died from asphyxiation after Red Army riot troops threw gas canisters and attacked anti-Moscow Georgian demonstrators on April 9

One of the destinations has been whitened out on the placard of excursions that the wide, empty interior of the city will organize from your Tbilisi hotel. You can still go to Metekhi, the ancient capital of Georgia, where within a stone-walled stockade you will see the 13th-century cathedral, a great block of green and ochre stone sculpted with vines, beasts, saints, zodiac signs and, reaching to measure the top of a high arch, the proud arm of the architect and his signature. You can still go to Borjomi, "world-famous mineral spa". You can still see Georgian bread being baked, Georgian wine being made, Georgian folkdance being folkdanced. But what you cannot see, though the words can still be made out under the fresh snow of anonymity, is the birthplace of Joe Stalin.

Having held on to some renown here, if only as a local boy made good, Stalin no longer quite fits the mood since April 9, when the Red Army moved in on a peaceful demonstration with spears and ice axes to kill 20 people, most of them young women. Stalin, I was told, was out a real Georgian: he belonged to some mountain herd. The distinctions now are important. The massacre of April 9 — "our tragedy", as everyone calls it — has inevitably stirred up something more than the natural devotion of a small nation to its literature, its music, its long history of fidelity as the easternmost stronghold of Orthodox Christianity, its even longer history of vassalage to foreign empires. The recent events and the distant past echo one another, and it is hard to see where and how the reverberations will end.

Maybe, as has happened before, even the script of the impenetrable Georgian language is on the move. When Constantinople held sway, Georgian lettering had the square, detached style and the elisions of Byzantine Greek. Later inscriptions, from the time when Tbilisi was an Arab emirate, fly off in fountains, spitting diacriticals. Shop signs and street names put up in the present century squashed and formalized the alphabet so that it looks like a variety of Cyrillic — but the poems, prayers and testimonies posted up at the Sion church in memory of the victims of April 9 suggest a particularly Georgian style, the characters curling like wisps of smoke.

The place to start looking for the distinctive Georgia, however, is in the Museum of Fine Arts, on the ground floor, in the 12th century. This is where, under David IV, Demetrius II and the Amazon introduced to me as "King-Queen" Tamara, Georgia suddenly parted from Byzantium. The figures in the superb metalwork gain a new elasticity; the Jesus on a crucifix has the caved-in stomach, the lapsed muscles, the sagged features of a dead man; the two women in an image of the Visitation clasp and fall into each other's bodies, angels supporting the ascending Christ flick their heels into the air.

A little further along, the curator, the elegant daughter of a family of painters, points out the difference between Byzantine and Georgian panels and medallions of *claioune* enamel. The Georgian work is, she admits, less fine, but look at the colours! "That is the colour of Georgian wine. It is special to Georgia. It is found only in the work of Georgian masters."

It is the colour of the roses and carnations that people come to heap under the photographs of the 20 martyrs that are displayed in the courtyard of the Sion church, and will remain displayed for 40 days of mourning. Such a public memorial to dissident victims seems extraordinary in a major Soviet city, but though it was not permitted on the site of the

killings, it goes on here without hindrance. At any hour a crowd is in solemn attendance, bringing flowers, reading the messages on the wall, signing a book, lighting candles, or just silently standing. There is not a soldier to be seen. In the evening there are more flowers strewn, and a dead tree stands tied with 20 black ribbons on the stage of the new Tbilisi Musical Cultural Centre, which was due to have opened with an international festival, but which instead is being dedicated in a national act of remembrance. The black programme leaflet is inscribed: "To the holy memory of the innocent souls who perished April 9", and the week-long

new since April 9. And it is again this hot sound of souls on fire that draws me one afternoon up the hill to the Armenian church and so on up to the citadel, a bare dust-blown ruin. Once through the gatehouse I find two men working lackadaisically at rebuilding a wall that has crumbled to a height of 60 more than three feet, while perhaps 20 other men are gathered in a hut. Seeing a lone visitor, one of them rushes out and bails me. I have no idea what he says, or even whether he is speaking in Russian or Georgian, but I know the answer to give: "Angliya."

"Angliya?" He beams, strides forward to grab my arm, then

There is another, smaller boy hanging by. "Is he your brother?" We are obviously reaching the limits of Lasha's *angliyskiy* now, but he hesitates. "What is his name?"

"His name is Tata." "Tata," I repeat, and the little one almost rolls on the floor in merriment. I tell myself he is charmed to hear his name spoken by a stranger from the fabled West. But now the men return with a new idea. "Jimmy Graves!" cries one. "Jimmy Graves!" I reply. "Gary Linard!" This one fixes me. And then, four or five of them together: "Margaret Thatcher!" It is a limited form of communication, but at least it has brought up the matter of politics. The first man says "England, Georgia," seizes one hand in the other, and repeats his broad smile. Then the expression changes. "Georgia *russkiy kolonia*."

I nod sympathetically. "Russkiy kolonia," he repeats more quietly and turns his face away, then quickly looks back as another new idea occurs: "Germanskiy?"

"Deutsch, ja," I say, and hurriedly he packs someone off to find a German-speaker. Meanwhile he points out the black flag fluttering from the castle defences. "Tragediya," he explains. And he indicates the wall where the two workers are still lovingly preparing their patch of mortar. "Kloster."

Then all at once there is movement down below, and we go to meet the German speaker. "Sie sprechen Deutsch?"

"Ein sehr klein bisschen." "Ich auch," Shota politely lies, and explains what is going on up here. "These are professional people — poets, writers, the chief of police" (for the first time in my life I shake the hand of a shyly smiling Soviet police commander: the police are popular here now, having helped save people from the army) "who work without pay to rebuild a great church that was founded in the fifth century." At last, I notice, a thin tile is being carefully laid in place. Theo I hear from Shota the story of April 9.

"The soldier-pigs — excuse me, but there is no other word — came with spears to kill women, and the bodies they just piled into lorries: their parents have not been able to bury them. The next day the army returned with fire engines to wash the blood from the streets, and the people came to sing and dance in front of the fire engines and tanks. The soldiers could not understand that. And you heard about the gas? Many people were poisoned. I too was poisoned, and was very ill for several days. Some were worse and are still in hospital. Would you like to go and see?"

I would. Shota's brother drives us down the hill and across the city to a bus stop, and we wait. Meanwhile Shota fills me in on the background. "People say that the demonstration here was just

because Georgia wants to have control of Abkhazskaya, but it's not true. It was a demonstration against the Russians. We hate the Russians. I see them on the streets and I hate them. You know, the Russian soldiers think that when a Georgian girl is 13 she is a woman. They are disgusting."

We arrive at the hospital, and go up to a tranquil corridor, with doors opening on to double rooms with their own lavatories and showers. It is considerably more welcoming than my hotel.

We enter a room and speak to two women. Another is occupied by a law student who was on the demonstration. "The army smashed the windows of houses

and squirted the gas inside. My mother and my sister were affected." Nurses and a doctor gather in the room. "The doctor is Russian," Shota explains when he is out for a moment, "so I speak to him only in Georgian and force him to speak Georgian."

"Would the student go on such a demonstration again?" I have Shota ask. "Yes!" the reply comes yelled back immediately in English. Incautiously, perhaps, I mention the name of Gorbachov.

"Gorbachov dictator!" yells the student again. We leave the hospital and walk back towards the bus stop. "You don't believe in *perestroika*?" I ask. Shota, normally quiet and

intense, for once erupts in laughter. "No! We have had four years of *perestroika* and still I cannot buy soap in the shops. You know who *perestroika* is for? *Perestroika* is for Gorbachov and Raisa."

I remark, nevertheless, on how excellent the hospital is. "Oh, but this is a hospital for those who are working with the regime," Shota says. "I could not show you the other hospitals..."

I look back. "Is that why," I ask, "there are red flags hanging from all the windows?"

"Nooooo! Those are not Soviet flags! This red it is the colour of Georgian wine. It is special to Georgia. Those are the flags of Georgian independence."

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FACE TO FACE

After the Bastille

There are people starving. Daniel Barenboim is quite aware of that. "And not only in Biafra," but much closer to home," he said, staring out of a Viennese hotel window, as though the dim avenues and parks beneath him might suddenly reveal a host of the malnourished, reproaching him for his recent deal with the Paris Opéra Bastille, which was to have paid him \$650,000 for less than a year's work. Greed was one of the more unseemly allegations which followed Barenboim's dismissal from the post of artistic director at the beginning of the year.

Last week, less than a month before the opening of the opera house, a new director, Myung-Whun Chung, was finally named as his successor. But the story of the sacking is far from concluded. Will Barenboim's supporters, including Herbert von Karajan, Pierre Boulez and Jessye Norman, agree to play for Chung? Will Barenboim's lawyers succeed in suing the Bastille for breach of contract? Can the reputation of this former prodigy recover from accusations of musical dullness and avarice?

"It may be true that the money that musicians earn is staggering, and probably far too high," Barenboim said, speaking with formidable speed and emphasis. "I don't for one minute argue with that. But, fortunately or unfortunately, we live in a world, in our profession, where there is a kind of market, and there are kind of accepted norms and known salaries, and I don't think that mine was out of proportion to that."

A slight, dandy-looking figure, got up in chic monochromes, Barenboim was by turns winning and diffident as he protested first that the subject was boring and then elaborated vigorously on what he said were the real causes of the dispute — politics, something called "administrative terrorism". He had been given the job by François Léotard, culture minister in the last conservative government. He was replaced by the new socialist-appointed president of the Opéra, Pierre Bergé, who is thought to have been particularly helpful to François Mitterrand during the last election.

Barenboim was prepared to lower his salary by more than 20 per cent for Bergé, a businessman who runs Yves Saint Laurent, but not to allow him artistic control. "I can't help feeling he was given it as a toy to play with," Barenboim said. "The theatre is much too complex an institution to do that with. Even if you have supported the president in the elections — and why not? — you don't give a professional institution as somebody who is not a professional."

But it was Barenboim, not Bergé, who was accused of lack of professional interest in his Bastille repertoire, which included Don Giovanni, Figaro, Fidelio and Tannhäuser. Barenboim, starting with enigma, reported that three new operas had been commissioned for later programmes. "No one is coming to that first year," he said, the foundation of the repertoire is Mozart, Verdi, Wagner... If you are interested in literature, and there is a wonderful new author who is living in Huddersfield, you don't start educating somebody with that, but

you give them Shakespeare first — it's the same thing."

With a burst of high-pitched laughter, Barenboim drew attention to this impressively specific reference — "I don't know why I chose Huddersfield..." He was born in Argentina to second-generation Russian Jews, who moved to Israel when he was 10. He began his world tours almost immediately, and, after living nowhere in particular for large periods of his life, has now amassed six or seven languages and an agreeable ability to make his visitors feel, temporarily, like compatriots. Nationality, he said, "is a little bit of a question for me. I grew up in Israel, I felt a sense of identification with Israel which was very strong..." But he would not go back there now. "For me there was one line until 1967, and after 1967 I ask myself a lot of questions: and I'm not so convinced about the rightness of the political decisions taken since then."

Barenboim lapsed into dip-

CATHERINE BENNETT



TALKS TO DANIEL BARENBOIM

lomatic silence. Such as? "The Lebanese chapter, the whole relation with the Arab minority." He attributed the behaviour of the Israelis to the reaction of an embattled minority which suddenly finds itself a majority. "It's not easy, I suppose, to switch from it... It requires a total change of the real natural self."

But the question of whether such specific traits have influenced Daniel Barenboim sent him scuttling for cover: he pointed out that he spent years in London, married to the late British cellist Jacqueline du Pré, without feeling English, and much of the last 15 working in Paris, without feeling French. In which case, now that he is no longer in French employment, will he leave? "The food is still very good," he said, "in spite of M. Bergé."

And despite the loss of the Bastille, Barenboim still enjoys widespread respect in Paris for his success at the Opéra de Paris, where he doubled the audience, extended the repertoire and transformed it into a genuinely popular institution — an achievement which seemed to make him the ideal choice for Mitterrand's "moderne et populaire" Opéra Bastille.

"I'm not a populist," he said. "I don't want to go to Wembley Stadium rather than the Festival Hall, so that we can have 50,000 people instead of 3,000, because that is a lowering of quality; it's just a demagogical procedure. I do believe, however, that it is very important that people are constantly reminded that music, and culture in general, is not just something that one does to be seen, but it really is important for our development in all of us as human beings, not just a museum piece."

It may not be obvious what music has done for the human development of the leading characters in the Bastille fiasco, but Barenboim is disposed to get the gifts of music in nebulous terms. "Take a Beethoven symphony: it comes out of the brain, the heart, the blood of an exceptional human being, but it means that it's basically about what a human being is capable of expressing, and therefore of interest to a fellow human being. This is the principle of communication."

Can the same be said for modern classical music? "There is obviously a very big problem," Barenboim said. "We are, unfortunately, living in a very unique and not a positive time as regards contemporary music, because a lot of people still regard Stravinsky and composers of that time as contemporary."

It might, he thinks, be the conservatism of the media, or lack of musical education — or, possibly, the music itself. "There was a complete break with an evolutionary process which came at the beginning of the century when the tonal system really came to an end, and atonal and other music started coming — this is a question I don't know the answer to. I don't know whether tonality in music is a force of nature or it's man-made. But what has happened on top of that is there has been a greater and greater abyss created between music that is being written — and not just the public, but the performers. If you look at many of the top performers of music today, they have no interest in music, let alone what you call contemporary or avant-garde, but the music of the early part of the century. This has never been the case before."

But, with irritating caution, he refuses to single out any modern composer whose work merits praise, even enthusiasm. "Without the distance of time it's very difficult to assess its quality."

After 25 years as a professional conductor, the same could still be said of Barenboim. While his talents as a pianist have rarely been questioned, his conducting is still disparaged as immature or eccentric. In Chicago, where Barenboim will take over the Symphony Orchestra from Sir Georg Solti in 1991, one influential critic-voiced widespread reservations about his appointment in an "Anyone but Barenboim" campaign. No sooner had his appointment been confirmed than his valedictory performances with the Orchestre de Paris in New York were damned as "thin, squeezed, raucously loud". His opponents like to add that he has conducted little opera, and with limited success.

In Vienna, Barenboim displayed sublime indifference, and suggested that if he had not played with major opera houses such as Covent Garden or the New York Met, the fault did not lie with him. "I don't believe in conducting opera the way the working conditions are now in many opera houses," he said. "Where you don't have enough rehearsal time, where you are in and out and the musicians keep changing..."

With two years in which to pursue his own interests, Barenboim will only mumble vaguely about his current musical inclinations, although the suggestion of a sabbatical fills him with scorn.



Daniel Barenboim: "You have to be your own critic and to keep emotionally independent of what's being written about you"

"It's like somebody saying: 'You are 50 years old, you have been making love to women since you were 13, it's now 35 years, don't you think you should take a year off?' Why?"

Music, he said, was now more exhilarating than ever. "It all becomes one, the knowledge, the intuition, the emotion, and this is the wonderful thing about music, when it works, because all the elements are indivisible."

On June 18, he will conduct the English Chamber Orchestra at the Royal Festival Hall in London to launch the Jacqueline du Pré appeal which supports disabled musicians. For Barenboim, the concert will be more charitable than memorial. "I think her name doesn't need me or anyone to, as it were, work for it."

Photograph by Graham Wood

Certainly, he implies, it does not need the help of Carol Easton, whose life of du Pré, written without any assistance from Barenboim, is about to be published. "She pretends to have had a relationship with Jacqui which she didn't have," Barenboim said. "And I think it was in bad taste, to say the least, to come to someone who had been sick for so long, and who was, as a result of illness also suffering from extreme loneliness — to come into the life of someone like that with the false pretence of friendship when they are accumulating material for a book."

Easton's book refers to Barenboim's relationship with a Russian pianist, now his wife, with whom he lived and had two children in Paris while du Pré, dying in London, received his weekend visits. If the intention behind such revelations, which began imm-

ediately after du Pré's death, is to make him feel guilty, Barenboim says that it has failed.

He has never forgotten the reviews which followed his first appearance with an orchestra at the age of eight, playing a Mozart concerto. One hailed him as the greatest genius since Mozart; the other found him devoid of talent. "The only way to live the kind of life that I wanted to live was to basically be your own critic and to keep emotionally independent of what's being written about you."

Barenboim went off into the bedroom of his suite to change for the evening, re-emerging with a black jacket over his black shirt.

"Do you think I can wear this to the opera?" he asked, disarming. While the public seems to expect that the behaviour of its great classical musicians should be somehow superior to its own, and is all the more shocked by wrangles over money and status that are common to most pro-

fessions, Barenboim makes no ennobling claims for his art. "I don't think music is moral, immoral, or amoral," he said. "Look at Wagner. He was a great musician and a despicable human being."

Even the transports of the musician are, he suggests, oddly suspect. "When you are actually performing, it is transcendental in the sense that you are able to forget everything else and put everything else aside, and it suddenly assumes an almost unnatural importance, that moment... Basically when you stand in front of the Vienna Philharmonic, like this morning for the 9th Bruckner, at that moment there is nothing in the world that is more important than the beginning of the 9th Bruckner in a way that is unusual, because what is that in relation to many other important human happenings in that moment in the world?"

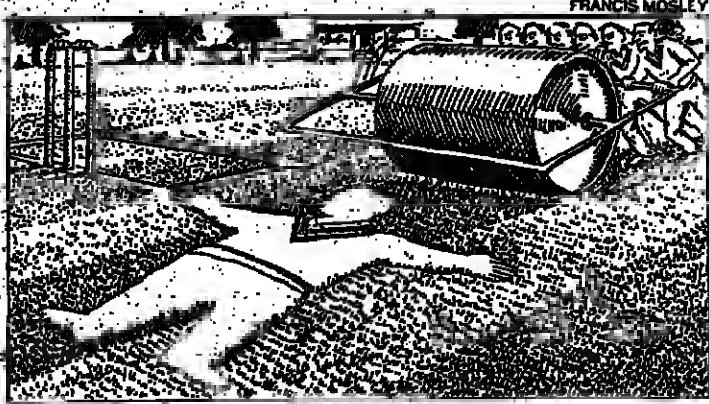
More bats than pads on the cricket pitches

As the days draw out, and the thwack of leather on willow is echoed by the thud of head on pillow, some of this country's most skilled cricket writers have gathered to compile *The Oxford Book of Extraordinarily Boring Cricketing Stories* (OUP, £15), of which the following is an exclusive extract. The sheer excitement of the game has rarely been captured so evocatively as in this famous description of the 1947 Surrey v Somerset match by the legendary Arnold Westlake of *The Daily Telegraph*. "Reading Westlake, one felt there was no need to have attended the match," declared one of his obituaries.

ARNOLD WESTLAKE BREATHES LIFE INTO A DAY AT LORDS

"Surrey were 12 down with just three balls to go with the second wicket falling at 70 and Jeffrey run out for 18 leaving Somerset 16 to in after a third innings of 122 for us. The captain bowled a medium-paced fast-medium full-toss fl-spin which Corker met with a straight bat blocking the inner stump by placing his right foot straight back as his left foot swung round to leg and his right leg pivoted a foot to pull the body away from the line of flight to his left, hitting full-pitch to square-leg mid-way to off."

The literature of the game has always rejoiced in the idiosync-



cracies of the great cricketing characters, giants among men.

SIR HARVEY MARLOWE ON HOW PERCY OSTERMAN SAVED THE DAY

"As long as I live, I think that I shall never forget the innings of the legendary Harry Harris in the 1956 Test at Edgbaston. England were 36 for four and needed 93 runs in little over an hour to wrest the Ashes from the Aussies. In comes Harry, all 5ft 10in of him, 'Squawky' Henderson, facing, makes a quick one with a slice to long, leaving Harry with 92 to make in just under the half-hour. It was a cloudy day, but occasionally the sun would send down a ray to bob and trip over the grassy stretches of the freshly mown pitch, as solemn as a whistle, as green as butter."

"Percy Osterman to bowl takes his lengthy run-up. Then, out of nowhere, the umpire stops play. 'Your bat,' he booms, 'Mr Harris, you've forgotten your bat.' A stunned hush descends. He is dead, right. Harry Harris has forgotten his bat. No one knows where to look. Silly mid-off emits a nervous giggle. At last, after a wait which seems like seconds, Harry replies: 'No, sir, I have not forgotten my bat. I have it on me.' So saying, he strips off his whites and, standing on one leg, bare save for his bloomers, he begins to unscrew t'other leg."

"Well! A silence almost tangible hangs over the pitch like a raincoat from a hanger. Without so much as an expression on his face, Harry holds the leg — which later proves to be wooden — in both hands and, taking his familiar middle-and-off

THE WAY IT ISN'T



CRAIG BROWN

stance, shouts tauntingly: 'C'mon, then, Percie, chuck me your worst!' "Osterman then begins his famously long run-up. One pace... two... three... four... then, suddenly, 'Halt!' cries the umpire, arm stretched. 'Mr Osterman,' he declares, 'You have forgotten your ball.' He is right. Osterman has forgotten the ball. 'Sir,' says Osterman, 'your assumption is incorrect. I carry the ball about my person.' So saying, he places both his hands just below his ears and unscrews his head, going on to knock England all out for just 38."

As Wesley Strutt, legendary cricket correspondent of the *Daily Sketch*, shows, the finest education any cricketer can have is often to be derived from the lips of the wise old men on the village green.

WESLEY STRUTT ON A WISE OLD CRICKETING BIRD (1933)

"Old Len Clutter was a wonderful old character, surveying the village pith with eagle-eye, a fount of home-spun wisdom, sucking on his pipe — suck, suck, suck — as he gave generously of the knowledge he had acquired from the university of cricket."

"The game of cricket," he once told me, sucking on that pipe of his as the sun set over the pavilion, "is played with bat and ball. I nodded at such tranquil thoughts."

"The captain of the Village XI for over three decades until the unfortunate incident with the runaway roller pushed by a full crew of 11, Len relished every chance to speak for hour upon hour upon the philosophy of cricket. Simple countryman that he was, he taught us many things that we shall remember as long as we live, as long as we don't forget them first."

"I have long recalled him telling me his fable of the three stumps, and I would ask him to repeat those sage words whenever I chanced to meet him again. 'If there are three stumps, and one is on the left and another one is on the right,' he observed, 'the middle one will be in the middle.' On another occasion Len said to me: 'You know, Wesley, if I've learnt one thing from studying this game over the past 50-odd years, it's this: there's one major difference between batting and fielding.'

"And what might that be, old Len?" I asked.

"The fielders must field, and the batters must bat," replied Len, still puffing on his pipe. He was also dedicated to the belief that life and cricket were inseparable. "Cricket," he once told me, sucking absent-mindedly on a stray ball, "is like... is like..." I could see that he was thinking long and hard, determined to capture exactly the right analogy. "Cricket," he said at last, "is like... a game of cricket." No, they don't make 'em like Len Clutter any more."

We end this short anthology with one final passage of descrip-

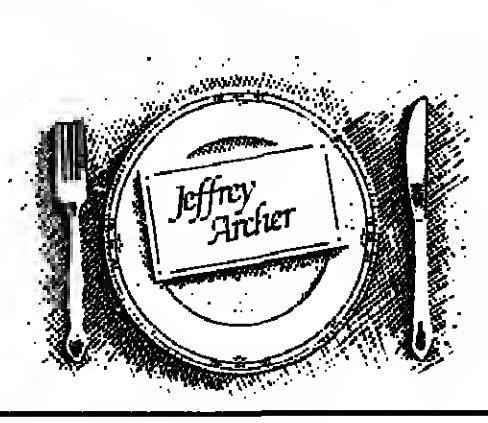
tion, again from the legendary Arnold Westlake.

SIR REG WOOTTON'S RETURN TO THE PAVILION AFTER SCORING HIS SECOND CENTURY

"First, he took one step, and then another. After two steps, he took a third, and then a fourth. Sir Reg was now on his fifth step, and this was shortly followed by a sixth, a seventh and an eighth. Another step, and then another. Sir Reg was stepping as only Sir Reg could step. An eleventh step, a twelfth. Sir Reg stepped on. A thirteenth, a fourteenth, a fifteenth."

To be continued...

We've invited...



FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

Gavin Bell reports from the heartland of Namibia on the plight of the dispossessed and despised Bushmen of the Kalahari



The end of the world lies about 20 miles south of the place of death, a maze of rough tracks meandering through the bush and wild grasslands of the western Kalahari.

The paths lead to salt pans, meadows of waist-high reeds, water bore-holes, and small settlements of mud huts with conical grass thatch roofs. It is the last refuge of the Bushmen of Southern Africa, a precarious haven for a gentle people bewildered by the intrusion of uncaring, avaricious civilization on their traditional hunting grounds.

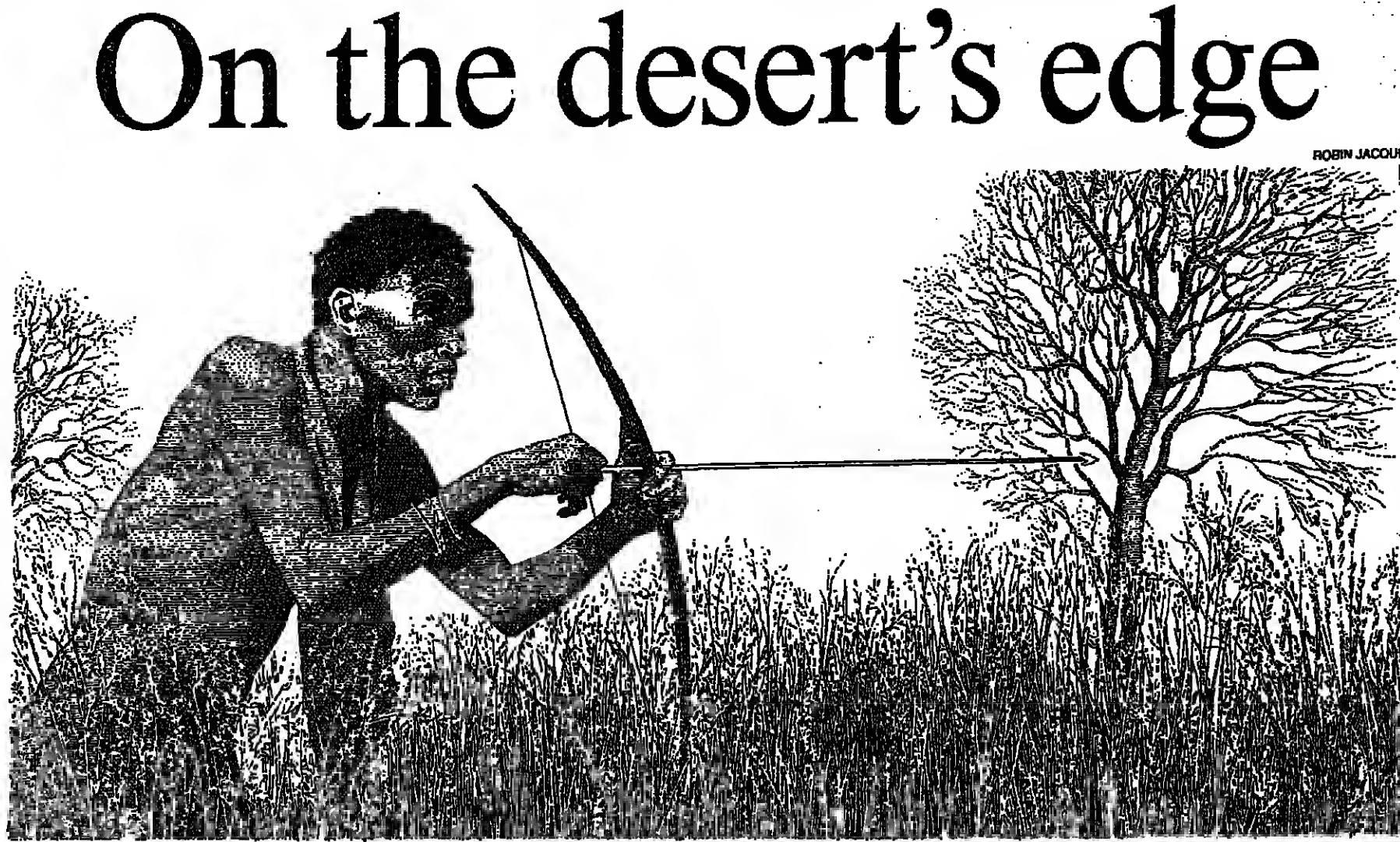
As Namibia approaches independence, the survivors of a tribal society that numbered 500,000 and roamed from the Cape to the Zambezi are facing famine and extermination. For them, the semi-arid bush bordering Botswana is literally the end of the world.

The independent life of hunting and gathering portrayed in the film *The Gods Must Be Crazy* is long gone. Their land has been savagely reduced by apartheid legislation and the creation of vast game parks. Lions devour their cattle, and elephants destroy their gardens and water installations, but they are forbidden to use their poisoned arrows against the big game that provide trophies for the white hunters.

The "place of death" is Tsumkwe, a hamlet of brick-built houses which earned its pseudonym from a misguided attempt by South African administrators to turn the Bushmen into farmers. High wages and hand-outs in a non-cash economy led to drunkenness, violence and social decay, and most of the hunters returned to the bush.

As the guerrilla war with Swapo draws to an end, the South African army, which recruited more than 2,000 Bushmen as soldiers and trackers, is pulling out, leaving these erstwhile comrades-in-arms to an uncertain fate under a government likely to be dominated by the nationalists they have been fighting. The few who have been struggling to survive in pastoral settlements are threatened by powerful tribes who covet their grazing lands.

The laws that distributed vast tracts of "Bushmanland" to Kavango tribes in the north and Hereros in the south in 1970 provided a measure of protection against further encroachment. In the political turmoil accompanying Namibia's transition to independence, even that flimsy barrier is disintegrating, leaving the Bushmen at the mercy of their neighbours and a government



ROBIN JACQUES

which will have more important issues to deal with.

According to South African statistics, there are 34,000 Bushmen belonging to 11 linguistic groups in north-eastern Namibia. Detailed surveys by John Marshall, an American documentary film-maker who established a Bushman foundation in 1981, suggest that the figure is unreliable. "The classification is used as a wastebasket," he says. "Thousands of people have been dumped into the Bushmen category to deny them rights to plant crops or own livestock in communal lands where they live." Marshall believes there are fewer than 30,000 authentic Bushmen, and that at least 20,000 of them died before the age of 10, and the population declined by 5 per cent between 1970 and 1980.

Only about 7,000 members of the Ju Wasi group maintain a tenuous hold on some 6,000 square kilometres of eastern Bushmanland. No more than

2,000 live by subsistence farming, hunting small game and foraging for roots and berries. The remainder roam around distant white farms, searching for work or for relatives who may have rations to share, but not even their unpaid labour is wanted in a declining, mechanized ranching industry. Feeding them costs more than their work is considered worth.

In a recent report to funding agencies, Marshall wrote: "Death by dispossession is slow and quiet. The baby dies in silence under a blanket behind the equipment shed on the farm... in Namibia all human numbers are small, the cure for the Bushmen is obvious and feasible, the dying is bitter and absurd."

The Ju Wasi have a saying: "You get rich from owning hunger."

The most immediate threat faces those who have been mercenaries for the South African Defence Force (SADF), and squatters who have congregated around the military bases. Marshall esti-

mates that 12,600 Bushmen are dependent on the SADF. They include almost 8,000 women, children and old folk who have benefited from relatively high wages and social welfare provided for fighting men and their families.

Most of the Bushmen soldiers belong to the Kung group from Angola, who fought for the Portuguese in the late 1960s and early 1970s. With the retreat of colonial forces and Angolan independence in 1975, they moved south and were promptly enlisted by the SADF. Now history is repeating itself.

Their plight is aggravated by their location. Most of the military camps are in western Bushmanland, which is uninhabitable. Unlike the territory of the Ju Wasi to the east, the Kung's adopted land is virtually devoid of game and bush foods, and the water table is too deep to

reach with simple bore-holes. A South African battalion commander readily agreed that the demobilized Bushmen, their families, and the helpless squatters all faced famine. Already, swollen bellies and matchstick arms attest to severe malnutrition.

Relief workers refuse to condemn the Kung for having joined the colonial forces: "When your land is lost, you can't feed your children, and there is no other means of survival, what do you do?"

The broader picture of racial discrimination and deprivation in Africa's last colony is drawn by Marshall's research. Sixty per cent of the country is owned by less than 10 per cent of the (white) population, most of it as large freehold farms. About 15 per cent is controlled by the Department of Nature Conservation, which supervises the game parks, or is leased to mining companies. The remainder is held in trust by the South African administration as communal (tribal) lands.

Marshall argues that the game parks and mining land should be opened for settlement, and the right to far-o-o communal lands be enshrined in the new constitution: "A mixed economy on communal land is the base on which Namibia and its people will develop or collapse. The need for communal land status to be recognized now is crucial." His Ju Wasi Foundation, supported in Britain by Oxfam and Christian Aid, has established 13 settlements and stocked them with cattle around water bore-holes.

An early difficulty was to instill, in a highly individualistic society, the unfamiliar concept of co-operative farming. It is a slow process, but it is being developed with enthusiasm by a committee of representatives from each village. They are struggling, but cheerful communities which offer hope for the future. Visitors find a courteous, hospitable people of small stature and deceptively frail build. Their light brown skin is drawn over high cheekbones, their

slightly slanted eyes suggesting Asian ancestry.

Wary of strangers, they are easily drawn to smiles and laughter by English field workers of Marshall's foundation who observe the simple etiquette of respect and friendship. Other visitors are less sensitive. Members of the Democratic Turnhalle Alliance (DTA), a conservative political coalition opposed to Swapo, have been touring Bushmanland lobbying for support in elections to be held in November. The Ju Wasi's greatest fear is encroachment by Herero cattle-men, but most are unaware that the DTA draws its main ethnic support from the Herero tribe.

In Naru Na, a dusty little cluster of mud huts deep in the bush, mistrust of political suitors is emerging. Gaisbay, a representative of the farmers' co-operative, says through an interpreter: "When the car comes, we shout 'DTA' and they give us tobacco and sweets to the children. But you can't buy justice with such things. If I vote for them, they will come later and say I am a dog in the bush. I suppose it is the same with Swapo. What does it matter who we vote for?"

His suspicion of the DTA may be well founded. Kusima Riruako, paramount chief of the Hereros, and the DTA's president, recently informed one of Marshall's colleagues: "Whenever the shadow of my cattle falls, that land belongs to me."

Swapo officials have intimated that the Bushmen's co-operative venture is in line with their development policies, but it is uncertain whether their pledges will survive the elections. But belated support for the Ju Wasi has come from an unexpected quarter. Louis Pienaar, the South African administrator, has proposed converting the farmers' co-operative into a legal entity, which would be entitled to receive development funds and allocate land.

Marshall welcomes the idea as "a window of hope", but an associate warns: "If they lose this land, they're finished. It will be the final dispossession." When the sun sets over Bushmanland, the moon is distorted by dust in the atmosphere to an enormous, pulsating orange sphere. The silence is awesome, and the overall effect is mystical. After thousands of years, the spirit of the Bushman still lives in the Kalahari. But not, perhaps, for much longer.

It costs about £5,000 to establish a Bushman settlement. Donations would be welcomed by the Ju Wasi Development Foundation, PO Box 9026, Windhoek 9000, Namibia.

MUSEUMS

Dover's past imperative

Simon Tait visits Britain's ancient gateway which is making use of its history



TIM BISHOP

Stored up for the future: Christine Waterman, the curator, with some of the exhibits that await their new home

The council is so close touch with the Harbour Board, Euro-tunnel, the English Tourist Board and English Heritage, which runs Dover Castle, overlooking the harbour town.

John Sunderland, formerly creative director of Heritage Projects, won the contract.

"We're going to break at least as much new ground with this as we did with Jorvik," he says.

"Dover has always been the gateway to England, and this is what it's going back to being."

Breaking ground is literally what has been happening since last November when the Oxford Archaeological Unit started to evaluate what was under the bomb site which had frightened off a legion of prospective developers by its lack of promise. It is archaeologically wealthy, with three Roman forts superimposed on top of each other from about 117 AD, followed by Saxon and medieval remains.

The difference between this development and others is that the developers - in this case the council - have worked with archaeologists right from the start. Everything is geared to minimizing the damage," says the site's archaeological guardian, David Wilkinson. An Archaeological Advisory Board has been created with Professor Barry Cunliffe as its chairman.

One of the saddest sights of post-war Dover has been the Market Hall - which is often called Georgian because of its classical style but which dates from 1846. It housed the town's museum, one of Britain's first municipal ones, until bombardment destroyed part of it, leaving a crust of a building no one knew what to do with. It has gone now but for the facade, which will be the face of the museum in a new building behind.

It is currently housed in the Maison Dieu (pronounced "Masoo Dew" locally). Christine Waterman, the curator, has been a driving force in the project. She is contemplating one of the largest local museums in the country (with three times the space she has now), as part of a complex many purists would say was trivializing the museum ethic. "I've never worried about it because

there's so much else in it that's academic. I think a light-hearted approach won't go amiss at all," she says. Dover's town fathers demonstrated their faith in Waterman and the museum's ethic last year when they spent £250,000 on the Old Town Gaol, the recreated Victorian prison which also used to be the Maison Dieu. Since it opened last August it has doubled visitor numbers for Dover Museum to more than 50,000.

With 12 "talking heads" the local prison life from 1860 to about 1890 is related through a murder trial, cells for the insane, work cells, conditions for women prisoners, treadmill exercises, an infirmary, even the condemned cell of Thomas Wells, who murdered the superintendent of Dover Priory Station and became the first prisoner to be hanged privately.

The new building - designed by Ahrends, Burton and Koralek, whose model of it is under consideration at the Royal Academy for inclusion in the Summer Exhibition - is described by Sunderland as his "historium". It will take visitors through the museum and library, via the Roman gateway of the white cliffs and the Channel are explained, to the Roman story, where people

will find themselves in the midst of Julius Caesar's invading cohorts at the landing at nearby Walmer.

The Dover pier is to be recreated, at the end of which Sunderland's most ambitious project, costing £500,000 alone, will provide a Disney-like element with robotic crabs, seagulls, pirates, even the white cliffs are given a speaking part telling the picturesque side of the Dover story.

From this the visitors step into the war and a Dover street in the midst of a raid, ushered by an ARP warden into a shelter as bombs fall, houses burn and sirens wail. "I don't want to do a glorification of the war, I'm more interested in finding out what people think about the war 50 years on. I want people to mingle with anticipation," Sunderland says.

● BACK IN THE PICTURE: Thanks to a special Museums Year sponsorship deal with Dixons, the camera retailers, the National Gallery in London is to have late Wednesday night opening through June, July and August, starting next week, when the doors will remain open until 8pm. During June there will be a series of debates in which guest speakers will

take the parts of famous painters to argue their cases: Titian will take on Michelangelo, Ingres will vie with Delacroix, Turner will argue with Constable, and finally Poussin (played by Neil MacGregor, the gallery's director) will debate with Rubens.

On Wednesday evenings in July and August there is a concert programme.

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OUR WEEKEND

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Winning at happy families

For Sheila and Uwe Kitzinger, a couple of days at home with a daughter or two is something of a treat.

Judy Froshaug listens to their fondest memories

Sheila Kitzinger, the doyen of the natural childbirth lobby, had just returned to the family's Tudor manor house in Oxfordshire from Russia and was off to Amsterdam the following day. She and her husband Uwe, president of Templeton College, Oxford, have five daughters who are all grown up and a baby grandson, Sam.

Sheila was horrified — but not surprised — at the conditions in which Russian women give birth. "They are where we were back in the Fifties — the women still left alone, isolated in labour. But things will change in the end and, as always, it will be the women themselves who bring about the changes, not the profession." She gave the broad smile that has won over many a recalcitrant medical practitioner — who would be a fool were he deceived into thinking that this fair, motherly Valkyrie was as soft as her appearance suggests. Highly intelligent, determined and a vigorous campaigner for the rights of women in the matters of birth and sex, she was awarded the MBE for her services to education in childbirth.

Sheila remembers weekends when the girls were growing up as "never static, always something happening. I was for ever thinking ahead, planning joint activities, making things — crafts, cooking — and we read a lot and acted out stories and ideas." (Before going up to Oxford Sheila studied acting at Guildhall.) Tess — Sam's mother — interjects: "We were all completely different so Sheila saw to it that we all learned different skills. I did wood turning, Nell did pottery, some of us painted — and we all failed!"

Uwe is a passionate and practised sailor and according to Sheila "brought all the girls up as though they were on an 'outward bound course'." Uwe insisted on them becoming independent from an early age. Stories of nautical mishaps and near-disasters are obviously part of the Kitzinger memory bank. Tess remembers one weekend when "I had to swim overboard with the anchor in foul weather while all the other boats were heading for the shore." Children who fell in were told where they'd gone wrong before being scooped out of the water (by Sheila); the family boat (Trouble) gave rise to many a joke about the

girls always being in it. Uwe raises a cynical eyebrow and says he remembers some of the best weekends as those when he took any combination of three of the five girls on Friday night "and sailed up to Butler's Hard, camped, then crossed to the Isle of Wight — bringing them all back on Sunday evening to help with the homework they should have done over the weekend." The remaining two girls stayed behind with Sheila, who is a reluctant sailor "not because I'm seasick but because of all the housework on board, constantly getting in the way and getting your clothes dirty."

The heavily beamed manor house, which sits in a pretty, well kept Oxfordshire village, is empty at weekends now "though there is hardly ever one when somebody

'I'm happier when people are together because they want to be or are creating something'

isn't here." The girls are scattered all over the country. Tess, an electrical engineer and her husband, John, are visiting this weekend; Jenny, the youngest (a social anthropologist working with prostitutes in Glasgow), is due to arrive to accompany Sheila for the weekend in Amsterdam, where she too is giving a paper.

Both Uwe and Sheila spend many a weekend away from home, though rarely together, on fact-finding, diplomatic missions or giving lectures. And so about 10 weekends a year, the house is full of people who come to learn Sheila's theories and practices — some 35 to 40 of them, teachers for the National Childbirth Trust, psychologists, midwives. Sheila relishes these weekends and finds them preferable to family "get togethers" organized because of "the bonds of blood. I don't like the exclusiveness of families for the sake of it and much prefer that people should spend a weekend together because they want to or are learning or creating some-

thing." However, all the Kitzingers try to be in one place at Christmas and for three weeks in the summer in France, where they have a house near Bages, close to the Spanish border. Uwe spends some of his happiest weekends here — sailing or going out with the girls "and a bunk of bread and a lemon to search of mussels. I love shell fish." He is the only non-vegetarian in the family. During weekends when one or several of the daughters are present, they will all gather together to prepare and cook a family meal. Uwe remarks that since they have extended and expanded their kitchen "it has become a meeting point — much nicer for Sheila if she's cooking the meal because we can all be around, gossiping, arguing or whatever."

I admire the walled garden — large rectangular lawn surrounded by neat herbaceous borders and climbing roses. "Sheila is the gardener," Uwe says. "Not at all," Sheila responds. "I like it but don't do that much, it's all the work of our gardener." I ask if they both argue a lot. "She does but I don't," Uwe says, and they both laugh.

Now that the five Kitzinger girls have left home, Sheila and Uwe have more time to indulge in their own pastimes at weekends. Both often work — Sheila in her study, on the door to which sits a small sign: "No smoking, feonus in progress"; Uwe — sometimes well into the night — in what he refers to as "my garden shed" — in fact a well equipped out-building with bed, computer, masses of papers, books and the antique maps he enjoys collecting. And Sheila also paints, using the bright, primary colours she loves — portraits of children and Uwe in various humorous disguises and bold, quasi-primitive representations of woman as earth and birth mother. Her paintings and batiks are hung throughout the house and Uwe pointed to them all with pride.

Sheila gathers Sam into her arms. I ask Uwe how it feels to have a boy in the family after a life time of weekends spent with six women. "I have to admit to slightly dynastic feelings," he grins. "And taking rather more interest in this house!" He shields himself from an imaginary missile as Sheila chides: "What a dreadful response!" "You see," says Uwe, "feminism has done its work of attrition." Sheila shakes her head in despair and they both roar with laughter.



Grand times: Sam, his grandparent's favourite, with his mother Tess, Sheila and Uwe Kitzinger

OUTINGS

SUNDAY EVENING AT KILLERTON: Music for the Royal Fireworks with the Band of the Royal Artillery — marches, the 1812 Overture and Handel's music accompany a spectacular fireworks display. Take picnic, rugs and/or chairs. Wine bar.

Killerton House, Broadclyst, Exeter (0392 881345). Tomorrow, Picnics from 7pm, music from 8.15pm. Admission charge.

CHESHIRE CLASSIC CAR SPECTACULAR: Display of 1,000 vintage and classic cars, plus an auction at 1.30pm today and an autograph session both days. Also model racing, a collectors' fair, marionettes, children's entertainment and refreshments.

Tarton Park, Knutsford, Cheshire (0565 54822). Today, tomorrow 10am-6pm. Adult £2, child 50p.

DUNDEE CITY FESTIVAL LAUNCH: First day of a two-month festival with an open air service at 12.30pm in the city square followed by the Magic Carpet circus at 1pm and the festival parade from 2.30pm. Gala concert with the BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra, the Band of the Royal Marines and Dundee Choral Union at 7.30pm in the Grand Hall, tickets £7.50. Dundee. Tomorrow noon onwards.

LITTLECOTE STEAM RALLY, VICTORIAN FAIR AND CLAY PIGEON SHOOT: Steam and stationary engines, vintage and veteran cars, and bikes. A grand parade, Victorian dance displays, craft stalls and demonstrations plus clay pigeon shooting.

Littlecote, near Marlborough, Wiltshire (0488 84000). Today, tomorrow 9.30am-6pm. Adult £4.50, child £3.50.

RIDDLESDEEN REVELS: Medieval and Italian Renaissance dancing and music with the Arbeau Dancers and Leeds Waits plus demonstrations of blackwork, embroidery and spinning. East Riddlesden Hall, Bradford Road, Keighley, Yorkshire (0535 607075). Tomorrow 2-5pm. Admission charge.

J.F.

WORDSTRINGS BY CLIVE DOIG

Find four makes of car which can be read through this Wordstring using all the letters:

SAVAJUREXABANG AHUALULTARL

Four writers:

SLASHWAHAMBIR KEFSPEDATREY
Answers on page 41

COLLECTING

A way with the maps

The publicity surrounding the 15th-century *Mapa Mundi* has aroused interest among many of us for whom a map had hitherto been something to stare at sadly when lost on a moor in a thick fog, of incomprehension. To learn more, we should queue up when the International Map Collectors Society holds its fair and exhibition in London, on June 18.

Apart from the 30 or so stalls manned by dealers from all over the world, IMCOS will have one, where "free advice on age, quality, rarity, approximate value, and something about the cartographer will be available to anyone bringing a map for evaluation". The society has been in existence for nine years, has representatives in 26 countries, holds meetings and arranges visits abroad to centres of map collecting (membership secretary is Caroline Batchelor, Pikes, The Ridgeway, Oxshott, Leatherhead, Surrey KP22 0LG).

Most of us have some experience, however slight, of map-making. My own early attempts met, unaccountably, with the disapproval of the geography master, who looked askance at the mermaids, dragons, galleons, scrolled cartouches and cherubs puff-

From school projects to foreign cities, the cartographer's work is never done

ing wind that I had helpfully added to the otherwise boring maps we had to draw. Useless for me to protest that I was only carrying on the tradition, first developed in response to public demand, of maps that were ornamental as well as informative, when the centre of map-making moved from Italy to the Netherlands in the 16th century, and map-colouring became an independent trade recognized by the artists' guilds.

Abraham Ortelius (1527-98) began as a humble colourist and went on to become a distinguished cartographer, publishing his world atlas, the *Theatrum Orbis Terrarum*, in 1570 — the first to list the authorities on whose work it was based. Today, first editions of his map of America sell at about £2,000, which may sound expensive but, although the combined techniques of copperplate engraving and the printing press made cartography a commercial proposition, early maps were far from cheap when new, and some publishers — notably Francesco Rossetti (1447-1527) — made handsome profits. When, in the 18th century, the demand changed in favour of plainer maps, with colour

topher Saxton, John Norden and William White, published the *Theatre of the Empire of Great Brittain* in 1611, containing county maps.

A Speed map of the world now sells at about £2,500, one of the British Isles for about £650. County maps vary in price according to demand — Durham is one of the most popular — 18th-century examples cost anything from £45 each upwards, depending on the cartographer, the condition, and whether or not the colouring is original. A 17th-century Saxton may cost £2,000, a Blaeu from £150-£450. Photographic copies can look seductively ancient if in battered frames and under dirty glass, so buy from specialists such as the O'Shea Gallery in Lower Sloane Street, London SW1; the Map House, Beauchamp Place, London SW3; or Jonathan Potter, Grosvenor Street, London W1.

Peter Philp

● The International Map Collectors Society holds its fair and exhibition at the New Cornmarket Rooms, Great Queen Street, London WC2 on Sunday, June 18, 10.30am-3.30pm. Admission is free.

Wednesday: Antiques & Collectibles — June's distinguished crop of exhibitions and shows

SALES GUIDE

seals and amulets from the same collection on Tues, 10.30am.

CHANNEL MEDALS: Highlight of this sale of mainly military orders and decorations is a group of medals awarded to the first man to swim the English Channel, Captain Matthew Webb, who achieved this distinction in 1875 and went on to perform various watery stunts, including crossing the rapids at Niagara Falls, until his death by drowning. The dozen medals are estimated to fetch £5,000-8,000. Glendinning's, 101 New Bond Street, London W1 (01-493 2445). Wed, 10am.

DECORATIVE ARTS: A catalogue of 19th-century opulence with animalier bronzes, sculpture and clocks and some of the most ambitious, magnificent and preposterous items of furniture imaginable. The entire history of Don Quixote is told in ivory silhouette on the 18 drawers of an Hispano-Flamish cabinet in red tortoiseshell (estimate £20,000-30,000), and a small Florentine side-cabinet, circa 1875, lavishly imitates the 17th-century architectural style with columns and niches and gilt figurines, the whole thing lined in lapis lazuli and coloured marble (estimate £15,000-20,000). Sotheby's in the Conduit Street

Gallery, 26 Conduit Street, London W1 (01-493 8080). Fri, 10am.

MAN'S BEST FRIENDS: A grand 200-lot sale of pets in art, ranging from the mildly sentimental ("Playing with the kittens" by the Edwardian Edith F. Grey, estimate £2,500-3,500), to the grotesquely so (Reuben Ward Binks's cloying-eyed Pekinese watercolours, at around £1,000). The section on gun dogs contains some nobler canine images, but this is clearly a sale for dedicated fluff-lovers. Christie's South Kensington, 86 Old Brompton Road, London SW7 (01-581 7611). Wed, 5.30pm. More pet pictures on Thurs, 6pm, at Bonhams, Montpelier Street, London SW7 (01-589 4072). Jenny Gilbert

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CRETAN SEALS: The Erlenmeyer Collection of Minoan-Mycenaean sealstones may well be the last ever to come on the market. The seals were made and used in Bronze Age Crete to produce an impression in clay (their equivalent of sealing wax) to seal a product or document and mark it as the property of an individual. Almost everyone in free society owned at least one sealstone, and the image carved upon it became each individual's amulet or talisman. The 168 lots include seals and seal-rings carved in semi-precious stones such as jasper and cornelian, ivory, bronze and serpentine. Estimates range from £200 up to £9,000. Christie's, 8 King Street, London SW1 (01-539 9060). Mon, 2.30pm. More stamp

EATING OUT

The art of great grub

Jonathan Meades on London's best dining news for 18 months

Stephen Bull is the best medium-priced restaurant to have opened in London since Kensington Place, 18 months ago. There are affinities between the two. Both Bull and Rowley Leigh (the shy and retiring KP chef) are educated, middle-class, early middle-aged Britons who have excelled, at Lichfield's in Richmond and Le Poulbot respectively, in cooking for guide-book plaudits and graphic encomia and who have, to some extent, reneged on that school to broach something closer to mass catering for people of their ilk.

I admit that £25 or £30 per head is not Mass with a capital M, but it is mass when compared to the £55 or £65 per head that is now the norm in Big Time Front Runners. Bull is affordable, now and again, by most of his non-expense account coevals (if, that is, there are any left). His new hyper-bistro is geared to pleasure rather than duty. The cooking is wholesome, straightforwardly flavoured, designed to feed. It's designed, too, to prompt longing for the sort of French place that no longer exists (Madame has died and experimental young Didier has taken over the stove, having done stints at every three-star in the land), and for the sort of Italian place which you've been told about but can never find, because the third left off the Cecina road from Poggibonsi actually leads to a stone booby inhabited by two mad sisters with a shotgun each and a hundred dead thrushes spiked on barbed wire.

Bull makes no obvious fetish of his kitchen's down-home approach. Indeed it would be misleading to suggest that there's anything made about the cooking. It is not a simple craft to keep things simple. It's especially not a simple craft when you have cooked fancy stuff at fancy prices — the temptation to (over) embellish must be strong. It is, however, strenuously resisted. And so are the temptations to over-reduce and over-sauce.

What we have here is great grub rather than high art. Put it another way — the art here is concerned with art's dissemblance. The invitation is to eat, not to ponder how it's done. None the less, only the mouth-blind would fail to acknowledge the tempered consideration with which every dish is realized. I've eaten two meals here and can find nothing to fault. The ideas are good, and there is no gulf between them and their execution. The menu is one of those rare inventories whose every item is something you want to eat: tongue and asparagus with walnut oil, brill



Beefing up London's restaurants: Stephen Bull, the owner and chef of an eponymous establishment

quenelles, hot onion tart, goat cheese soufflé, sweetbreads with ceps, sea bass with nettles and tomatoes, and so on.

It is, furthermore, a pleasant room to sit in, the work of an architect rather than an interior decorator. The slightly awkward shape of the place militates against a too austere minimalism, but there is certainly a tendency in that direction. There are no picture rails, no skirting boards, no pictures, no prints. The only ornaments are, characteristically, ones which employ functional imagery — these are the segmental light baffles at the top of unfurling columns beside the serving hatches.

The various niches, and the changes in level of the ceiling, and the bar, and the staircases, render it a far from straightforward space; this has been taken sculptural advantage of. It recalls the purest sort of first generation modernism without going in for pastiche — one can imagine that Charles Sheeler, the American laureate of industrial beauty, would have considered it a

worthy subject for a painting. It is all white, or, more precisely, all white — no two surfaces take the light in the same way. As well as this blanco-play there is some very skillful use of mirrors. And despite there being no soft furnishing save for two pinkish banquettes, the place is not particularly noisy. It's all pretty relaxed (notably so for a new joint), pretty civilized — it is definitely a grown-up's canteen, there are no gimmicks intended to pull in silly haircuts. It is, thankfully, a bit too subtle to hold much appeal for the yoo-market. Bull's poor punters will not then have to contend with eating at the same trough as video-yobs.

But what makes it so notable an addition to London's first division is, as I say, the quality (and quantity) of the cooking. For a start, the menu is markedly not standard-issue. There is real pleasure to be had in coming upon a place which does not follow the flock. This is not to say that Bull strives for novel effects — he doesn't — but it appears that he is fairly much his own man.

His own self-advertising man, too — his signature appears on everything from the napkin-rings to the paper on top of the butter to the low-key neon on the facade to the jacket that he himself wears, on his frequent sorties from the kitchen to help out the harassed, but consistently civic, front-of-house staff (they seem to be a couple of bodies short).

The food Bull brings with him often bears a southern accent. He seems, specifically, to be keen on adapting aromatic practices of Sicily and the Levant — a dish called lobster risotto is no such thing, but rather, lobster in a sauce that is well-flavoured (but this side of piscine) Bovril, with a mould of saffron-coloured rice flavoured with, I think, orange water. Again, he serves, as a vegetable accompaniment to cod, the Cypriot cracked grain called *bourgouri*, which too is given a sweetish edge and mixed with chopped, toasted almonds. The cod is terrific — fresh as can be, and given a crust of salted breadcrumbs and herbs, sauced with garlic, finished under a grill or

blow-lamp. Then there are a number of dishes with lentils; a simple salad of them with croustons smothered in what is billed as ancholade but what, strictly speaking, is anchovy-flavoured mayonnaise — this is excellent, the dressing on the pulses is perfectly judged; lentils, more aggressively dressed this time, with good oil and, maybe, balsamic vinegar also turn up with simply fried red mullet. Another splendid combination: Duck appears in confit form with salad, or as a copious main course with a red wine sauce. It seemed that the chunks of bird had been marinated then roasted, the flavour was deep and gentle. The mashed potato with this really was most princely.

The cheeses are all British from Jeroboams in South Kensington — the best of them is a hard goat product called *State Farm*. A Milken was not quite ripe and some Spanwood was, by the standards of this excellent Berkshire cheese, underflavoured. The portions of cheese are massive. The first thing to say about the wines here is that you are allowed to pour your own. The next thing to say is that the list is well thought out and that the prices are not jacked-up. With a half of, say, Macon-Vire and a half of Phelps's excellent '82 Cabernet Sauvignon, two will pay about £58 including service, though it would be easy to spend £10 or £15 less.

It is a real bargain. Whether, though, this fine establishment will enjoy the success it should is a different matter. Delicious food, even delicious food at these prices, is, infamously, not always enough. It is to be hoped that the absence of some peripheral, extra-gastronomic gimmick — what's called a USP (Unique Selling Point) by marketing persons — will not count against it. Equally it is to be hoped that it will not be kneecapped by its refusal to follow the herd. It falls between the two poles. Its originality is of its own devising, it possesses true originality, not the spray-on sort which is no originality at all. Maybe its reticent excellence will be recognized; I certainly hope so. And I'm sure that Bull, who despite his understandable fondness for the sound of his own signature — he has nice handwriting — seems too diffident to go in for the usual self-publicizing jinks, hopes so too.

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£45-£55. Major cards. Lunch Mon to Fri, dinner Mon to Sat.

DIRECTORY

This is a changing selection of restaurants visited in recent months — managements and standards may have changed. Stars — up to a maximum of 10 — are for cooking rather than swags and chandeliers. Dishes described are included to give an indication of the cooking but may well have changed. Prices quoted are for a three-course meal with drinks for two, and are determined according to the "When in Rome" principle in the case of French places; aperitifs and a bottle of modest wine; tea in the case of oriental ones; beer or (less) in the case of Indian ones and so on. JML.

HAMPSTEAD

Zamoyaid
850 Fleet Road, London NW3
(01-794 4792)
★★★★★
Downstairs is a wine bar with a puny wine list and ritual-European cooking. Upstairs is a folky restaurant that offers some decent Polish cooking, including a pancake of apple with smoked salmon, outstanding laksa, coulibiac, and lightly cured sausage. £25.

Ed's Easy Diner
16 High Street, Hampstead,
London NW3 (01-431 1958)
★★★
The phone number gets it right. This is a pastiche of anywhere in America in 1958 seen through the eyes of a video maker or ad director — chrome, plastic, Dion and Elvis. The burgers and milkshakes are all right but, no doubt, it is the feel rather than the food that is of moment. Ideal for 40-year-olds reliving their fantasy childhood. £20.

Campace
118 Heath Street, London NW3
(01-435 8000)
★★★★★

French set menu place of a standard far superior to the majority of its kind. The service is less than smooth and the premises too small for the number of covers that are squeezed in, but some of the cooking is good — notably beef ribs, puddings such as pear tart and cauliflower, and an unlikely sounding sort of lemon and parsley. Everything comes in gargantuan portions. £20.

Café Flo
205 Haverstock Hill, London NW3 (01-435 6744)
★★★★★

Basic "French" dishes — steak and passable chips, unseasoned gigot with flagellate beans, goodish vichyssoise. £35.

ITALIAN

La Capannina
24 Romilly Street, London W1 (01-437 2473)
★★★★★

Despite Chianti bottles on the ceiling, this is Italian rather than "Italian" and there is cooking rather than catering. Lovely risotto with porcini, carefully done calf's liver with rosemary, fine veg. Cramped tables. £45.

Ziani Dolce
112 Cheyne Walk, London SW10 (01-352 7334/1234/01-376 5122)
★★★★★

Austere elegant eat with astute cooking and unusually congenial waiters. The following are recommended: fried mussels with pea purée, sweetbread, kidney and liver; salmon marinated in lemon juice and olive oil; raw beef with Parmesan; pheasant breast with porcini and herb cream. The wines are no more than adequate. £25.

Carnaro's
22 Queensway Road, London SW6 (01-720 6388/7079)
★★★★★

The décor is bang up to the minute even if it is poorly executed — trompe l'oeil architecture, trapezoids, that sort of thing. But the cooking, despite attempts to pass itself off as "regional", is our old friend: solid Italian catering. Possible risotto. £20.

Montpelario
13 Montpelier Street, London SW7 (01-589 0032)
★★★★★

Admiral prints, like the negat, a manager dressed to present *Blue Peter* — this joint aims to be "fun". A bit about the manager. The kitchen tries hard though much of what it turns out is pretty basic: sweetbreads with porcini like corned beef, rather than sweetbread. Breadcrumbed brains with lemon butter are good, as is the (worthwhile) raw beef with rosemary and olive oil. Cheap and decent wine. £45.

Pinochio's
160 Evershof Street, London NW1 (01-368 7492)
★★★★★

They black and white place making an effort to get away from Italian catering's norms. The cooking has its ups and downs but the simpler dishes are worth trying. £45.

Signor Sassi
22 Ebury Road, London SW1 (01-589 8772)
★★★★★

Smart "post-modern" Italian place with loud "characteristic" waiters and a kitchen which tends to pour molten butter on everything. Nice risotto with saffron, but the tomatoes, possible zabaglione. £20.

Vin Santo
2 Hollywood Road, London SW10 (01-352 8848)
★★★★★

The cooking is hardly distinguished but that doesn't seem to be the point — the fascination of this place is purely ecological. The menu includes a reasonable amount of big trout and tongue. Usual service. £45.

Billboard Café
22 Kilburn High Road, London NW5 (01-328 1374)
★★★★★

Looks like some sort of video director's idea of an American diner, serves cocktails, plays non-stop music, and has a few waitresses. Nevertheless the basically Italian cooking is quite sound: proper pasta dishes, well made salads, well prepared lamb. £20.

THE RESTAURANT AND CATERING GUIDE

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BREWING

Campaign for real lager

Robin Young reviews the liquid's share of the market and its tasteful assets



Lager drinkers take an awful lot of abuse — not only from each other. Brewers love them but exploit them ruthlessly, because lager is cheaper to make, easier to store, and considerably more profitable to sell than real ale. But while real ale is counted as part of our national heritage and deemed important enough to warrant a campaign devoted to its defence, it is taken as axiomatic that lager drinkers are loutish and ignorant followers of a fashion dictated by tasteless advertising.

The truth is that as a popular drink lager is still increasing its share of the market in Britain. Last year it took nearly half the beer market and estimates within the trade are that it is not likely to stop until it has claimed three-quarters of what was once ale's monopoly.

It is a narrowly xenophobic and demonstrably perverse view, then, which assumes that brews made with top-fermenting yeasts (ales) are necessarily superior to beers made by bottom-fermentation (lagers).

There are reckoned to be more than 200 premium lagers on sale in London now and most of them are available around the country, too. One can toast *plavoski* in Zhiguli direct from the Old City Brewery, central Moscow; succumb to Mort Subite from Belgium, which is not as deathly as it sounds; wash down curries with Golden Eagle from India; taste Thai with Singha; and sip Tsingtao from China with *dim sum*.

There is, indeed, a *lager* to match every available cuisine, because we now import lagers from countries as diverse as Honduras (Port Royal), Israel (Maccabee), Kenya (Tusker Premium), Indonesia (Bir Bintang), Mexico (Dos Equis), Sweden (Pripps) and Turkey (Efes Pilsner).

Some we only get at third remove. So our San Miguel comes from Spain, where holidaymakers grew to know and love it. The brand originates, though, from the Philippines. Red Stripe started in Jamaica. Now ours is brewed in Bedford, or you can find it imported from Trinidad. Even the Indian brand, Kingfisher, has a sufficiently big market that draught is now made here under licence, although the bottles are still imported.

The first trick for the discriminating lager drinker is to know what comes from where. How Australian is draught Foster's, for example, when it comes from no further down under than Mortlake? Holsten Export is actually British-brewed, while Holsten Diet Pils (for diabetics originally) really is imported. Would you know your Budweiser (a Watney's imitation) from Budweiser Budvar, which really does come from Ceské Budějovice in Czechoslovakia? And did you realize that it is the American Budweiser — created in 1876 — which is the older of the two? Budvar may sound more authentic, but it only started brewing in 1895.

Names to be wary of, because they are franchised away from their homelands, include Carlsberg (possibly the best lager brewed in Northampton) and the equally un-Danish Tuborg. If you want something really Danish you have to seek out Carlsberg Elephant or (still in zoological mode) Giraf. Löwenbräu recently decamped from southern Germany to Wales, and Stella Artois, as enjoyed in Britain, is a corner-cutting

Hofbräuhaus Export and Löwenbräu Special Export are still *echt and gut*, though I just wish we could get some of HB's velvety rich Matlock, a strong bottom-fermented, so prestigious that its annual inauguration has usually to be attended by the state Prime Minister.

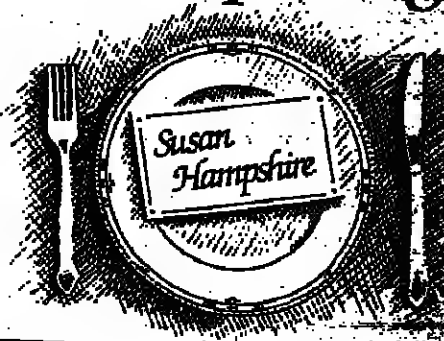
From Bohemia it is impossible, surely, to better Pilsner Urquell, Pilsener, Pilsner or Pils. It is used loosely nowadays to describe almost any golden-coloured chrysanthemum. But to know what makes the designation so famous and widely imitated you need to go back to the original sources.

Some people say the shipments, however, have the honour impaired by excessive pasteurization, which spoils tangy water, the special character hops of one classic variety, and the lagering-in-pine-fined barrels produce a loss of special flavour and complexity which sets a standard to judge the others by.

That said, other lagers that I would happily recommend, even to ale snobs, include Beck's, Bitburger and Dortmund Kronen Classic from Germany; the pot-stopped, swing-topped and unpasteurized Grolsch from Holland; the bottle-conditioned and corked La Choulette from France, which is lager's equivalent to White Shield Worthington; and the exceptionally clean-tasting, cultish Rolling Rock from Pennsylvania.

From Britain, my favourite to date is Samuel Smith's Natural.

...to celebrate the opening...



John Russell Taylor takes a dip in the waters of naturism



Playing about on the boat: some of Henry Scott Tuke's favourite subjects in "August Blue", 1893

After the painful/enthralling revelations of recent biographies about the private relations of such as Picasso, Dali, and Eric Gill — private no more, for good or ill — we might wonder what exactly we had in store with an elaborate new book on Henry Scott Tuke. Or some of us might. Tuke is not, perhaps, all that well remembered these days, though he has recently resurfaced in the Tate Gallery, there was a shimmer volume about him out last year, and prices, as with all those hopelessly dubbed "British Impressionists" or simply "Modern British", have been mounting steadily.

What anyone who knows the name at all will associate with Tuke is boys. Rough but strangely refined in detail — they were mostly Cornish fisher-lads in fact — they lounge around in faintly suggestive postures or disport themselves nude, but otherwise very much Boy Scout fashion, against glittering backdrops of sun and sea. Nothing one can exactly put a finger on, but this obsession, to canvas after canvas, becomes a little odd, a little indicative of something. Maybe something about the artist, maybe something about his clientele. And certainly something, which we tend to forget, about the era. In painting, the period from the 1880s through to nearly the First World War was heavily occupied with "Baden Baden Knaben". Under the influence of the sun cult and the new vogue for naturism, painters all over Europe and America painted endlessly bathing youths. Some of the paint-

Boys in the buff

UNDER CANVAS
Henry Scott Tuke
1858-1928

By David Wainwright and
Catherine Dinn
Sarena, £39.95

ers were definitely odd customers, like the Swede Eugene Jansson and his athletic naval chums. Others, like Landenberger, Liebermann and Backmann, were exemplarily one can exactly put a finger on, but this obsession, to canvas after canvas, becomes a little odd, a little indicative of something.

Tuke, of course, was not such a big fish as they, but he was swimming in quite a small backwater. He was a capable painter, and sometimes more, as the numerous beautifully reproduced pictures in the new book make clear. And yet there is something slightly wrong with all his work. When he set out to paint Endymion and Selene he did all right with Endymion, but never managed to resolve

Selene into more than a faint blur in the background. When he painted Perseus and Andromeda, more alarmingly, he had to fall back on a boy model for Andromeda — perhaps because it was difficult to find a seemingly young female model in Falmouth, perhaps not. But beyond that, one gets a feeling that he never spoke out. Even if his list of friends and visitors constitutes a veritable Who's Who of Uranian England at that time — including even an unlikely comrade with Baron Corvo — there never seems to have been a whiff of impropriety about his private life. Like such other great question-marks as Lord Leighton and John Singer Sargent, he was either preternaturally discreet or almost unbelievably repressed.

Looking at his paintings, one would favour the latter diagnosis. He may, for all we know, have wished and wished to be the female Caravaggio, but he remains impenetrably bland and tasteful: despite the urgings of his clients, the private parts of his models are resolutely more honoured in the breeches than in the observance, and real sensuality is lacking. David Wainwright and Catherine Dinn present us with a jolly good fellow, a hard worker, a sentimental cove under the hearty exterior, a foe chum for a young fellow to have, and in due course for his wife and children to have as well. And if that does not sound too much like a forgotten genius, that is about right, too.

In another country

"A book for readers of 12 upwards" says the blurb. I wonder what most of them will make of it. Encouraged to regard Dickens as no longer "relevant", fed with "teenage literature" that plays upon current disaffections, how will they accommodate themselves to a muted pastoral like *Long Since*? Setting and time seem alien — a village under the Sussex Downs early in the 1880s. Narrative progress is fragmented, the story being pieced together gradually from the perceptions of six characters: pupil-teacher, governess, curate's sister, and the three eldest children of Edward Shelley, "eggler and dealer" — paying for freedom by chronic quiet anxiety.

But Ruth Tomalin discovers relevances and emotions beyond anything that the teenage fiction-crafters can manage. In her brief hundred pages she spins a web of small interconnecting dramas, from the interruption of doubt over

FOR CHILDREN

Brian Alderson

LONG SINCE
By Ruth Tomalin
Faber, £6.99

Neil Dawe's parentage to the fallen fortunes of pretty Minnie Card, and their divergences meet in the depiction of a power-struggle that is the more terrible for being understated and revealed little by little.

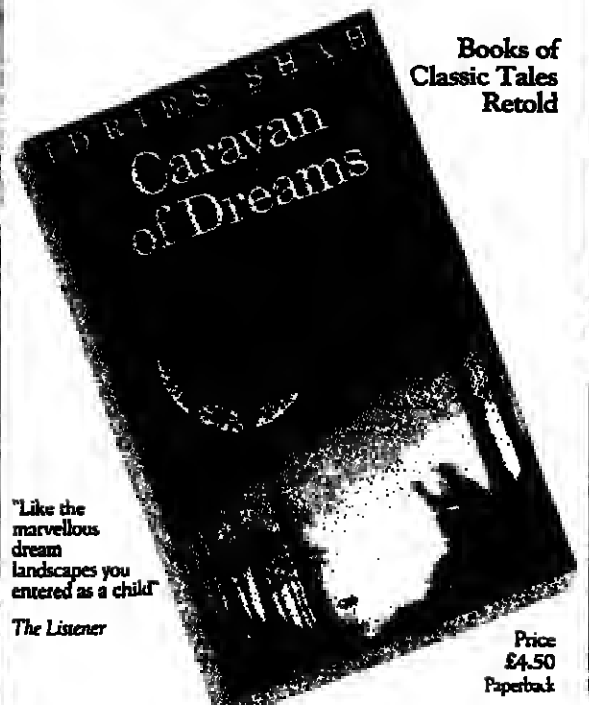
As with some other reverberant accounts of "long since", such as Alison Uttley's *Traveller in Times* or William Mayne's *Over the Hills and Far Away*, the past is summoned in terms that seem to have been dictated by the past itself. Tomalin's story-telling exactly answers the demands of this quiet, troubled chronicle; but her artistry has been absorbed into the theme.

Not such a perfect pastoral: Ruth Tomalin's *Long Since*

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Television news is to thriller writing what the University of East Anglia is to Lit-Fic. No sooner has a fellow mastered the autocue than he thinks he can bust blocks.

Gerald Seymour has been at it so long that most of us have forgotten his image on the screen. Home Run (Collins Harvill, £12.95) is his eleventh novel, and he now spins one of the world's best yarns with all the laid-back laconicism of the hardened pro.

Iran this time: we open with the execution of a teenage terrorist in Tabriz. Perhaps we shouldn't say terrorist because she's a nice girl, Juliette, daughter of one of the Shah's innocent generals, herself a victim of the new regime's barbarism. Nevertheless she did throw the grenade, so they hang her from a crane in front of a jeering crowd momentarily silenced by her final smile.

A few pages later another girl dies. A sad little rich girl mucks up the heroin job in the foot and chokes on her own vomit. Daddy just happens to be a Cabinet Minister. There is a connection of course, because this is a thriller. The first girl has a brother, Charlie Esraha, and Charlie is heavily into revenge. He has a useful protector, old Mattie Furness, staunch family friend, head of Iran Desk at Century, old pro, salt of earth, straight as a die, but, frankly, not fit for more than driving a desk at HQ.

Charlie needs more than protection if he is to be able to purchase the sort of weaponry to dispatch his sister's killers, lurking behind the armour plating of their Mercedes in Iran. So he goes in for a little bit of import/export of what Iran still does even better than Islamic fundamentalism. Illegal substance here, also, which means he runs foul of the ultimate rat, an inadequate Customs and Excise fink named Park, alias "Keeper". It was heroin that killed the minister's daughter, and it's the profit from heroin that will kill the mad mullah. There's your link. Seymour's plot slips into top when the useless cove DG at

Totalitarians ascending

Andrei Navrozov finds that strategies

for war-mongering are full of risks —
and that most of them are uncalculated

Not sheer force, but the threat of force; not mere peace, but peace treaties; not only doctrine, but a patient cultivation of what is expedient: such are the signs of totalitarianism in the ascendant. Consider Lenin's "new economic policy" and Mussolini's *ravvicinamento* with the Church; Hitler's war of nerves (Spanning) and Stalin's first *perestroika* of the 1930s; Mao's Cultural Revolution and Brezhnev's *glasnost* and Ceausescu's "systematization". Add to these the "democracy" expected in Russia, Hungary's future "monarchy", China's unstoppable "reform", and observe the faces that unlimited power turns to the world in the certain knowledge of what is expedient. We call such knowledge strategic.

What is appeasement? Above all, tactics masquerading as strategy. In a Russian fairy tale a maiden asks her suitor to visit her: dressed yet out wearing clothes, without a present but bearing a gift. He obliges: in a fishing net, with a dove in his hands which he then releases. That is not appeasement, because the clever lad is of a single mind about his ultimate objective. But unlike love, peace — especially "peace in our time" — is not an end in itself. Moreover, the process of democratic decision-making, tragically and at times comically, replicates the workings of a divided mind.

A free society tends to accept totalitarian image-projection — *instenirovka*, a special word in Russian — at face value, responding with tactical initiatives, often mutually contradictory, that merely give the impression of strategy to satisfy domestic public opinion. Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, culminating in the Munich pact with Nazi Germany, is only the most obvious instance of this tendency, probably because we view it with the emotional detachment of some 50 years of hindsight.

The action of Howarth's book is set in the aftermath of Munich. Its aim is to strip our minds of hindsight, to transport us into the daily life of Britain during the last four weeks of "peace", without the convenient baggage of historical fact now available to every schoolboy. Almost by definition, such an aim cannot be fully attained; yet Howarth excels in the attempt, a brilliantly convincing reconstruction of one nearly fatal episode in the history of modern democracy.

He is at his best as a writer of what Virginia Woolf, in a somewhat different sense, called the lives of the obscure. A parish priest, a radio broadcaster, a cycling enthusiast, a farmer: in *August '39* these play roles as important as those of ambassadors, ministers and heads of state, for it was the former, in their obscurity, who would have to pay for the wishful extravagance of the latter, stars of overseas and champions of peace one and all. Fortunately for Howarth, they too kept diaries.

Meanwhile, as a historian, Howarth relies on the obvious:

published memoirs, open archives, newspaper cuttings. We need not feel cheated. The remarkable thing about this book is the freshness of its perceptions: Howarth does not impose a unifying historical perspective, he seeks to excite it. The result, history as news, invites interpretation and lowers the past to eye level. "Today we, the inheritors, know what happened next, and like unwise gods may choose to dispense judgement on those fallible people," he writes in his epilogue, even as "we make our own mistakes and grope blindly forward into our own future." For, once glimpsed at eye-level, the past looks astonishingly like the present.

On August 9, 1939, a joint Anglo-French military delegation led by Admiral Drex and General Dommenc arrived in Russia for negotiations. For nearly two weeks, even after they had all but invited him to occupy Poland, Stalin laughed at them. He was preparing the non-aggression pact with Germany, which would give Hitler the sense of security he needed to start the war. The Anglo-French negotiators knew nothing of this: Germany's intelligence operations in Russia were laughable, but not nearly as laughable as those of Western democracies. Alas, strategy is predicated on knowledge.

Howarth quotes Hitler: "Stalin and I are the only ones who visualize the future." Yet he also understood that now he was "in the hands of another, that Stalin had outmanoeuvred him, just as surely as he himself had in the past outmanoeuvred the democracies." Nevertheless, the pact was signed in time for the invasion of Poland and, even as he grabbed Stalin's poisoned pawn, Hitler exclaimed: "I have them!"

Did Hitler "visualize the future"? He knew that in 1933, when a German general visited the Kharkov locomotive plant, it was producing 22 tanks a day. In 1933, it will be recalled, Germany was not producing any. In 1939, Hitler entered the war with 3,195 tanks, or less than a half of what a single Soviet plant produced in a single year of "peace". Thus Germany took a strategic risk.

What Hitler did not know, at least not when he signed it, was that the pact would signal a Soviet military build-up beyond anything he could have imagined. By the summer of 1941, 16 "strike armies" (2,350 tanks and 250,000 men planned for each) of the First Strategic Echelon would be moving inexorably and secretly westward while the Stalin Line of defensive fortifications was being dismantled. Hitler relied on intuition and ordered an invasion of Russia, only slightly less foolhardy because Stalin did not expect it: Stalin was counting on being the invader, and ultimately the "liberator" of all of Europe. Although not poisoned when he took it, the second pawn cost Hitler the game. Thus Germany lost, and Russia won, the Second World War on August 23, 1939.

"After Stalin's death — he is a



very sick man — we will break the Soviet Union", Howarth records Hitler's hopes for the pact. "Then there will begin the dawn of the German rule of the earth," Stalin was not a sick man. Alas, strategy is predicated on knowledge.

What hope did the democracies have? What knowledge of the adversary? Are things any different after 50 years? It is tempting, after reading Howarth's book, to collect

the baggage of historical fact, safely checked for the journey through August of '39, and console ourselves with the thought that, really, we did win, that it all turned out all right in the end.

Did it? Ask the people of Königsberg, the city of Immanuel Kant:

As Joachim von Ribbentrop worked there in the nervous

Big bangs and foreign reports

THRILLERS

Tim Heald

Century (a Foreign and Commonwealth wealth wallah, all answers and no questions) decides to send poor old Furness walkabout. From then on it's tears practically all the way.

Won't spoil the story for you, but if I were Seymour I'd think seriously about a few more of the good guys winning out in the next book. And if I were him I'd watch what I say about VAT men. It's one thing to rubbish Iran and all its works. But to say that "VAT investigators were the pits" (p230) is really pushing your luck.

● *Selam*, by Sandy Gall (The Bodley Head, £11.95). Sandy Gall is still, *allah akbar*, an everpresent on the box, often reporting from Afghanistan, where the bullets whistle remorselessly through what's left of one's hair, and a foreign correspondent is still a foreign correspondent and not some nancy boy with a portable Tandy in the bar of the International.

Fictionalized Gall is therefore pretty damn authentic. We are told the Parsi for HQ and that "Birra" means "move your ass" and "qala" a fortified house. Sometimes the effect is not entirely what I think he intended, as when Walt gestures "bishi, bishi", or General Orlov, disturbed by nocturnal bangs, says "Damn these dushman. Don't they ever get some sleep?" This sounds like Lord Dedeas complaining about an early morning refuse collection. This chap Wills, cashiered after a

fling with the CO's nympho wife, is rescued from his job by a country club near Woking and sent to Afghanistan on mission impossible with a good Ruskly called Gradinsky. A tremendous proliferation of shootybangs, or as one local observes: "This mujahideen racket. Big racket. Very good."

I was less convinced by some of the home turf stuff, especially a singularly awful lunch. I think this author should take lunch lessons from William Haggard. Grand Master of this genre within a genre. You wouldn't catch a Haggard luncheon eating place, much less commending it.

● *Spy Shadow*, by Tim Sebastian (Simon & Schuster, £11.95). Of all the tele-scribes, Tim Sebastian has the best credentials — 10 years of Eastern Europe, first ever BBC television correspondent in Moscow (from which he was expelled), now reporting from Washington. When he says that "Nie Ma" means "There isn't any" in Polish, you know that this is a man who writes from deep wells of experience. In which case I have to ask myself: what are we to make of James Tristram's curious recreation of ballroom dancing at Waltham Junior School?

Tristram is another of those wheezing, apparently been-old Secret Intelligence wallahs who have been a thriller stock-in-trade at least since Smiley, if not before. He has sent an operator into Poland, and the cover has been blown by a German sleeper, who is immediately run over by a double

decker bus. (The man from London Transport attends the funeral and sings the Lord's Prayer.)

Tristram follows on via Romania, where he has a brief telephonic encounter with a voice from Cambridge. "Not overprivileged, but not overpolite," Sebastian, note, read languages at New College. You learn to look for the sub-text in books like this. When, for example, he names a key player in the Polish game "Carica" has he deliberately changed "o" to "e"? And why does he make such a play of every pistol being equipped with a silencer? An aversion to shooty-bangs?

Like his television peers, Sebastian is excellent at place; crisp and taut in narration; weaker on characterization and just a little prone to cliché. This is to be expected from this school of writing. Just as a little corrective exercise I think Sebastian should write out 100 times: "I will never again begin a sentence 'The General Secretary leaned back in his chair and gazed out at Moscow'."

All the same for a good read one could do a lot worse than Seymour in Iran, Gall in Afghanistan, and Sebastian in Poland.

● *March Violets*, by Philip Kerr (Viking, £11.95). I don't think I am giving away too much of a trade secret if I reveal that this book was carefully considered by the judges of this year's Betty Trask award, who thought it exceptionally good of its kind. Its kind is *Der Deutsche Reichsritter mit Sex Violence und Goering*, but we felt that Betty wouldn't have liked it — especially the disgusting anal gang-bang near the end. On the other hand this author, who appears to have no television experience, is exceptionally accomplished at time, place, and pace. Good characters too, especially his protagonist Bernie Gunther, of whom I understand we shall soon be reading more. A strong candidate for this year's John Creasey for best first crime novel of the year.

● *Alcibiades*, by Walter M. Ellis (Routledge, £8.95) Biography of the glamorous turncoat Athenian politician, lover of Socrates, who could have won the Sicilian expedition for them if he had not defected, and changed history.

● *Bathsheba*, by Torgny Lindgren, translated by Tom Geddies (Collins Harvill, £5.95). Swedish novelist retells the early old story, introducing a previously unheard voice among the tattered men — Bathsheba's.

● *Happy Endings*, by David Cook (Arrow, £2.99) Funny and sad story of human inadequacy, young and old, won the E. M. Forster Award.

● *Hobbes*, by Richard Tuck (Oxford, £2.95) Fast Masters series, lucid introduction to the first great English political philosopher, whose *Leviathan* was the first work of modern philosophy.

Painful but in the

Wendro Wood

BRITAIN'S... by James Mitchell

essivism, gloom and despair are the themes Austin Mitchell offers. I sympathize with his plight. He has been in Parliament since 1977. At nearly 55, he has held no office higher than Labour spokesman on trade and industry. Few realized he held even this scarcely significant position until he was dismissed for becoming a scrapping partner with Norman Tebbit on Sky Television.

He has a lively and amusing nature, and with considerable ability, but remains baffled by the failure of the cause he champions. He reveres the instincts and shares the likes and dislikes of ordinary people, and consequently deduces that they must be bewitched by a gigantic Thatcher con-trick, or they would vote as he does. Alas, he sees little hope that by the next election the wicked fairy will remove her spell, giving him the chance Kinnoch willing to do something practical at last about politics, instead of talking and writing frustratedly about them.

This has a bad effect on his metaphors. "The first industrial society has become a financial casino, twisted by knives to make a trap for fools." Or: "Britain drifts

ascending

James Wood celebrates the work of a purist late romantic who has written 'some of the finest modern lyric poetry in English'

In love with breaking free

Writers, said W. H. Auden, are usually in the unfortunate predicament of having to speak the truth without having the authority to speak it. Auden, who never lived under a dictatorship, was giving authority a personal, authorial gloss — writers don't always have greater access to large truths than anyone else, though it is their business to dispense them.

What Seamus Heaney is concerned with in this fine book is a harsher lack: that dark moment, experienced by writers throughout the unfree world, when authority is no longer simply how you will choose the next word, but a question of who will choose it for you. Heaney writes beautifully of the Russian poet Osip Mandelstam, for instance, arrested in 1934 for his grim poem about Stalin:

He rolls the executions on his tongue like berries

He wishes he could hug them like his friends from home.

Mandelstam's is "a modern martyrdom, a record of courage and sacrifice which elicits our unstinted admiration," writes Heaney; and he is rightly sceptical of the pulsed pleasures of much poetry in English, when compared with the flushed vigour, the huge tenacity of today's Mandelstams — writers like the Polish poets Zbigniew Herbert and Czesław Miłosz. But there are other Czechs of poetic authority, closer to Auden's lucky individualism. What authority, for instance, does the lyric poet have in the face of tempestuous tragedies, material eruptions? What good are

words that cannot hurt against sticks and stones that can?

The Post Laureate is expected to turn out a freshly-baked lyric at every national festivity, but the idea of his doing so at every national tragedy is hideously laughable. "Elegy in a Hillsborough stadium"...

Heaney writes about the tangled ethics of these eternal worries with all his customary intelligence, all his habitual passion. Conceptually tighter than his last selection of prose (*Preoccupations*) this book returns to its governing theme in nearly every chapter: the joys and

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE
By Seamus Heaney
Faber, £3.95

jeers which the lyric poet encounters. Lyric poetry, he writes, is often an embarrassing intrusion, "a free gift

in the presence of the unfree and the hurt". And yet Heaney celebrates the miracle of this freedom as well as any poet has ever done in prose (even Mandelstam, I think).

The lyric poem is, writes Heaney, "a paradigm of free action" (this recalls Auden's comment which he does not mention, that "every good poem is very nearly Utopia"); it "always has an element of the untrammelled about it... in this way, the order of art becomes an

achievement intimating a possible order beyond itself."

Heaney distinguishes between two states of tongue government: 1. when poetry is its own government, when it has "its own vindicating force... the tongue granted the right to govern"; and when poetry is itself governed, not only by authoritarian diktat but by

subtler pressures — by the social and semantic meanings which every word inherits, and by the needs and desires of the public. (Pope would be an obvious example; Heaney's is the American poet Elizabeth Bishop with reticent, mannerly tones, and her "inclination to conciliate the social audience".)

This binary division confirms (if we did not already know it) Heaney as the purist late romantic, in love with explosions of the heart, with the joyous liberties of breaking free of verbal government, to reach that moment when, as he writes, "the tongue is suddenly ungoverned".

And why should Heaney sink this lovely buoyancy? His romanticism has produced some of the finest modern lyric poetry in English (along with Derek Walcott and Richard Wilbur).

Furthermore, his poems critically meditate on the very checks and liberties about which he writes so well in prose. In "Exposure" for instance, Heaney ponders on for whom he writes, for the inner lyric ear or the outer social ear: "For what? For the ear? For the people? For what is said behind-backs?"

One can only pray that the Muse will grant him many more years of ungoverned joy.

Uncommon laughter lines

Matthew Parris

THE COMPLETE YES MINISTER
and
THE COMPLETE YES PRIME MINISTER
By Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay
BBC Books, £4.99 each

These are considerably more than the books of the television series. Taking the television scripts as their backbone, the authors have constructed what is really the two-volume political autobiography of Jim Hacker, through his "collected diaries". To this they have added "editors' notes" (signed "Jonathan Lynn, Anthony Jay, Hacker College, Oxford, September 2019 AD") plus more extracts from Sir Humphrey Appleby's own personal papers, comments from Bernard Woolley, and many "fragments" in the form of inter-departmental memos, prime ministerial notes, and "transcripts" from some of Hacker's media interviews.

It works well — in the translation into literature, something is lost, and something gained. The authors' little game is not so easily dipped into as is the television series. The whole has been quite carefully and cleverly put together and deserves extended reading. That is no chore. There are laughs throughout, but the satire does take on a bite — an almost bitter edge — which the good-natured television series lacks. It is impossible to read these "diaries" without making the comparison with so much of the po-faced political memorizing which plagues our era; and impossible not to sense the contempt implicit in the comparison; rather less — in short — of a giggle and rather more of a sneer.

Why the difference? Lynn and Jay really only have one joke; they have been using it for years; it is a very good joke and capable of development into a thousand sub-jokes; but it is the same joke in both the television series, and it is really the joke in both the books. A vulnerable politician, not without cunning, encounters a manipulating and cunning civil servant not without vulnerability.

The absence of canned laughter — I think — makes a surprisingly important difference. You read a paragraph and then pause after the punchline, wondering what is missing! Missing the canned input, you start to think for yourself. And the more you think the more you wonder whether these "diaries" are giving their authors a last laugh on the politicians. For, in one disturbing sense, the politicians have themselves had the last laugh so far.

They love this series. Jim Hacker would have enjoyed it very much himself.

After all, few MPs really want to do anything; most just want to be something. For all Hacker's ups and downs and subtle humiliation, the television shows always had happy endings for the politicians in that (to them) vital respect. Hacker would not have enjoyed the books quite so much, for politics is about *strutting*, and you don't strut through the archives in quite the way you can strut on a television show. Watching *Yes Minister* I think most viewers can understand why it is as much fun as it is degrading to be a minister. Reading these books, I think they will feel it is as much degrading as it is fun.

If Lynn and Jay had sat with me in the Commons television room, packed with MPs, to watch the show, they might have sensed — as I did — the small danger-signal in the extent to which we MPs enjoyed it. The laughs were not quite as useful as they should have been and one could not help but feel that politicians find the series subtly flattering.

There is not, after all, much real nastiness in the television comedy. Sheer cock-up plays less of a part than it does in real life; and the hopeless bewildering, shapelessness of it all (which must be any back-benchers' dominant impression of British government) is entirely lost.

Indeed, the whole point is to give shape, albeit comic shape. The reality is not so comic, just irritating.

Shapelessness and irritation are not good television, and I am not sure that they would be very good paperback writing. The authors have advanced as far as they dare, in these books, towards reality, without forsaking comedy.

Not the book of the show

Sanda Miller

ART IN LATIN AMERICA
Edited by Dawa Ades
Yale, £16.95

For more than a decade we have witnessed a new phenomenon: the international travelling exhibition. Conceived on an ever increasing encyclopaedic scale, and accompanied by a status-enhancing catalogue, this is the super-sonic, supervisual Concorde of art.

However, an exhibition as spatio-temporal event has, by definition, a short life. The catalogue should therefore be its sole tangible testimony for posterity. Yet, paradoxically, catalogues have a similar built-in obsolescence, and for that reason, as well as assorted pragmatic and financial considerations, these megacatalogues strive to gain an added dimension of timelessness by turning into books. *Art in Latin America*, is introduced by its authors as a book which serves also as catalogue for the exhibition with the same title, recently opened at the Hayward Gallery.

The show, which is divided into 13 sections, attempts to deal with complex issues such as the quest for national and cultural identity over 160 years of history. It dispels the image of El Dorado that Latin America still conjures up for Europeans.



Dispelling the image of El Dorado: Humboldt — "Passage dans le Cordillere des Andes", c. 1814

The book follows closely this structure by being divided into 13 chapters. But with the exception of the introductory one, "The Independence and its Heroes", which provides historical context, it is difficult to find a logical justification for these divisions. Why is Chapter III divided into two related sections "Travel-Reporter Artists and the Empirical Tradition in Post-Independence Latin American Art" and "Nature, Science and the Picturesque"? and why is this followed by a monograph on the Mexican painter José María Velasco? Without further ado, Chapter VI, "Modernism and the Search for Roots", leaves the 19th century behind, and brings us into

the more familiar territory of the 1920s, and the influence of the European avant-garde on Latin American artists.

After several detours, we reach the contemporary scene. Sadly, Chapter XIII, "History and Identity", which deals with key issues regarding our understanding of Latin American art, becomes merely a cursory conclusion. One example is the concept of *mestizaje*, which refers to the political conflicts arising from the division between indigenous culture (still regarded by some as a subject for ethnography) and high-brow art, which is equated with colonialism because it was originally imported from abroad.

What becomes apparent is that in spite of the high standard of the individual contributions — among which I particularly liked Chapter III, which also happens to correspond to one of the most fascinating sections in the exhibition there is a lack of internal cohesion. For a catalogue whose function is to catalogue and, ideally, illustrate the works in a show, this would be of no consequence. But it becomes questionable whether this book could function successfully as a book, independently of the exhibition.

Instead of having a catalogue which is also a book, *Art in Latin America* is neither entirely a catalogue, nor quite a book.

Plaintive voice out in the cold

Woodrow Wyatt

BRITAIN
Beyond the Blue Horizon
By Austin Mitchell
Belief Publishing, £7.95

The rest of the world gets richer. On the bridge the Captain exudes confidence and energy, clicking balls as frenetically as Captain Queeg, and with even more painful consequences for the other officers, most of whom have few enough to spare.

Mitchell concedes that Mrs Thatcher has so changed Britain that Labour has been forced to change its tune. He applauds it. But why is he pleased that his party have become pseudo-Thatcherites, since he tells us that we have had "a ten year march down a

dead-end street, just another in the long line of busted flushes thrown up by Britain's long decline"? Perhaps we should take more seriously his remark: "Growth has been steady for five years, the improvement in living standards even greater."

He honestly quotes a Gallup Poll registering 52 per cent saying that the Conservatives make Britain more prosperous, and only 23 per cent believing that Labour does. Yet in his contradictory fashion he declares that the last decade has produced nine million "new poor", which is merely a tribute to the enormously increased numbers who now get social security benefits, and then are strangely described as being put into poverty thereby instead of out of it.

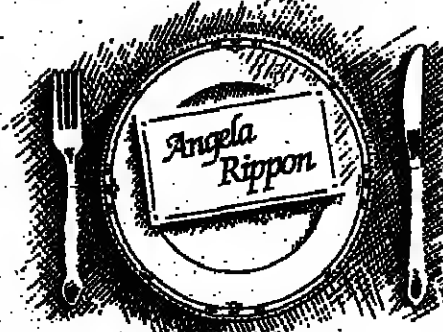
Mitchell calls for deals before the next election with the SLD and the SDP and anyone else

who does not like Mrs Thatcher. Afterwards he fears it will be too late. This is not very practical. The chances of Labour accepting the principle of a coalition government in good time for the voters to be impressed by it must be nil.

He also bemoans the absence of proportional representation, always unacceptable to the two major parties, who want untrammelled power. In default of this he gives details of how tactical voting by negotiation between Labour and the other non-Conservative parties would work, in the unlikely event of national and local constituency parties and voters obliging by their compliance.

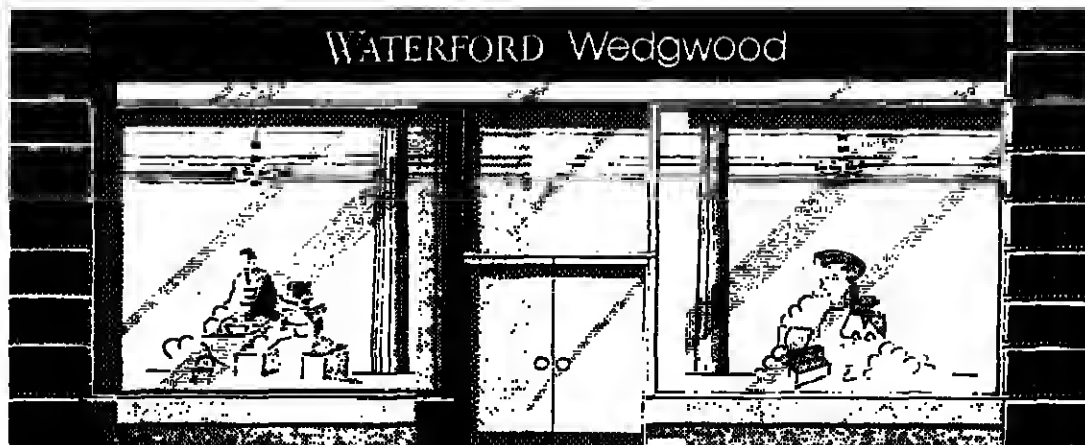
Mitchell's critique is racy and entertaining, except when he gets bogged down by theories and figures, the meaning of which often seems to elude him. But it lacks weight. How can someone be credible who writes, "The gift God placed in the North Sea to prove He was not a Muslim has financed moralizing irresponsibility"? However he is a jolly fellow, and would be more so if he would take off his sackcloth and ashes, and stop tearing out his hair whenever he contemplates Mrs Thatcher.

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● On the Barbed Wire, and Off, by Melvin J. Lasky (Transaction Publishers, £14.95) Collected pieces by the cosmopolitan intellectual editor of Encounter.

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TELEVISION

Jasper Rees

"It's effin' 'ot," said a Brummie soldier in the middle of the Egyptian Sahara. You half expected him to be addressing his mum, but as episode one of *Vote for Them* (BBC2), a three-part account of socialist stirrings in the Eighth Army in 1943-44, unravels, it turned out that all the characters were ciphers. Ciphers, of course, have no need of mothers to bring them into this world when they can rely instead on people like co-authors David Edgar and historian Neil Grant. One was retrospectively surprised that the soldier had even noticed the weather, let alone directed an abbreviated expletive at it, so impersonal a dramatization of ideas did this programme prove to be.

The historical context was this: once the focus of military operations moved on to Italy, some of our boys in Cairo turned their thoughts to the creation of a caring post-war Britain, going so far as to hold a mock parliament (for which the model seemed to be your average school debating society) in which they discussed nationalizing the retail trade. The script was bracketed at one end with an invocation of Cromwell's New Model Army and at the other with a face-the-camera reminiscence of a socialist who participated in those days of "utopianism and intrigue", the pretence was that passion and confrontation filled the hour in between. But there's more to conspiratorial drama than just infinitely varying the scene in which Brylcreemed men in khaki shorts whisper in corners about building a better future for Blighty.

You cannot expect to engage viewers with issues if there is no human interest to draw them in. Aside from kitting out each man with an ersatz regional accent, differentiation between characters was restricted to rank; more specifically the philistinism of the officers and the auto-didacticism of the rank and file. A brigadier inspecting a club for extra-military activities mixed up his Mozart and his Handel and was dismissed at the involvement in the Drums of a certain Major Barbara. The Shakespeare-quoting ordinary soldiers, meanwhile, feverishly recommended and read *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* to one another. Cameo camels and pyramids were the only evidence that the location was not a redbrick university. *Vote for Them* (directed, as well as could be expected, by James Ormerod) is said to improve. Like the demobbed heroes allied to in the title, one can but live in hope.

Today and tomorrow, Peter Watkins's new film, *The Journey*, will be shown at the National Film Theatre. It is the first, possibly the only chance his fellow countrymen have of seeing this grave and singular work from one of our most uncompromising film-makers.

Made in 14 countries with 13 indigenous families and community groups, it lasts 14 and a half hours: the least, perhaps, of the reasons he has had such a struggle to get it shown. Trouble and violent reaction have accompanied Watkins ever since *The War Game* (1964) was commissioned, then banned by the BBC. What he confronts in his mind's eye and feels impelled to realize on film about nuclear war, most people push to the periphery of their.

Though much decorated (at Venice, with an Oscar, by the British Film Academy and by the United Nations), *The War Game*, which looked into the inadmissible face of nuclear weapons—their use—was denied a television showing here until 1985. *The Journey*, which explores attitudes to and awareness of the arms race among "ordinary" people, was completed in 1987. It has been shown at the Berlin and Edinburgh film festivals, in Paris and the United States once, and in Australia and Sweden.

The film challenges established attitudes as much by form as by content. Deliberately laid-back in pace, it carefully avoids dramatic

Cynthia Kee finds the man behind *The War Game* still breaking the rules of film-making

Journey to democracy



Challenger: Peter Watkins

cuts and juxtaposition of images. The camera is hand-held during interviews and bits of other people come into the frame. As one's mental digestion expands, one realizes how conditioned we have become in our responses to film and television.

"After seeing *The Day After* (1983)—the first and perhaps the only American post-nuclear television drama—"I became very much aware that the ritualized storytelling structure—the Hollywood mode of the holocaust issue by the very picture language it was using, I'm worried about this," Watkins says. "A lot of my work is dedicated to not passing into that domestic language, so highly structured in its use of time and space."

"I'm trying, it doesn't always work, but I'm trying to break down these rhythms and allow people to come in at their own pace. I'm trying to leave space for them to mix in their own memories and feelings, get up and go out—to let go of the public in a way. I'm trying not to take people by the lapels and pull them in with attention-grabbing devices."

"This is not a democratic form. With the common media language we have now, intensely compressed yet fragmented, we become passive. I'm aware that these are Western traditions and that other cultures may not have them, but I'm also aware that much of the personal violence that occurs between people in our own culture is an expression of the dissatisfaction and frustration that transmission of images in this way generates," he says.

"And we sit on all this stuff. I'm trying to confront this with a film which itself is trying to look at the structures the media uses as well as break them down and use different ones. It's one of the very, very strong reasons I had for doing *The Journey*."

He lives in Stockholm now and

is about to move to Canada. After the *War Game* débacle he withdrew to Sweden, wounded and resentful, in 1968. "There was something about *The War Game* that unnerved people," he says. "I stood up against the BBC and I was violently attacked. You come up against it worst in your own country. A very small group controls Western television and cinema. It's protected and protective and at its worst in England. I have a theory that commitment to peace is seen both as a threat and as unnatural; unhealthy, an obsession."

Though he has made other films—*Privilege* (1967), *The Gladiators* (1969), *Punishment Park* (1971) and *Edward Munch* (1976)—he has been back only once as a professional. In 1982, Frank Allaun and Hugh Jenkins

invited him to make a new *War Game*. Funds ran out and Central TV took the project over. That, too, fell through, not, Watkins thinks, entirely for the financial reasons put forward.

"I pursued the same path of research I had done in 1964, only by now Civil Defence plans for the so-called saving of us from nuclear war were much more extensive than in 1964. As well as the very basic research about hospital beds, etc., we sent letters to 500 key Civil Defence people—chief constables, regional medical officers and so on—asking if they were aware that the entire democratic procedure of local government would be annulled. We sent copies to the Home Office, we'd been very open with them and they with us. They'd even let us down one of the war bunkers—they look like cottages and once inside the front door you go down a deep shaft."

"Within 10 days, the Home Office sent a telex and then a letter to every one of those 500 persons asking them not to reply. I didn't know what to do. I decided to re-shape the film and make it more global. I approached the Swedish Peace and Arbitration Society and

in 1983 I went round the world building up support groups." It is these bodies, plus the National Film Board of Canada which provided post-production facilities, that enabled *The Journey* to be made.

It is a strange film to watch, especially alone and at one go. It is actually divided into 19 45-minute units and beautifully made with the best foreign language dubbing—by a woman whose voice melts into those of her subjects—I have heard. Scenes, thousands of miles apart, flow into one another or are punctuated by a blank screen.

Writing never accompanies picture and the rhythms of intake quieten down. Children talk on equal footing with adults and over the hours the whole thing builds up to an ending centred on the Russian and the Scottish families as the other groups watch, worldwide. You see their faces, grave, shaken and sad, then shy, fill with pleasure as new feeling is born.

"I'm trying to show that it means nothing to prove something dialectically," Watkins says. "I do believe that in 20 years' time *The Journey* will be seen as a very useful tool for people to decode themselves from the Hollywood style—and to see that film can be worked with in a very much more democratic way."

● *The Journey* is at the NFT from noon today, continuing from 1pm tomorrow. It is available on VHS and 16mm film from the Scottish Film Production Fund in Glasgow.

Hoffman the modest Shylock strikes a discord

THEATRE

The Merchant of Venice Phoenix

Dustin Hoffman must have known what he was letting himself in for when he took on the role of superstar Shakespearean debaucher, but it must be said that all the clamorous hype and slavering expectation is a poor preparation for the modest Shylock who arrived on the Phoenix stage last night, swinging a battered leather holdall.

Hoffman's is much the most genial Shylock that I have seen. He may vow implacable enmity to Antonio in a first act aside, but you would never guess it from his welcoming smiles and open embraces.

A self-effacingly diligent businessman and most loving father, he makes himself agreeable even to his fleeing servant Lancelotti, and if he has any single self-defining phrase, it is his reference to "my sober house", on which he dwells with tender emphasis shortly before it collapses on his head.

The manifest aim, both of his performance and of Peter

Pound-of-flesh time: Antonio (Leon Lissek) faces Shylock (Dustin Hoffman) in the court-room climax of Peter Hall's production of *The Merchant of Venice*

Hall's production, is to show him as a good man driven beyond endurance by his bestial treatment from the Christians.

Spitting, for instance, is their common courtesy towards Jews. Salerio and Solanio do it in place of a handshake.

And Leon Lissek's Antonio, in the very act of negotiat-

ing a loan, deposits a practised spray of saliva on his beaming creditor before kicking him to the floor.

Come the trial scene, and Hoffman is still smiling, exchanging mischievous winks with Basil Henson's Duke when things are going his way, and relapsing into his old stoic attitude in defeat.

Much his most expressive

scene is with Leon Lissek's Tubal, where he lets the verse relax into down-to-earth conversation exchanges, very low-key, and then performs the huge emotional reversal between despair and exultation with the deliberation and force of a giant pendulum.

What does not come off are the directly emotional climaxes, which strain his voice

to the limit, and substitute rhetoric (with only a token trace of Hebraic rhythms) for his particular and priceless capacity for expressing the secrets of a man's mind through low-key unguarded utterance. Given the treatment Shylock gets from this bunch of Venetians, who fall on him like a lynch mob at the end of the court scene, it is

surprising that he did not go ahead and slaughter Antonio no matter what the consequences.

Otherwise, that scene leaves you regretting that it was not possible also to bring Tootsie on as Portia. Geraldine James plays her in the likeness of a splendid young headmistress, on her dignity even with Abigail McKern's Nerissa,

and regally aloof from the suitors—whom, it must be said, the production presents with admirable respect.

"Let all of his complexion choose me so," declares Miss James loudly, pulling no punches, and firmly disavowing herself from the Belmont fairy-tale princess.

That is fine; so, too, is her energetic, high-speed, and unfailingly lucid delivery; and the one moment, in the casket scene, when she unbends and gives Nathaniel Parker's Bassanio a clue by singing the key lines of "Where is Fancy Bred?"

What she lacks is the slightest trace of humour; so that the ring episode changes from a mischievous game into a test of marital status, conducted in arrogant discourtesy to the embarrassed Antonio.

Situated with abstract magnificence on a column-surrounded courtyard (by Chris Dyer), the show also offers some superb verse speaking from Michael Silberry's Gratiano, and a scene-stealing Old Gobbo, who hurries on at high speed straight into a marble column before offering his dish of doves to the front row.

It is a visually beautiful production, with some discordant things going on inside.

Irving Wardle

NEXT WEEK

Reviews of Domingo, Lou Reed, Soliti, Bob Dylan, *Carmen* at Barts Court, and the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition

De-composed result

CONCERT

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment/
Kuijken
Queen Elizabeth
Hall



Scaled down: Melvyn Tan

Next month the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment faces its most stringent test since it first came together only three years ago, when it becomes the first orchestra to play Mozart on period-style instruments at Glyndebourne for a new production of *The Marriage of Figaro*. That will be a rather different matter from Mozart and Haydn on the South Beach, which was beginning to sound a bit bland in the second of two concerts there.

One would have thought that excellent player of the fortepiano, Melvyn Tan, to be an ideal soloist with an orchestra of this character, but even with his keyboard brought well forward at the centre of the platform, the playing sounded on a different scale from the orchestral ensemble. The music-box tones imparted an almost nursery-like character to parts of Mozart's C major Concerto (K503), constantly overshadowed by the rest of the playing around him.

It raised the question

whether Sigiswald Kuijken, directing the performance as first violin from a standing position behind the pianist's shoulder, had considered how the balance would sound further back in the audience. With the possibility of limited or no shading at the keyboard, and very little among such instruments as valveless trumpets and horns, what emerged was a constriction on the range of character of which we know this music to be capable.

The orchestra on its own achieved a more cogent spirit in a pair of Haydn's "Paris" Symphonies, Nos 84 and 86, but it was noticeable how much the softer wind instrument tone was lost in the texture as a whole, sometimes with inaudible detail behind a string contingent of no more than 22 players besides the director. In avoiding extremes of interpretation, there seems now to be a real threat of losing a composer's personality.

Noël Goodwin

A ridiculous way to portray the absurd

OPERA

I due baroni di
Roccamare
Queen Elizabeth
Hall

There is nothing very much wrong with Domenico Cimarosa's comic opera of 1783, *I due baroni di Roccamare*. The plot and the characters are of course utterly absurd, and the music is duly and deliciously comic, with the exception of a single serious aria near the dénouement, an exquisite touch of emotion. But this performance for the London International Opera Festival, using a new edition prepared from the 1783 source (there are many others, for the work enjoyed much success in its day) by Opera Europa's artistic director and conductor David Holt, did it scant justice.

Much of the problem lay in the fact that the piece is so definitively theatrical; giving a concert platform version was

pression was valiant, and his voice is not at all bad.

His intended betrothed, Madame Laura, was sung by Genevieve Barria, alas stricken with a throat infection. We lost one aria, but she shaped her second, the serious-minded one, with great sensitivity. Mireille Alcantara as her rival Sandra and Leonard Pezzini as her brother Franchetto, the cause of the classic confusion of identity around which the plot centres, were both adequate and no more, while Jean-Jacques Doumène, as Barone Demafonte, coped reasonably well with the idiotic pomposity of his part required. A poor show from the Orchestra of St John's, Smith Square.

Stephen Pettitt

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JAZZ

The Complete Johnny Hodges Sessions 1951-1955 (Mosaic 126, 6 discs or 4 CDs)
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The Complete Atlantic and EMI Jazz Recordings of Shorty Rogers (Mosaic 125, 6 discs or 4 CDs)
The Complete Blue Note Recordings of Freddie Redd (Mosaic 124, 3 discs or 2 CDs)

Few players have embodied so clearly as Johnny Hodges the special virtue of jazz that gives primacy to the individual voice. It is the miracle of the idiom that, despite the legions of disciples and copyists attracted by any innovator, no one has ever sounded like Johnny Hodges, and no one ever will; just as no one has ever really sounded like Louis Armstrong, Sidney Bechet, Charlie Parker or Ornette Coleman.

Everything about Hodges's playing was particular to him, but of course the most extraordinary quality was the tone he produced from his alto saxophone. Sweet, ripe, full of warm colours, beautifully balanced throughout the range, as miraculously adaptable to a house-party blues as to a lace-trimmed ballad dedicated to a girl or a flower, it seemed like a living organism entire unto itself: you could practically imagine it being laid open by a surgeon's scalpel.

Born in 1907, Hodges joined the Duke Ellington Orchestra at the Cotton Club in 1928 and remained there, with one single significant period of absence, until his much-mourned death in 1970. During that time he became Ellington's most brilliant and readily identifiable solo voice, so vital a colour in the Duke's palette that his passing did not merely diminish its range: it ensured that true Ellington orchestra music could be created no longer.

That one earlier significant absence took place between 1951 and 1955, when, apparently displeased with the remuneration on offer from the Ellington organization (the big band business was in trouble generally, and Duke had

been talking of wage cuts), Hodges decided to form his own band. From the Ellington ranks he took with him the trombonist Lawrence Brown and the drummer Sonny Greer; he added a third alumnus, the tenor saxophonist Al Sears; plucked Emmett Berry from the ranks of Count Basie's band; and hit the road with a compact seven-piece outfit.

The experiment lasted four years, during which time the band recorded the 62 tracks now collected by the people at Mosaic Records into one of their exemplary *catalogue raisonné* sets, titled *The Complete Johnny Hodges 1951-1955*. Not all the tracks are by the regular road band: sometimes the ranks swell to feature such other notable Ellingtonians as the tenorists Ben Webster and Jimmy Hamilton, the trumpeter Shorty Baker and the drummer Lorne Bellson. Less expected names include those of the pianists Richie Powell (brother of Bud, later to perish in the car crash which also took Clifford Brown's life) and Cal Colby (one of Albert Ayler's last associates).

There are some well known pieces here, such as "Castle Rock", the band's big hit of 1951, in which Hodges exploited Sears's bumpy, masculine tenor on a rhythm and blues-influenced tune. Ellingtonia abounds: "Mood Indigo", "Perdido", "I Got It Bad", "Hodge Podge", "The Sheik of Araby", "Solitude" and "Sophisticated Lady" are among those with Ducal associations, but primarily one comes away impressed by Hodges's own compositional gifts, which may not have been extravagant but were deployed in a careful and imaginative manner. A modest blues called "Jappa", for instance, creates an indelible mood of concentrated melancholy.

There are also Ellington overtones in *The Complete Candid Recordings of Cecil Taylor and Bud Neidlinger*, explicitly so in versions of "Jumpin' Punkins" and "Things Ain't What They Used to Be" by an octet teaming the ex-Ellington trumpeter Clark Terry with a bunch of fellows who, back in 1961, practically constituted the avant-garde: the saxo-



Shorty Rogers: the West Coast bandleader is featured on a set full of vivid writing and fine solos

phonists Archie Shepp and Steve Lacy, the drummer Billy Higgins, the trombonist Roswell Rudd, and, of course, Taylor himself.

In fact the centre of gravity of this lavish set, which includes much previously unheard material, is the performance that has come to seem like the mercurial Taylor's masterpiece, even though it was created in a halfway-house style which he abandoned in his headlong rush towards the uncompromising form of expression that has occupied him for the past 25 years, and which can be heard in embryo in many of the trio and quartet performances here.

The 10-minute second take of Richard Rodgers's "This Nearly Was Mine", performed in a slow-medium waltz time with Neidlinger's bass and Dennis Charles's drums doing out much more than keep time with sympathy and discretion, represents a master class in improvisation based on

thematic development. It is also a brilliantly sustained exposition of the art of applying the tonality of the blues—no, more than that: the entire scope of feeling represented by the blues—to apparently unpromising material. As Taylor wends his untried way through variation after variation, constantly doubling back to polish or modify individual fragments of the tune, recoloring the melody with deepening subtlety, he is creating one of the masterpieces of jazz; indeed, the sheer force of his intellect during those 10 minutes infuses the piece with an imperishable vigour that makes it—like "West End Blues", "Ko Ko", "Parker's Mood" or "Milestones"—something of which one can never tire.

Mosaic have two other new releases. The first features the West Coast trumpeter and bandleader Shorty Rogers with a variety of personnel and configura-

tions from 1951-56, full of brisk, vivid writing and fine solos from the likes of Bud Shank and Jimmy Giuffrè, culminating in a superb 1956 octet session. The second spotlights the pianist Freddie Redd, an unheralded hard-bopper whose three 1960-61 sessions for Blue Note are well worth attention. The alto saxophonist Jackie McLean is featured in all of them, notably on the vivid music Redd composed for the play *The Connection*, while two contain work by the wonderful tenorist Tina Brooks, the subject of an earlier piece of Mosaic archaeology.

Richard Williams

Mosaic sets are available by mail from 35 Maines Place, Stamford, Connecticut 06902, USA. Vinyl sets are \$54 (6 discs) and \$27 (3 discs); CD sets are \$60 (4 CDs) and \$30 (2 CDs). Add \$6.50 surface postage for the first set, \$3 for additional sets.

You could be forgiven for thinking that the surviving half of the most successful songwriting partnership of the century has recently been down on his uppers. In 1979, Paul McCartney was awarded a unique rhodium disc in recognition of his sales of 200 million albums. But since then, despite his strange compulsion for appearing on any television or radio chat show that issues invitations, he has suffered a steady commercial decline.

His last Top 10 single was in 1984, when he was assisted by the Frog Chorus on the frightful kiddies' song "We All Stand Together", while his most recent album of new material, 1986's *Press to Play*, produced the shortest chart run of his career in Britain and America.

His recent live-in-the-studio recording of an album of rock'n'roll standards for release in the Soviet Union, *Choba B CCCP*, suggested that McCartney (like Bruce with his Tin Machine project) was searching for a way to rediscover the inspiration of his lost youth. What he really needed was a foil to counter the broad streak of infantilism that has beset his songwriting.

Enter Elvis Costello, with whom McCartney co-wrote four of the songs on *Flowers in the Dirt*, and whose contribution is paramount in the part-renaissance of the ex-Beatle's artistic fortunes. If McCartney softened some of the worry lines on Costello's album *Spike*, notably on the single "Veronica", Costello here repays the favour many times over.

The suggestion that Costello has acted as a Lennon substitute sounds too glib to be true, but he does provide the aggressive, intellectual *yang* that McCartney's *trite*, light *yin* has been lacking.

It is difficult, for instance, to imagine that McCartney if left to his own devices would start a song with the line: "I feel

Paul hits a vapid chord

ROCK

Paul McCartney: *Flowers in the Dirt* (Parlophone PCSD 106)
 The Jeff Healey Band and others: *Road House* (Arista 209948)
 Ted Hawkins: *I Love You Too* (PT TPLP 008)

such sorrow, I feel such shame", as he does here on the shambling, gospelly ballad "The Day is Done". Of the other Costello collaborations, "Don't Be Careless in Love" is a complex piece of neo-psychodelia, while "My Brave Face" has a convincing Sixties Beatles feel. But the best by far is "You Want Her Too", where the gritty melody provides a magnificent vocal rough and tumble between the two.

Elsewhere the material varies. Some of the material is listenable, such as the acoustic pop-country of "Put it There" and the delicate bumbalong "We Got Married". Much of it, like "This One" and "Distractions" is vapid pop. A couple of naff, neo-Swing reggae songs ("Rough Ride", "How Many People") are thoroughly grating but still cannot compete with the overwhelming tedium of "Motor of Love", a six-minute, sub-10cc big ballad, replete with heavenly choir.

Road House, the original motion picture soundtrack of

the imminent Patrick Swayze buddy movie, features four new recordings by the incomparable Jeff Healey Band. They are versions of the Doors' inconsequential boogie "Roadhouse Blues", Sonny Thompson's fast, tight boogie "I'm Tore Down", Bob Dylan's "When the Night Comes Falling From the Sky"—a song which could have been titled "All Along the Watchtower (Slight Return)"—and Willie Dixon's blues classic "Hoochie Coochie Man".

Healey sings and plays blood-curdling guitar, soloing throughout with a magnificent fire and grace that is the equal of much of the work on his stunning debut, *See the Light*. Elsewhere, too, what is a respectable soundtrack collection, are songs by Otis Redding ("These Arms of Mine"), Bob Seger ("Blue Monday") and Little Feat ("Rad Gumbo").

Like a lot of players that could be termed "roots" acts, poor old Ted Hawkins has gone from flavour of the month to last year's thing. The story of a 52-year-old soul/country crossover singer who until two years ago eked a living riding the rails and busking on Venice Beach, makes good newspaper copy but a difficult act to categorize for popular consumption.

However, the 10 brand new songs that comprise his latest LP, *I Love You Too*, sound irredeemably old-fashioned. His slightly hoarse, pleading voice, which reminds me of Sam Cooke, bobs gently above backing tracks that could have been laid down in the early days of Motown ("Baby") or Jamaica's Studio One ("Who do You Love"). The arrangements are allowed to ramble and the endings are dragged out to repetitive lengths.

But there is truth, dignity and many a heart-tugging melody here too, solid virtues which transcend fashion.

David Sinclair

Tchaikovsky: *Snegorotchka* USSR Radio/Prosvodov (Chant du Monde LDC 278 904)
 Rachmaninov: *Symphonic Poems Various musicians* (Chant du Monde LDC 278 928)
 Zemlinsky: *Psalms 23*, Symphony Berlin SO/Chailly (Decca 421 644-2)

Tchaikovsky's incidental music for Ostrovsky's *Snow Maiden* was effectively buried by Rimsky-Korsakov's opera on the same subject nine years later: dating from 1873, the year after the Second Sym-

phony, it must be one of the biggest works of the unknown Tchaikovsky, playing here for close on 80 minutes. To call it a "work", though, may be misleading, since this is very much a sequence of separate numbers, some of which are very short, and many of which end in expectation of further comment. The performance, despite a characteristically shrill and brittle Soviet recording, re-

veals a lot of charm and fantasticality, along with memories of the early symphonies and memories, too, of the Russian nationalists, to whom Tchaikovsky was close at this time.

The Rachmaninov disc is less worryingly recorded and provides pungently authentic views of the man's less familiar orchestral works, right from the rich, wobbly brass at the opening of the symphonic allegro in D minor he wrote at the age of 18. This and the symphonic poems *Prince Rostislav* and *The Rock* are powerfully delivered by the Moscow Philharmonic under Dmitri Khatenko, though the star performance is Svetlanov's of *The Isle of the Dead*: again thoroughly Russian and mountainous in its melan-

choly swell. But you have to get up quickly to switch off a terrible version of the *Vocalise*.

Paul Griffiths

Russian romantics

CLASSICAL

veals a lot of charm and fantasticality, along with memories of the early symphonies and memories, too, of the Russian nationalists, to whom Tchaikovsky was close at this time.

The Rachmaninov disc is less worryingly recorded and provides pungently authentic views of the man's less famil-

CAMPUS

Europe is hungry for our graduates

Continental companies are seeking British graduates as demand for skilled people increases throughout Europe. In several countries the equivalent of sixth-year education lasts three years, followed by four-year or five-year university courses. In West Germany national service can extend to 26 the age at which graduates start work, and postgrads stay in education until they are 30. So those graduating in Britain at 21 can offer great development potential for foreign companies.

Some British companies, however, are now offering generous sponsorships to bright sixth-formers to catch the best brains. Most present schemes offer a lump sum at the start of every year, and guaranteed vacation work, but students are often put in low-paid, low-status, low-interest jobs. Employers can easily lose their sponsored students because they fail to offer sufficiently interesting work.

The new schemes appear to appreciate these problems and, in return for future services, give training packages and stimulating work experience. One company is even offering overseas residential training to successful applicants.

At the outset the prospects may seem ideal, but after three or four years at college attitudes can change and the once glorious vision of an accountancy career can seem dull when fellow graduates become tour reps in the Seychelles for two years.

I have two friends who found £9,500 jobs and then they worked out what they would have for luxuries. They were shocked to find the £130 a week after tax would disappear into £50 rent, £20 travel to their work in London, and £50 food and clothes. They were left with £10 a week to pay off their overdrafts.

Opportunities are growing, thanks to the British system, Saul Dobney says

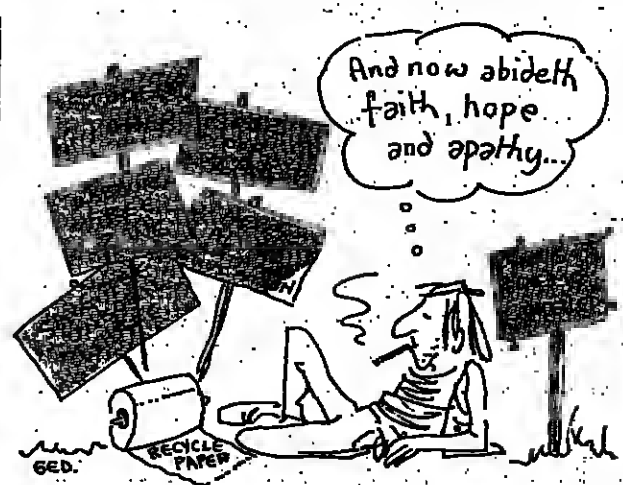
All students seem to believe that employment banishes money problems instantly. There is no apparent need for extra money for graduate trainee managers to settle debts accrued in education, as there is in most other industrialized countries, and this might be a significant reason why Britain has such low management costs. However, there is the odd employer offering an initial lump sum to help to clear debts. It is not surprising that, by the third term, going out to the union becomes quite a chore, and most first-years are looking forward to living off campus, to be with "real" people.

From the number of second-years trying to get back on campus it appears that real people are not all they are cracked up to be. It seems a pity that students are often an insular group and few contacts are made with the local community, leading to misunderstandings between the two groups.

Not that mixing with non-students is always to be recommended. The summer vacation will bring hordes of business people for the conference season. The students often resent their presence, particularly when facilities such as the swimming pool are closed during term time to allow preparation for the conferences.

Then there is the spectacle of the normally sober-suited business people who turn into raving boogymen in the bar as they try to recreate their college days during their expensive-account freebie.

Saul Dobney is a second-year student at Warwick University.



Degrees of division

Whatever eventually happens in Peking, the students there achieved world-wide publicity and gave great concern to their government. Their powerful political statement was "made possible because of a high level of organization and discipline, and because of the strength with which they believed in their demands. China has shown that its young are the driving force of change and social idealism. It is something like this which indicates most clearly the state of our own country and of our own youth.

We have a student population dedicated to apathy. It is not because we have nothing to fight for. It is because we lack those three vital ingredients of successful protest. We lack proper organization, self-control during demonstrations and, in many parts of the country (particularly the South), that *en masse* strength of belief.

At many tertiary colleges, we would be lucky if we managed to persuade 10 people to go on a demonstration taking place barely half an hour away. There are nearly 3,000 students in our college; most of them are doing A-levels and will go on to university or polytechnic. Most of them will be affected by the introduction of the loan system, by the poll tax and the reduction in housing benefit.

The division of groups has always been capitalism's most effective tool. Social identity is lost and so is the need to be represented and protected by a national body. Perhaps the most poignant sign of the extent to which the enterprise culture has affected our society is that this apathy is not restricted to sixth forms and private schools. In these the yuppie mentality may be expected to flourish, but in tertiary colleges, where equality and social diversity would seem to tend towards political radicalism, apathy is rife.

Laura Andrews

The author is president of the student union, Richmond upon Thames College.

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THE TIMES

THE WEEK AHEAD

Pin-up girl: Negoda in *Little Vera*

When the star of a Soviet film becomes *Playboy* magazine's covergirl of the month, one wonders if *glasnost* can go any further. The lady is Natalya Negoda; the film is *Little Vera*, an unblinked look at the least rosy aspects of Soviet life. In Russia, the film notched up 50 million spectators in three months. Many were possibly drawn by a brief nude scene — mild by Western standards, but sufficient to inflame local passions. "This is not a woman, this is a German dog!" one irate viewer wrote to Negoda, a young actress from the Youth Theatre of Moscow, cast as the aimless, lusty teenage heroine. Others have been more supportive: "Don't worry about people who say you are crude and vulgar. You have shown how we really have to live." The film's origins are pre-*glasnost*: Maria Khmelik, the director's wife, wrote her script in 1983. But Negoda's exploitation by the Western media — *Playboy* and all things Soviet. Metro (01-437 0757). Screen on the Green (01-226 3520), and Minema (01-235 4225), from Friday, certificate 15.

CINEMA

GEOFF BROWN

SING (PG): Minor addition to the teenage musical genre, with Lorraine Bracco as a Brooklyn teacher struggling to organize the school's annual talent show. Cannon Oxford Street (01-530 0310), from Fri.

BROKEN NOSES (15): Off-beat portrait of former Golden Gloves champion Andy Mineker. Directed by Bruce Weber. Screen on Baker Street (01-935 2772), from Fri.

WAXWORK (18): Flippant thriller about college kids trapped in a waxworks museum where the monsters come to life. Directed by J. Arthur Rank's great-grandson, Anthony Hickcox. Screen on the Green (01-226 3520), from Fri.

WATCHERS (18): A botched laboratory experiment produces a hairy orange monster called Occam. Cannon Pantons Street (01-930 0631), from Fri.

Plácido Domingo and Rosalind Plowright in Verdi's *Il trovatore* at the Royal Opera House, this week

The Royal Opera's new *Il trovatore* with Plácido Domingo singing the role of Manrico for the first time in this country, marks the start of a major cycle of Verdi's Spanish operas, all to be designed and directed by Piero Fagagnoli. Fagagnoli, whose Covent Garden production of Puccini's *La fanciulla del West* helped to rehabilitate the opera world wide, will eventually be providing the direction, design and lighting package for *La forza del destino*, *Ernani* and *Don Carlos*. His

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA: David Black's new opera, *The Plumber's Girl*, has further performances on Tues and Fri at 7.30pm; Elliott Moshinsky's warm, mellow revival of *The Master Singers*, strongly cast, continues its run tonight and Thurs at 5pm; and *Don Giovanni*, now conducted by Michael Lloyd, rolls on with performances on Mon, Wed and Sat June 10 at 7pm.

OPERA
HILARY FINCH

Trovatore looks set to reach the widest audience of them all. After a gala performance on the first night, in aid of the Royal Opera House Trust, the performance on June 13 will be relayed live on Radio 3, and on June 19 the opera will be live on Channel 4 and also on the big open air screen in the

Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, London WC2 (01-836 3161).

OPERA NORTH: Back in Leeds with their fine new *Boris Godunov* (Thurs and Sat June 10); with Peter Gil's production *The Marriage of Figaro* (Tues); with Helen Field in *Madama Butterfly* (Wed) and *The Pearl Fishers* (Fri). All operas start at 7.15pm. Grand Theatre, Leeds (0532 459351).

Covent Garden piazza which is, of course, free. Rosalind Plowright plays opposite Domingo as Leonora (as she does on the DG recording); Eva Randova, whose powerful Janáček performances still ring in the memory, sings her first London Azucena; the Russian baritone Sergei Leiferkus is the Count di Luna, and Willard White the Ferrando. Wednesday and Saturday June 10: Also June 13, 16 and 19. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, London WC2 (0) 240 1200, 7.30-11pm.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA: Back in Cardiff with a new production, by Giles Haverall, of Strauss's *Arcturion* on Thurs, conducted by Sir Charles Macarerras. Opens Mon. Also on Thurs. On Wed their new, heavily handed *La sonnambula*; and on Tues and Thurs their ever-popular *La Bohème*. All operas start at 7.15pm. New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 394844).

DANCE

ROYAL BALLET: Three more performances of *La Bayadère* led by Fiona Chadwick tonight, Maria Almeida on Tues and Viviana Durante on Thurs. Covent Garden, London, WC2 (01-240 1066).

PILOBOULUS: Return visit of American company which goes in for eccentric situations, movement and titles. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Avenue, London E1 (01-278 8916).

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET: This week's programmes at Milton Keynes include *Les Sylphides*, *Lazarus* and the comic *Pinocchio* (Fri) today and Monday; *Petrushka* with two display ballets, *Chorus* and *Themes and Variations*, Tues-Thurs; and *Giselle* on Fri. The Big Top, Central Milton Keynes (0908 682622).

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE: Robert de Warren's production of *Coppelia* is at the Wyvern Theatre, Swindon today (0793 24481), then Tues-June 10 at the Opera House, Manchester (061 831 7766).

PHOTOGRAPHY
MIKE YOUNG

"I've found a young girl with a dream of a face...". Ivor Novello said to the photographer Angus McBean in 1936. He was talking about Vivien Leigh, whom he had cast in *The Happy Hypocrite*, and he asked McBean to take the production pictures. McBean confesses to have fallen in love with Leigh by the end of the first night, beginning a love affair conducted exclusively through the camera lens. Some months later, Leigh asked McBean to take some "ordinary pictures" of her, one of which was to be the one she sent to the producer David Selznick in Hollywood as her opening gambit to secure the part of Scarlett O'Hara in *Gone With The Wind* and it has remained McBean's favourite. *Vivien: A Love Affair In Camera*, photographs by Angus McBean is on show at Zelda Cheate Gallery, 8 Cecil Court, London, WC2 (01-836 0506). From June 9 to July 7.

GALLERIES

THOMAS ROWLANDSON (1756-1827): Watercolours and prints by the most humorous satirical painter and caricaturist of Georgian Britain. Ackerman, London W1 (01-493 3288). From Wed.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART DEGREE SHOW: MA students in painting, printmaking and sculpture show off their work and provide an opportunity for small collectors to speculate comparatively cheaply. Royal College of Art, London SW7 (01-584 5020). From Wed.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900): Architectural and natural history drawings. Ashmolean Museum, Oxford (0865 278000). From Tues.

JOHN PLAYER PORTRAIT AWARD: A selection of the best from over 700 works submitted from an open submission for this important annual prize. National Portrait Gallery, London WC2 (01-930 1552). From Fri.

Julie Walters and Brian Cox play "unexpected" lovers, a cook and a waitress working in Manhattan, in *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*, which begins performance this week. Terence McNally's two-hander, an Off-Broadway success, is directed by Paul Benedict, who directed the original production. During a break from rehearsals, I spoke to Cox, an award-winning leading man with the RSC for the past few years. He said: "It's a study in urban loneliness; the couple is out glamorous at all, they have very down-to-earth jobs and they are ordinary, normal people. I took it because it's a new play, the writing is sassy and has an edge; and it was a chance to work with Julie, which is not something you turn down lightly. To do a two-hander with a strong partner really puts you on your mettle: you have a chance to develop a close relationship. The dialogue is very New York, and the accent is a chal-

THEATRE

TONY PATRICK

enge, but as a Scot I grew up on American films; it was years before I ever saw anything in English, you know! I have enjoyed all the work I've done with the RSC, especially at Stratford, which I think has a marvellously relaxed atmosphere, but I am enjoying the break from ensemble work, and being in the West End is very convenient. I intend to go back to Stratford if they want me, though. The range of parts I played for the RSC is wide: I have a natural weight as an actor, but within that I have been fortunate to get variety. But this is very different. Not that it's fluffy or light romance, but it is a change. *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*, Comedy Theatre, Pantons Street, SW1 (01-930 2578). Previews from Wed. Opens June 14.



Julie Walters and Brian Cox in McNally's off-Broadway success

ROCK

DAVID SINCLAIR

THE HOUSE OF LOVE: Fashionably wasteful rock in an Echo and the Bunnymen/Jesus and Mary Chain vein. RCA, London SW1 (01-830 3647). Mon for six nights.

BOB DYLAN: Crusty old folk singer. SECC, Glasgow (041 248 3000). Tues: NEC, Birmingham (021 780 4133). Wed: Wembley Arena, Middlesex (01-902 1234). Thurs.

MANU DIBANGO: The "Makossa Man" world music fusionist from the Cameroons via Paris. Support is Zairean soulful/Afrobeat star Ray Lema. Royal Festival Hall, London SE1 (01-928 3191). Tues.

LOVE AND MONEY: Scottish soul-pop hopefuls still trundling round in support of their *Strange Kind of Love*. University of Hull (0482 445351). Wed: Leeds Polytechnic (0532 430171). Thurs: Royal Court, Liverpool (051 708 4321). Fri.



Eagerly awaited: Lou Reed on tour

Among the most eagerly awaited shows of the year are Lou Reed's first English dates since the release of his acclaimed *New York* album. After such a long period of decline, few would have credited Reed with the wherewithal to pull off such a startling renaissance. Not only has he converted his faded junkie doodlings into a witty and savage contemporary social critique but, with sales of *New York* currently standing at 100,000 in the UK and half-a-million in America, he has also become a bankable proposition for the first time since the mid-Seventies, when he enjoyed a string of successes including *Transformer* and *Berlin*. At 45, he manages to retain his impeccable street credentials and take part in TV commercials for Honda motorcycles and American Express. For the London shows he appears with a two guitars/bass/drums backing band. The first half will feature virtually the whole of *New York* while the second half will be a "greatest hits" selection. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, London Palladium, W1 (01-437 7373); July 4, Wembley Arena, Middlesex (01-902 1234).

JAZZ

DAVID MURRAY: The American saxophonist, somewhat mellowed of late, performs with Ralph Peterson Jr (drums) and Ray Drummond (bass). Midlands Arts Centre, Birmingham (021 440 9338) tomorrow; Bath Festival: The Guildhall (info 0225 463382) Mon; Greenwich Festival: Blackheath Concert Halls (info 01-387 8687) Tues; Four Bars Inn, Cardiff (0222 374962) Wed; Band On The Wall, Manchester (061 832 6625) Thurs; Queens Hall, Edinburgh (031 668 2019) Fri; Phoenix Arts Centre, Leicester (0533 554854) Sat 10.

MARKEUS STOCKHAUSEN: Material from the trumpeter's recent ECM album, with Simon Stockhausen on keyboards. Bath Festival: Arncliffe, Bristol (info 0225 463382) Wed.

THE MUSIC OF BENNY GOODMAN & ARTE SHAW: Performed by clarinetist Randolph Cooke, the Ray Wadsworth Big Band and the Bingham String Quartet. Queen Elizabeth Hall, London SE1 (01-928 8800) Mon.

CONCERTS

ALL BRAHMS: Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts the RPO in Brahms's *Tragic Overture*, *Symphony No 1* and, with Shlomo Mintz (violin) and Lynn Harrell (cello), the *Double Concerto*. Barbican Centre, Silk St, London EC2 (01-638-8891). Mon, 7.45pm.

SOUNDS OF SASS: The soprano Sylvia Saxe sings songs by Liszt and Richard Strauss to the accompaniment of Miklos Harazdy (piano). Wigmore Hall, 36 Wigmore St, London W1 (01-638-8891). Tues, 7.30pm.

SOUNDS OF SINOPOLI: The Philharmonia is conducted by Giuseppe Sinopoli in Mozart's *Don Giovanni* Overture, Piano Concerto K 482 (Alicia de Larrocha, soloist) and, with Lucia Popp (soprano), Mahler's *Symphony No 4*. Festival Hall, South Bank, London SE1 (01-928-8800). Wed, 7.30pm.

PERAHIA/SOLT: Murray Perahia solos in Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4 as Sir Georg Solti conducts the LSO. Then comes Brahms's *Symphony No 4*. Barbican Centre, Thurs, 7.45pm.

BROADCASTING

INSIDE STORY: As Britain decides whether to allow television cameras into court, a report from New York on how the networks covered the case of Joel Steinberg, the lawyer accused of murdering his adopted child. BBC1, Wed, 9.30-10.20pm.

DR BILLY GRAHAM: The showman evangelist, who is soon to begin another crusade in Britain, submits his life and beliefs to the sharp questioning of psychiatrist Dr Anthony Clare. Radio 4, Thurs, 7.20-8.00pm.

LE JOUR SE LEVE (1939): Jean Gabin holed up in his garret as the police move in to arrest him for murder in Marcel Carné's classic of French cinema pessimism. BBC2, Fri, midnight-1.40am.

BRIDGE

How I wish I could have £1 for every time I have shivered with indecision as I faced the responsibility of finding an opening lead that could spell victory or defeat in an important match. Finding good leads consistently requires knowledge, judgement and a good stock of luck. It is a subject on which the majority of books devoted to defence offer scant advice. Usually you will find a ranking list of preferred leads, starting with such solid favourites as KQJ, AKQ, QJ10, and concluding with the despised KJx, Qxx and xxx. This has some value where it indicates the correct card to lead from a particular combination, but overlooks far more important strategic considerations.

The only reliable guide to finding the best lead is the bidding. Whereas on one sequence a lead may be admirable, on another it may be at best purposeless. The first question a defender should ask himself is: should I make an aggressive or a passive lead? The answer, once again, can only emerge from a study of the bidding.

There are two salient principles, obvious enough perhaps, but essential to assimilate if you are to apply your mind logically to the problem. (1) Was the bidding confident, implying that the opponents may have reserves of strength; or was it tentative, suggesting that the contest will be closely fought, with one trick making the difference between success and defeat? (2) Is the eventual contract a part score, where the loss of a trick may be more important than the loss of a tempo?

Let me give a few examples of confident and tentative bidding:

South	North	South	North
1NT	3NT	1NT	2NT
2NT	3NT	2NT	3NT
3NT	4NT	3NT	4NT
4NT	5NT	4NT	5NT

In all the confident sequences North's hand may contain hidden reserves of strength. In the tentative sequences both North and South have limited hands, indicating that they have stretched their marginal assets to try for game.

Against no trump contracts, beginners are taught to lead the fourth highest of their longest suit. Fair advice for beginners, which should be modified as they learn but seldom is.

Suppose as West you hold this hand:

♠	A Q 10 5 2
♥	J 10 9
♦	7 2
♣	9 8 4

and you have to find a lead after these three bidding sequences.

South	North
(1) 1NT	No
(2) 1NT	2NT
(3) 1NT	3NT

(1) My selection would be the ♠7, because the defence will usually have time to find the switch.

(2) Now the ♠7 stands out. North has shown length in spades by inference, so the

spade lead is worse than useless.

(3) Here the spades represent by far the best chance, so the aggressive lead of the ♠5 is justified.

Now a different hand. This time, as West, you hold:

♠	K Q J
♥	8 7 2
♦	K J 4 3
♣	9 6

and listen to these sequences:

South	North
(1) 1NT	3NT
(2) 1NT	2NT
(3) 1NT	1NT

(1) This is straightforward; no need to look further than the book lead of the ♠K.

(2) The bidding has been most revealing. South has a good balanced hand whereas North is weak (remember he could only bid three hearts over 2NT). And his main asset is a little shape. A trump lead stands out, provided you think about the problem.

(3) The setting is entirely different. North has given a delayed game raise. Left to himself declarer will probably have tricks to spare. The best hope lies in developing a diamond trick before declarer can establish dummy's spades for discards. So you select the "despised" small diamond from KJxx.

The same hand, three different leads! Surely an artificial, constructed example? Not at all. It happens every day.

Jeremy Flint

CHESS

Farley Williams Tournament, City of London, May 24. Reti Opening (by Transposition).

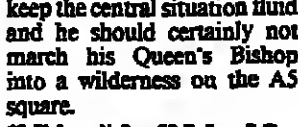
1 b3	Nb6	2 b2	g6
3 Nf3	Bg7	4 g3	0-0
5 e4	e5	6 Bg2	0-0
7 0-0	Bg4	8 Nc3	Nb7
9 d4	Bx2f3	10 Bb2	0-0
11 e5	Bb7	12 Bb1	Qc7
13 Qc2	Qc6	14 Nf1	Bb8
15 Bg2	Qb6	16 a4	a6

Black has emerged from the opening with a virtually impregnable position, and hereabouts he offered a draw. To his credit, Sadler declined, even though his opponent is a Grandmaster. Nevertheless, in spite of this optimism about his own prospects, White still has to proceed cautiously.

White: Matthew Sadler. Black: Danny King, Watson

WINNING MOVE

In the diagram, White can win swiftly. What is White's winning move?



To enter The Times Winning Move competition, send your answer on a postcard with your name and address to: The Times Winning Move Competition, The Times, 1, Pall Mall, London, W1 4DQ. The first three correct answers drawn on Thursday next week will win a valuable personal chess computer. The winners names and the winning move will be printed next Saturday.

The winners are: D. Clayton, London; Steve-on-Trent; P. Oat, Hill Drive, Leighton Buzzard; S.J. Hammett, Coker Road, Sutton.

White to play and mate in two moves.



The above position is the first stage of the Lloyds Bank Problem Championship. To enter send White's first move only to Lloyds Bank Chess, 76 Lambscroft Avenue, Motttingham, London SE9. Mark your solution: The Times. Answers must arrive by July 1. Correct solutions qualify for a postal stage followed by the final next year.

Please send your name and address with the solution.

wrong. He should not stabilize the centre, since this permits Black to strike back with ...c5, which he promptly does.

21 e4	Ng4	22 b4	end4
23 e5	Ng4	24 b5	end5
25 e6	Qb6	26 Qd4	end6
27 f3	Nb6	28 Bb2	end7
29 Ne2	Rd7	30 Rf1	end8
31 Ne3	Rd7	32 Qe2	end9
33 Ne4	Rd7	34 Ne5	end10
35 Ng1	Nd4		

Black now dominates the centre. Black's newly created "e" pawn will slice right through White's position.

White resigns.

RAYMOND KEENE

Sadler's next move is also

LLOYDS BANK COMPETITION

The above position is the first stage of the Lloyds Bank Problem Championship. To enter send White's first move only to Lloyds Bank Chess, 76 Lambscroft Avenue, Motttingham, London SE9. Mark your solution: The Times. Answers must arrive by July 1. Correct solutions qualify for a postal stage followed by the final next year.

Please send your name and address with the solution.

WORDSTRING ANSWERS

Cars: Saab, Vauxhall, Jaguar, Renault

Writers: Swift, Lamb, Shakespeare, Hardy

CONCISE CROSSWORD NO 1887

Prizes of the Collins Concise Dictionary will be given for the first two correct solutions opened on Thursday, June 8. Entries should be addressed to: The Times Concise Crossword Competition, 1 Pennington Street, London, E1 9XN. The winners and solution will be announced on Saturday, June 10.

Across	Down
1 Consented (6)	1 Spruce (4)
2 Two-faced (5)	2 Forgive me for all (7,6)
3 Time period (3)	3 Always foliated (9)
4 Sex with kin (6)	4 Perceives (7)
5 Recapture (6)	5 Containing barium (5)
6 Belt scabbard loop (4)	6 Favourite (3)
7 Daybreak (8)	7 Mann Leverkorn story (6,7)
8 Scratched grippers (6)	8 Bullet casing (9)
9 Wine jug (6)	9 Expat (4,3)
10 Paul's Cypriot supporter (8)	10 Chewing leaf nut (5)
11 Drive out (4)	11 Choose (3)
12 Dexteros (6)	
13 Unusual thing (6)	
14 Flightless Australian bird (3)	
15 Of birth (5)	
16 Very tiny (6)	

There were no prizes for last Saturday's Jumbo Concise crossword, but there is still time to enter the Jumbo Crossword competition. Prizes of £50 will be given to the first five correct solutions opened on Monday, June 12. Entries should be sent to: The Times Jumbo Crossword Competition, The Times, 1 Pennington Street, London E1 9XN. The winners and solution will be published on Saturday, June 17.

SOLUTION TO NO 1886

ACROSS: 1 Spruce 4 Forbid 9 Bespoke 10 Tones 11 Rife 12 Hezomb 14 Ballad 15 Sutra 16 Kedgee 20 Stud 22 Uicer 23 Brioché 25 Earner 26 Depend

DOWN: 1 Sob 2 Restful 3 Coop 5 Outcasts 6 Banjo 7 Dash 8 8 Tels 11 Rubik Cube 13 Carefree 16 Attract 17 Derby 19 Decor 21 Site 24 End

Name _____

Address _____

THE NED SHERRIN COLUMN



I got picked up by the captain of England last week. It was an errand of mercy on David Gower's part, not a momentary lapse of taste.

I had made one of my habitual mistakes and turned up at Famiglia a day early to have lunch with Dirk Bogarde to discuss *Being Alive*, the mammoth Sondheim concert which Artists Against Aids are organizing at Drury Lane this Sunday to raise funds for a hospice in Edinburgh. We share some narrating chores. In fact Mr Bogarde was due 24 hours later, but Mr Gower, spotting a lonely old gentleman lunching alone, took pity on me.

Names named, points scored

I see the editors of the *Guinness Book of Records* are this week scrapping their revolting over-eating awards. I suggest they substitute a new category for those who really screw things up the most. It is my one chance of getting into the book or on to one of David Frost's thrilling television dramatizations of the Gospel According to McWhirter. I made another attempt to qualify two weeks ago in this very column.

I confessed to telling the theatre director Allan Davis (I spelt his name incorrectly, too) a story which he had told me years ago and getting it all wrong. In recording his correction I repeated my original mistake. Now for the record and particularly for Miss Googie Withers and Lady Richardson, who have been phoning poor Davis in a fury and blaming him, the unsuccessful Priestley play in question was not *They Came to a City*, it was *Johnson Over Jordan* (1939). Directed by Basil Dean, it had music by Benjamin Britten and Davis, who was the stage manager, confirms his "very modern discordant music for the decadent second act nightclub scene". (Worth resurrecting?)

"I well remember the slim, young (25) blond, curly haired, casually dressed composer sitting at the grand piano backstage - not at all a Basil Dean type. Dean's *gallere* was aggressively 'normal' or so he thought." *Johnson Over Jordan* starred Ralph Richardson, Edna Best and Victoria Hopper. Lady

Richardson says: "Ralph was never in *They Came to a City*... That was a rotten play!" But Googie Withers is incensed because she did star in it, with John Clements in 1943. It ran for 278 performances and she says it was by no means a flop. Mind you, some of my correspondents agree with Lady Richardson.

Dermott Barry, writing from Dublin, describes *They Came to a City* as "poor stuff. Priestley at his worst - verbose and idealistic". David Kirk, a theatrical producer also mentions another play, *Music at Night*, for which a theatrical score was written. "That was not successful either, but I think Priestley usually blamed the war and the early days of the blackout..." For a socialist Priestley was a very hard businessman, still charging repertory companies a 10 per cent royalty for *Dangerous Corner* a play for which he said he wouldn't cross the street to see a performance, when it was 30 years old.

No wonder Priestley could afford to make his familiar boast when he was asked what he would do if he won £100,000. "I've got £100,000," he replied grumpily. "Yes, but what if you won another £100,000?"

To get back to David Gower's luncheon invitation, it could not have been a happier occasion. The host's manner was suitably laid back and the air rang with famous nicknames like "Both" and "Gat" and "Lambey" and I soon felt an integral part of the cricketing establishment. Trying to get on terms I enquired after "Goochey" only to be met with blank stares. I stumbled to explain - "Oh, that's Zap," he said. Apparently Gooch owes that sobriquet to his fierce Zapata moustache. Gower himself has several nicknames, including "Lupo" - not because his electric blue eyes make him look like a werewolf on television, but because of a riotous night on the town in Western Australia at a joint called Lupo's.

Recorded deliveries

The next day it was back to matters theatrical with Mr Bogarde, but no less enjoyable. The Sondheim concert, a luxury line-up in the presence of the Master, is the climax of a series of celebrations of American songwriters. Two weeks ago a shoal of stars exhumed Cole Porter's *Nymph Errand* at Drury



Lane; and Michael Feinstein was at the Dominion to record a solo concert for BBC television. Feinstein is cornering the keyboard entertainer market but his repertoire has always been thin on funny numbers. Of his peers, Peter Greenwell is definitive in the Coward repertoire and Steve Ross has long mined at the Cole-face.

However, Feinstein has now revived a useful novelty by a British-based team, Dick Vosburgh and Trevor Lytleton. It is a song from *A Day in Hollywood* a *Night in the Ukraine*, a skillful lexicon of movie clichés. It sent me scampering back to some unsolicited notes from David Climie, berating me for not quoting Vosburgh more freely as an original wit. His vision of a television show starring Fanny Craddock and Lionel Blair, to be called *Butch Casserole and the One Dance Kid*, landed up in self-respecting anthologies; and *Private Eye* found a place for his fable about a beautiful Welsh lad who, in 1916, was placed in a crate tied with pink ribbon and sent to Dublin with a label reading: "Morgan, a suitable treat for Casement."

Climie also points out that Vosburgh is the Savonarola of the lyric and the scourge of sloppy lyrics. He once sent a telegram to Tony Hatch (co-writer of the themes for *Crossroads* and *Neighbours*) which read: "Congratulations on new jingle. Loved the rhymes." At a colleague's party, a guest stepped on the hand of the crawling baby daughter of the house. "Who trod on you, Jacqui?" Vosburgh cried. "Who was it? Just point him out and I'll write for him!" Vosburgh's working habit is to sit

in a studio throughout a long day's shooting and emerge from a pile of foolscap with one short but very good joke immaculately set out in printed letters. Script writers often resent their ungrateful treatment at the hands of comedians who grudgingly deliver their hard achieved jokes without thanks. When one of Vosburgh's sons was about eight, he voiced an ambition to be a stand up comic. This got the ears of the BBC's *Nationwide* team, who booked him for the programme. The proud father escorted the comic to Lime Grove. In the taxi he offered him a joke. The boy considered it: "No," he said finally, "it isn't me!"

Mrs Vosburgh, apart from bringing up a large family beautifully and dabbling in antiques, is an enthusiastic specialist in crochet - so enthusiastic indeed that another colleague ungalantly dubbed her "the woman who knitted Islington".

Upscale eating for now people

I had intended to keep off the subject of food for a while, but a man must eat and in the course of so doing I came across a phenomenon at Orso: black pasta. Pasta, white as the driven, came (I had always heard) from China, courtesy of Marco Polo; so maybe Richard Polo who runs Orso is trying to improve on his famous namesake-ancestor. The Chinese had noodles at least as early as the first century AD, although *nudel* is a German word. Leaping forward to the 18th

century, we get the industrial pasta revolution with the first pasta machines in Naples; 100 years later Marinetti, the Futurist writer, was blaming these pale, farinaceous strips for "the weakness, pessimism, inactivity, nostalgia and neutralism of my countrymen". Most of it is white so whence this black pasta craze? Florence Fabricant has been researching the same subject for *The New York Times*. The chef at the Everest Room in Chicago learnt to make black pasta and, of course, risotto in Venice. Rice, coloured black with the ink of squid or cuttlefish is a commonplace in parts of Italy and Spain. At the River Café in Brooklyn they make black couscous, using black olive paste as a colouring agent.

Why is black suddenly so beautiful? Fabricant quotes the answer: designer food. "Black edibles are now held in high esteem... Black has more drama; the customer reacts positively to black because it has an upscale professional feel."

Black rice, black pasta, black mushrooms, black truffles, black olives, black beans and *norí* (a black Japanese seaweed) are running riot in New York, as well as blackened Cajun food and gleaming decorations of black caviar. At a club in Washington black pasta is called "Midnight Noodles". What is more, you can buy black pasta and cook it at home.

In a desperate attempt to keep up with the black-Joneses I have just had lunch: black olives, black pudding and black grapes on sparkling white plates. Goodness, I feel upscale professionally, but then any excuse for black pudding is welcome.

BRIAN SEDGEMORE

If I were...

If I were Edwina Currie, the former minister whose conduct provoked more bad jokes about eggs than anyone thought possible, I would prepare the nation for a shock. I would express surprise that none of the lobby correspondents has yet suggested that it would be a masterstroke on the part of the Prime Minister to catapult me into the Cabinet in her next reshuffle. I would remind everyone that my preference would bring sparkle and verve to a team of men whose popularity is fast diminishing. As dark clouds gather over the Government, I would invite the country to savour the fact that there are more imaginative alternatives to replacing a Foreign Secretary with a Secretary of State for the Environment who too often can be seen polluting the corridors of power with smoke and ash from his fags. If, for the moment, my becoming Foreign Secretary seems unrealistic, I would not be too disappointed to take Cecil Parkinson's job at the Department of Energy for my first Cabinet post when he gets his expected promotion.

Edwina Currie combines an ambition that is so great that not even she could satisfy it, with an arrogance that only mediocre bores could find offensive. MPs of all parties admire, fear and envy her capacity to attract publicity. Her successor at the Department of Health, Roger Freeman, whose name is not on anyone's lips, must wonder why his own ambition is not made of sterner and similar stuff.



... Edwina Currie

Edwina Currie has other endearing characteristics: she has a sense of humour and claims that middle age has given her a kind of serenity; she thinks that poor Northerners will live longer if they eat muesli; and she's a doer who can run, think, talk to herself, make speeches and clear her head, all at the same time. If I were Edwina Currie I would make it clear that I was aiming at the top or thereabouts, hopefully enabling me to avoid the irksome task of working my way through the Cabinet pecking order which runs from the Ministry of Agriculture to the premiership itself.

So I would bypass my female rivals for imminent promotion by publicly praising Lynda Chalker for being sound and denying that she was dull, and by insisting that Angela Rumbold tried hard to make a success of things. I would cover my back in Parliament by apologising, in my forthcoming book, for at first refusing to appear before the select committee which was studying the salmonella scare, and then by treating their questions with disdain. I would make it clear to the Prime Minister, although few shrewd observers in Whitehall and Westminster would believe it, that she had nothing to fear from me, and indeed, would have my loyal support to her dying day. If I were honest with myself I would admit, as I once did in an article for *The House Magazine*, that I am fed up with coming second and that since then I have thought a lot about becoming Prime Minister.

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SPORTS BOOK OF THE WEEK

Growing pains of a champion

There has never been a fighter quite like Sugar Ray Leonard. In a time when the sport of boxing was dominated by heavyweights, he, almost single-handedly, elevated the lighter weight classes to popularity and large purses. In a game often called the blood sport, and frequently criticized as being no sport at all, Leonard has shown that in the right hands it becomes, in the words of A. J. Leibling, of the *New Yorker*, the "sweet science". Leonard has shown that a boxer need not be "owned" by promoters, managers and trainers to be successful, and that a boxer's career can be operated much like a corporation, independent of crooked deals and cigar-filled rooms with which boxing has long been associated.

For his independence, and for his success, Leonard has consistently been criticized, and has never been fully accepted by the international boxing fraternity. Charges that he has always had it too easy and has never really paid his dues have dogged him throughout his career, and indeed, such charges have at times been well founded. Hardly alone in retiring from the ring with some frequency, he has been singularly successful in returning to fight in matches of his own choosing rather than those that boxing tradition dictated.

But until he was 14 years old, Leonard did not seem the type of kid who would ever get interested in boxing. He was a shy loner, seemingly too insecure to put himself on the line. He was also skinny, and strenuous physical activity, except for soccer, was the last thing that interested him. People now say that Sugar Ray is a born boxer, and indeed he has made that statement about himself, but no one, least of all Leonard himself, had any inkling of his native talent until he was a teenager.

Ray Charles Leonard was born on May 17, 1956, in Wilmington, North Carolina, where his father, Cicero Leonard, a former Navy cook, worked in the local Coca-Cola plant. Ray was the fifth child and fourth son born to Cicero and Getha Leonard, who liked the singing of Ray Charles, the blind pianist, and named her newest son in honour of him.

There were a lot of dreams in the Leonard household, but little reality on which to base them. Wilmington was a typical Southern town where blacks had to keep their place and where there were few opportunities for education or advancement. The elder Leonards were concerned about the poor schooling their children would inevitably receive and about their own seeming inability to get ahead. One day in 1960, Cicero Leonard walked home from work, packed up his family, and moved them all to Washington DC.

At the time, the nation's capital was as racially segregated as any city in the Deep South, with statutes requiring blacks to sit at the back of public buses and streetcars, whites-only restaurants and water fountains, and other forms of *de jure* segregation. Ray had his first experience of racism in that city a few years later. He wandered into a small cafe, intending to ask for a drink of water. A man behind the counter at the counter said: "No niggers in here! Get out!" Frightened, Ray ran all the way home.

In Washington, the Leonards soon found that housing was more expensive, and more downmarket, than back in Wilmington. After entering school, Ray realized for the first time how poor he and his family were. In their neighbourhood on Avenue L, everyone was as poor, if not poorer. But at school Ray encountered children who obviously had much more than he. They had new clothes for the start of school, while Ray always wore hand-me-downs from his brother. Roger, who was three years older, could afford the dollar everyone was supposed to bring for class field trips, but there was never a dollar to spare in the Leonard's household.

Roger and Ray's other brothers, Roy and Kenny, were always out playing sport, from basketball to baseball to athletics. Ray wasn't interested. He sat around the house reading comics. Once, when he was about seven, he accompanied Roger to the local boys' club, where there was a boxing programme, and watched Roger spar with another boy. Every time Roger was hit, Ray shut his eyes tight. An instructor tried to get Ray involved by strapping a pair of gloves on him and shoving him in the direction of another seven-year-old who was similarly equipped, but who was obviously more prepared for combat. "I thought

the kid was going to kill me," Ray recalled years later. He survived the brief contest, but suffered a splitting headache and decided that boxing was not for him. Ray had joined the local church choir and had a nice singing voice. That he could sing well gave him some sense of accomplishment, but his brothers looked as if being in a choir was not the sort of activity a normal boy would engage in. By the time he was nine, Ray had begun to feel that he should excel in something physical, if only to prevent his brothers from teasing him. So, with some neighbourhood boys he began to practise his version of gymnastics. There were a number of abandoned houses in the neighbourhood, and the boys would drag old mattresses out of the houses and line them up at the back of a two-storey house. Then they would go up to the roof and jump down on the mattresses. Ray practised until he could perform a somersault in the air before he landed. Unfortunately, his brothers regarded this activity as kids' play and were not impressed.

When Ray was 11, his family moved in quick succession to Seat Pleasant, Maryland, and then to their own house on Barlowe Road in Palmer Park, Maryland. There money was as tight as ever in the Leonard household, because now there were mortgage payments to meet. Because he was a loner, adjusting to new surroundings wasn't all that difficult for Ray. He recalled years later that the most he ever said to most people was "Hi", and that he chose to be by himself because he had so little to say. Not for him the fighting for territory that marks the experiences of most new kids on the block or at school. When teased or challenged, Ray simply fled. At least in Palmer Park he found a friend in Derrick Holmes, a boy about his own age. Derrick was outgoing and popular, and took Ray in tow. Following Derrick's lead, he tried a variety of sports, including basketball, wrestling and cross-country running, but without success. He didn't even pursue his gymnastics after landing on his head while attempting a backflip. Ray decided he was not cut out for athletics of any kind.

Around the same time, when Ray was 14, a recreation centre was built in Palmer Park to give youngsters in the mostly black, working-class area a healthy outlet for their energies. The local shopping centre had become a hang-out for bored and restless kids, and drug-dealing and prostitution flourished. Merchants complained that the kids were scaring away their customers and lobbied for a recreation centre. The Parks Department opened the Palmer Park Recreation Centre in 1970 to great fanfare. The facility had a well-equipped gym, with a concentration on basketball, which was the sport of choice for most Palmer Park youths.

But Roger Leonard was a notable exception. According to Ray, as soon as the family arrived in Palmer Park, Roger started talking around with a pair of boxing gloves slung over his shoulder. He went often to the local shopping centre, but not to hang out; he was always looking for some guys who would help him set up a makeshift ring and take him on. When the Palmer Park Recreation Centre opened, Roger was delighted to learn that one of the volunteer coaches, Dave Jacobs, was a former boxer.

Jacobs held a firm conviction that sport was the best way to channel young people's energies, as it had been for him. In 1949, as a young man, he had won a district Amateur Athletic Union featherweight title and had subsequently turned professional, doing well as a middleweight. Ollie Dunlap, the Centre's director, listened to Jacobs and was willing to start a boxing team, but when he approached the Parks Department for funding he was rebuffed. When Jacobs and Dunlap persisted, they managed to secure a small amount of seed money for a programme — enough to cover the price of a couple of punching bags. Jacobs raised more money in the form of small donations from local merchants to buy boxing gloves and scavenged junkyard for a dresser mirror, in front of which the kids could practice their shadow boxing. He took strips of tape and marked out a "ring" on the Centre's basketball court. He then furnished the makeshift ring with tumbling mats. Jacobs decided that the first skill he would teach his young fighters was balance.

Roger Leonard was one of the first to



Sugar Ray Leonard is the most successful boxer of modern times. He reached the pinnacle of the amateur game by winning a gold medal at the Montreal Olympics. As a professional he has won world titles at five weights. But, as James Haskins relates, there could scarcely have been a less likely future champion than Ray Leonard as a child

join the boxing programme. Derrick Holmes was not far behind. Ray demurred for a time, but after a while he decided he could no longer put up with his brother's constant teasing question: "Where are your trophies, kid?" He joined the programme. Dave Jacobs later recalled his first impression of Ray Leonard — a shy, unco-ordinated, skinny kid who didn't seem to have a shred of confidence. When asked to put on a pair of gloves and strike a boxing pose, Ray put his fists up in the air, copying the poses he had seen of boxers who were famous 50 years before. Jacobs stifled a laugh. The kid was going to need a lot of work.

The first thing Ray discovered was that boxing was a painful contact sport. He got headaches, nosebleeds and black eyes. He would come home from the Centre, eat dinner, and immediately go to bed, taunted unmercifully by his brothers. But he kept at it. He was determined, he said, "to show my brothers that I was a boy like them, that I was tough, too". For several months Ray went through sheer torture, grimly determined to show that he was tough. He seemed to invite punishment. He actually challenged David Jerry, an older, hard-hitting boxer who had already knocked Roger Leonard around. Ray was a light-heavyweight; Ray a featherweight. It was a short bout. Ray was knocked down and suffered a bloody nose. Frustrated as well as hurt, he cried.

But, little by little, he was improving. Dave Jacobs could see that Ray's co-ordination had improved, and he had begun to develop a dancing style like Muhammad Ali's, because he didn't like getting hit. Jacobs cooed that he rarely had to be shown a technique more than once. Ray, for his part, although he was in almost constant pain, could feel himself getting more skilled and stronger. He no longer moped around home after school. He went straight to the Recreation Centre. He got up at 5 o'clock in the morning to run around the halffield behind his house with Derrick Holmes and other youngsters in the boxing programme.

Ray quit the church choir when he was 14½. By the time he was 15 he was boxing in local competitions. But no one in the family took Ray's boxing seriously. He begged his brothers to come to the Centre to watch him, but they had

other things to do. Cicero Leonard was equally uninterested. He seemed to have formed an opinion about his youngest son that nothing could change. He gave the kid credit for trying, but Ray just wasn't the type of son he could understand. Never had been. He wasn't cut from the same cloth as the rest of the men in the Leonard line. Cicero Leonard's father had been a sharecropper, and a man of legendary strength. It was said he could make a stubborn mule go down on its knees with one punch. Cicero Leonard inherited his father's strength, and when he was a boy he dreamed of growing up to be like his boxing idol, Joe Louis. Cicero felt he knew what it took to be a boxer, and he was convinced that Ray did not have it.

So when Cicero Leonard finally agreed to watch his youngest son fight, he went reluctantly. He was still half-convinced that his son would lose and embarrass both of them. But what he saw that Saturday night amazed him and erased all scepticism from his mind. Ray in the ring was aggressive and confident. In fact, Ray in the ring was an entirely different personality. His eyes were steely, his jaw set — it was an expression his father had never seen on his face before. And his boxing! The kid was a natural — quick, smart, able to take advantage of his opponent's mistakes. Ray won that fight, and his father felt a pride he had never thought his youngest son would evoke in him. The kid really had something! Why hadn't he ever seen it? At last young Ray Leonard had proved himself to be the people who were most important to him.

In the spring of 1971, at the age of 15, Ray went up against Bobby Magruder, out of the Hillcrest Heights Boys' Club a few miles away from Palmer Park. Magruder was much older and reputed to be one of the most talented fighters in the area, having already been successful in the Junior Olympics and Golden Gloves championships. There was considerable local rivalry between the two recreation centres, and between the two towns, so when the match was made it caused great excitement.

Ray was nervous about the match, and when, at the last minute, Dave Jacobs had to leave to do a family errand, Ray was suddenly frightened. Fortunately, Janks Morton, Jacobs' assistant in the Palmer Park Recreation Centre boxing

programme, stepped in. "You're gonna beat him, Ray. Just keep cool and move," Morton advised; and Ray followed that advice, winning a three-round decision and considerable local fame. "From then on," Ray recalled later, "I knew I was a fighter."

The problem for Jacobs and Morton now was to find local competitors who would challenge him. Finding few real challenges locally, Jacobs and Morton began to think in national terms. In 1972 Ray competed in and won the annual Golden Gloves championship in the lightweight class. Later in the year he reached the quarter-finals in the AAU national tournament, beating fighters five and 10 years older than himself. In fact, Ray was so good he was allowed to join the 1972 AAU national team which competed against teams from other countries.

At the age of 16, Ray was not supposed to be on that team. By international amateur athletic rules the minimum age for competition was 17. But the AAU boxing chairman, Rollie Schwartz, decided not to make an issue of Ray's age. Schwartz went through the formalities, asking Ray how old he was, and when Ray put on an innocent face and said 17, Schwartz did not question him further, for in his opinion the national team needed Ray, no matter what age he was. Schwartz believed that Ray Leonard was

the best amateur lightweight boxer in the United States, and with competitors like the Soviet national team, the United States needed its best fighters. Besides, the men who were on the AAU national team would get a chance to be in the 1972 Olympics.

Leonard had his first experience of international competition when the Soviet Union came to Las Vegas, Nevada. He also had his first taste of domestic travel, which he loved. Seeing the names of stars on the marquee of the big clubs on the Las Vegas strip, and actually seeing the comedian, Redd Foxx, and the former welterweight and middleweight champion, Sugar Ray Robinson, at ringside was a thrill for him.

He also discovered, however, that he missed the familiar things of home — his mother's cooking, his own bed, the daily comings and goings of his brothers and sisters. He didn't like living in a dormitory atmosphere with the other boxers. This was part of the sport of boxing that he did not much like. But he understood that it was necessary.

In the ring at Las Vegas, the first Soviet opponent he faced was at least six years older and far more experienced. Ray flattened him with a single left hook seconds into the fight. He was knocked down in his next bout, but beat the count and proceeded to get his revenge by knocking out his opponent in the third round.

After his strong showing against the Soviet Union, Ray was being touted as a sure winner in the 1972 Eastern Olympic trials, which were being held in Cincinnati, Ohio. Dave Jacobs went to Cincinnati with Ray, aware that Ray was still not old enough but wanting to see how far he could go.

There, Tom "Sarge" Johnson, an assistant coach on the Olympic boxing team, noticed Ray right away, and it is he who is credited with giving Ray the nickname "Sugar". One day, while watching Ray work out, Johnson turned to Jacobs and remarked: "That kid you got is sweet as sugar." There is some question about when he made the remark — some say it was later, at the final trials in Fort Worth, Texas. But there is no question that it was "Sarge" Johnson who gave Ray the nickname he has carried ever since. Johnson died not long afterwards in a plane crash in Poland.

Ray won his initial bouts with ease, then advanced to the semi-finals. His opponent, Greg Whaley, was a native Cincinnatian, a hometown boy. Whaley landed early with some good punches, but Ray realized they hadn't hurt him, and he did more counter-punching than usual, landing several good hooks and rights. When the bell rang to signal the end of the three-round bout, Ray stood in the ring waiting for the referee to grab his arm and raise it in victory. He was dumbfounded when the announcer said "Whaley" rather than "Leonard". He walked around the ring in circles, dazed, as Dave Jacobs shouted protests at the judges and many in the crowd booed the decision. Only when Jacobs entered the ring, threw his arm around Ray's shoulder, and led him back to the dressing-room did Ray begin to realize he had lost. It was a new experience for him.

There was one more chance to make the team — the final box-off at Texas Christian University in Fort Worth where teams from the various armed services competed. Ray was invited to these final trials, and after much string-pulling he went to Fort Worth as a member of the army team. Ray was under a great deal of strain. For a long time he had simply enjoyed boxing, with no real goals beyond winning the next fight. As he watched Jacobs and others scramble to get him on the army team, the idea that he ought to be on the Olympics struck him full force. He knew he had one more chance, and he believed if he muffed it he would be letting down everyone who cared for him.

Ray got worried, so worried that he couldn't sleep at night or keep food down. But he kept pushing himself. The day before his last-chance fight he was running around a track at Texas Christian University when he collapsed from exhaustion. Dave Jacobs realized he had been pushed too hard. He knew he could take Ray back to the locker room and let him rest awhile, hoping he would feel better and manage to compete the next day. He could also tell Ray right there that he was taking him out of the competition. But either course would mean hurting Ray's ego. So, Jacobs took Ray to the army team's doctor, and it was the doctor who disqualified Ray from the next day's competition, much to Jacobs' relief, and also, secretly, to Ray's.

Ray went home, wiser and more experienced, and with a new nickname of which he was exceptionally proud. He intended to continue boxing, but he didn't have his heart set on making the 1976 Olympics boxing team until he watched the 1972 Olympics and saw Sugar Ray Seales win a gold medal. He recalled: "It suddenly dawned on me how close I'd come to going to the Olympics and how important it was to win a gold medal. . . I vowed that 1976 would be my year."

Sugar Ray Leonard is published by Robson Books, price £12.95

HOCKEY

England heed lessons

By Sydney Friskin

England, a match down against Australia with two to go, left Preston yesterday afternoon for Leicester to prepare for the second game of the international series at Luton today. Reflecting on the 3-1 defeat on Thursday night, Bernie Cotton, the team manager, said: "We learnt a few lessons and shall get down to correcting our mistakes. We did not check the flow of their game as they did ours."

England knew that the weight of Australian opposition would involve a few hard knocks but although Faulkner left the field with a sore knee, the injury was not serious. Apart from that, there are no fitness problems for today's match.

The immediate concern is for tighter midfield play and a steeper flow up front, particularly along the flanks. At centre forward, Kerry could have better luck as it is hard to imagine him going through two successive matches without scoring.

Cotton is certain, however, that whatever the outcome of the two remaining matches — the next one is at Leicester tomorrow — England will have had the best possible preparation for the Champions Trophy tournament starting in West Berlin on June 10, which will be a testing ground for the World Cup at Lahore next February.

The Australians, whose visit is their first since winning the World Cup in 1986, seem to have solved many of their problems by finding suitable replacements for those who have retired. Corbett, aged 17, is regarded as the best Australian prospect for many years.

CRICKET

Lewis answers Dorset call

Minor Counties review by Michael Austin

Richard Lewis, the former Hampshire batsman, will make one of the quickest returns from retirement when he reappears for Dorset in the Minor Counties Cup first-round game against Cornwall at Sherborne School on Sunday.

Lewis, who has an arthritic hip and had decided not to play this season, resumes after missing only one match in which Richard Merriman, the Dorset opening batsman, suffered a broken left forearm against Backinghamshire last Monday.

Merriman's injury prompted Dorset to pursue Lewis, aged 41, to make himself available again, at least for one-day games. They hope Merriman will be fit for the NatWest Trophy match against Kent at Canterbury on June 28.

Oxfordshire, who meet Hertfordshire at Stevenage on Sunday, have enjoyed quick benefits from signing Stuart Watkinson, the former Kent and Northamptonshire wicketkeeper. Watkinson made 127 on his debut against Oxford University and then scored an unbeaten 146 in his first championship game against Wales.

Confusion about the starting time for the statutory last 20 overs prompted Geoff Ellis, the Wales captain, to give Oxfordshire half-an-hour too long to make 254 and they won by five wickets with four balls to spare.

Wales call upon an eminent newcomer to Jonathan Griffiths, the former Wales rugby union scrum half, for Sunday's game against Shropshire at Pershore, Shropshire, Griffiths, now

at St Helens rugby league player, is a prolific run-scorer for Lancashire.

Simon Halliday, of Suffolk, not to be confused with his rugby international namesake who has played for Dorset, scored a maiden championship hundred against Cambridgeshire at Framlingham College in this week's series of matches producing excellent performances from captains.

Nigel Gadsby, who leads Cambridgeshire, made a hundred against Suffolk, and David Surridge, of Hertfordshire, returned seven for 65 against Lincolnshire, whose new captain, Neil Priestley, began with an innings of 60 in a three-wicket defeat. John Moyes, Cumberland's captain, scored 71 against Bedfordshire.

The champion, an RAF PTI at High Wycombe, was on the title course last Sunday but found the short, steep hills interrupting his rhythm. Even so, his time of 52min 48sec took two minutes off the course record.

As the British hill climb titleholder, Boardman, who led the Manchester Wheelers to victory in the 1000m national time trial, may be more at ease on the Worcestershire hills.

Steve Curtis, twice the world Class One champion, has coaxed more power out of his 38ft Lamborghini engine to his 38ft catamaran, Reporter, and rates his championship chances highly this year. He and his mechanics have also modified the hull and produced slightly more lift to give the boat the edge it was lacking last season.

This weekend Curtis is chasing more European championship points in the Adriatic off Venice and is much more confident of success than he was last year when Reporter, then a new craft, developed major mechanical problems. By the time they were ironed out, he had lost too much ground on the rest of the fleet and finished fourth in Europe.

So far this year he has finished

POWERBOATING

Curtis lifts his hopes

By Bryan Stiles

second at St Tropez, third at Nice, but failed to make it to the finish line a fortnight ago in Monaco when he "dropped a valve and blew an engine." He is convinced that problem has been sorted out and goes to Venice in a happy frame of mind.

He lies second in the European championship table, with 525 points, 125 behind Luigi Ridice, of Italy.

Mike Standring knows he has a difficult task staying out in front in the British four-litre offshore championship. He won the first event in the 14-race class but had to be content with the runners-up spot in the second when Neil Holmes took the honours in his revolutionary catamaran at Torquay last Sunday.

Yachting diary Prominent figures seek safe position

By Barry Pickthall

Many of the leading names in ocean racing, including five Whitbread veterans, will attend the Yachting Safety at Sea conference in London on Wednesday. This meeting of the Royal Ocean Racing Club (RORC) will address the shortcomings of man-overboard equipment that were shown up during a series of comparison tests conducted by *The Times* last month.

Those taking part include John Bourke, the chairman of the Offshore Racing Council (ORC), the French yachtsman Jean Louis Fauré, the chairman of the ORC's special regulations committee who is representing Union Course au Large, and Alan Green, the racing secretary of the RORC.

Chay Blyth, who competed in the first and fourth Whitbread races, will represent the British Steel Challenge and Robin Kass-Johnston, who skippered the US Yacht Racing Union's *Alone* Challenge during the second Whitbread marathon, is taking up the cause for solo skippers, and for those planning to compete in next year's RORC Around Alone Challenge in particular.

Commander Ian Bailey-Willmot, who skippered the Joint Services entry, *Adventure*, during the inaugural Whitbread race in 1973, will attend on behalf of the Royal Naval Sailing Association which organizes this race. Also attending is Commander David Lewellen, the commanding officer at the Joint Services Adventure Sailing Training Association, while Captain John Bond, director of the US Yacht Racing Union, will give the conference via a transatlantic telephone.

Bill Anderson, the cruising secretary of the Royal Yachting Association, will also share his considerable experience of man-overboard rescue stories with Bill Edgerton, the RYA/RORC keelboat coach, who organized *The Times*/James Capel Crewsearch scheme last year.

The conference is the first stage in a research programme to be conducted by Dr Richard Allan, director at the RAF Institute of Aviation Medicine, to develop effective location and flotation and recovery techniques in time for this year's Whitbread event, the British Steel Challenge, in 1992 and single-handed races.

Search policy under review

A compromise could be in sight in the controversy that has developed between skippers in this year's Whitbread race and the RNSA organizers over their disqualification clause for crews who lose a man overboard and fail to recover him dead or alive.

Last month, Admiral Charles Williams, the chairman of the Whitbread committee informed much of the yachting world when he stated that the rule was brought in to combat commercial and competitive pressures that might otherwise inhibit skippers from making a full search.

Now the New Zealand skipper, Grant Dalton, competing in his third Whitbread race, has suggested that in the event of loss of life, the entire crew should sign individual declarations to satisfy the committee that a full search had been made.

Dalton, who was one of the first to write a protest note to the committee on the issue and has since had a reply saying that the RNSA is now reconsidering the matter, said: "I think the rule is totally wrong. I don't believe it is necessary to penalize a whole project that way. They are making crews sign declarations on everything else and maybe it is better that the crew sign one covering this. It is a measure to win comes into play."

Trial absence

Britain's Admiral's Cup team selectors have accused Graham Walker, a yachting judge, of being "indulgent" which finished second at last month's One Ton Cup from competing in the British trials at Kiel Week last month. Her inclusion in the team which appears to be a formality.

Out of action

Tony Ballimore, who was re-elected to his position of Spirit of Apricot pitch-poled last month, said yesterday that it would be impossible to re-rig the yacht in time for this month's Round Britain race. A new rig must be ready in time for the yacht to compete in the Round Europe race next month and in the meantime, he is looking to charter a trimaran.

SQUASH RACKETS

Dunlop entry drawn from a variety of ages

Some indication of the high-ranking enjoyed by squashes in the list of participation sports is provided by the entry for this year's Dunlop Champion of Champions tournament which starts its regional stages in five weeks around Britain today (Colin McQuillan writes).

Regular players are said to total about three million in Britain and 10 million worldwide. The probable combined club membership of more than a quarter of a million will have competed in local tournaments to produce about 200 top champions entered in the Dunlop event this year in male and female fields in London, Coventry, Edinburgh and Glasgow.

The youngest champion is Donia Leves, aged 13, who represents Dunelm Mill in East Grinstead. The oldest is Mike Westrup, aged 47, the champion of Beckenham, Kent. The field includes a world champion, Averil Murphy, the best veteran woman player in the game, aged 41, and the champion of Connought Club in Essex.

Michael Seely meets the royal trainer with a formidable hand in Wednesday's Derby

Nashwan breathes fire into Hern

As Nashwan turned to walk home after a pre-Derby gallop on the West Ilsley downs on Wednesday, the fluidity and ease of the big-race favourite's loping stride was breathtaking.

"He moves like a panther," says Dick Hern, rolling his shoulders in imitation as the trainer sat watching in his grey Mitsubishi station wagon.

The impact of the superbly athletic Nashwan on the fortunes of Hern and those dependent on him in the Berkshire village could hardly have been more dramatic.

The trainer himself, 69 and still confined to a wheelchair, after his hunting accident over four years ago, has taken on a new lease of life on the arrival of the new equine superstar.

Willie Carson, at 47, in the twilight of an outstanding career, also became supercharged with adrenaline as he tried to brow-beat his fellow jockeys into capitulation before the 2,000 Guineas.

"Of course it's exciting," he says, "for everyone concerned. And the possibility that this could be the best horse I have ever ridden is also exciting, to say the least."

Even more remarkably, the strength of the applause and the warmth of the reception accorded to the trio of Nashwan, Hern and Carson at the unsaddling enclosure at Newmarket was almost certainly instrumental in persuading the Queen to give the trainer a further year in her stables in 1990.

Recalling the displays of triumph as Carson punched the air in exultation and a bearded friend of Sheikh Hamdan Al-Maktoum raised his arm high in a victory salute as he led Nashwan in, Hern says: "I don't know what the crowd felt but they gave us an exceptional ovation. That moment will always be one of the highlights of my life."

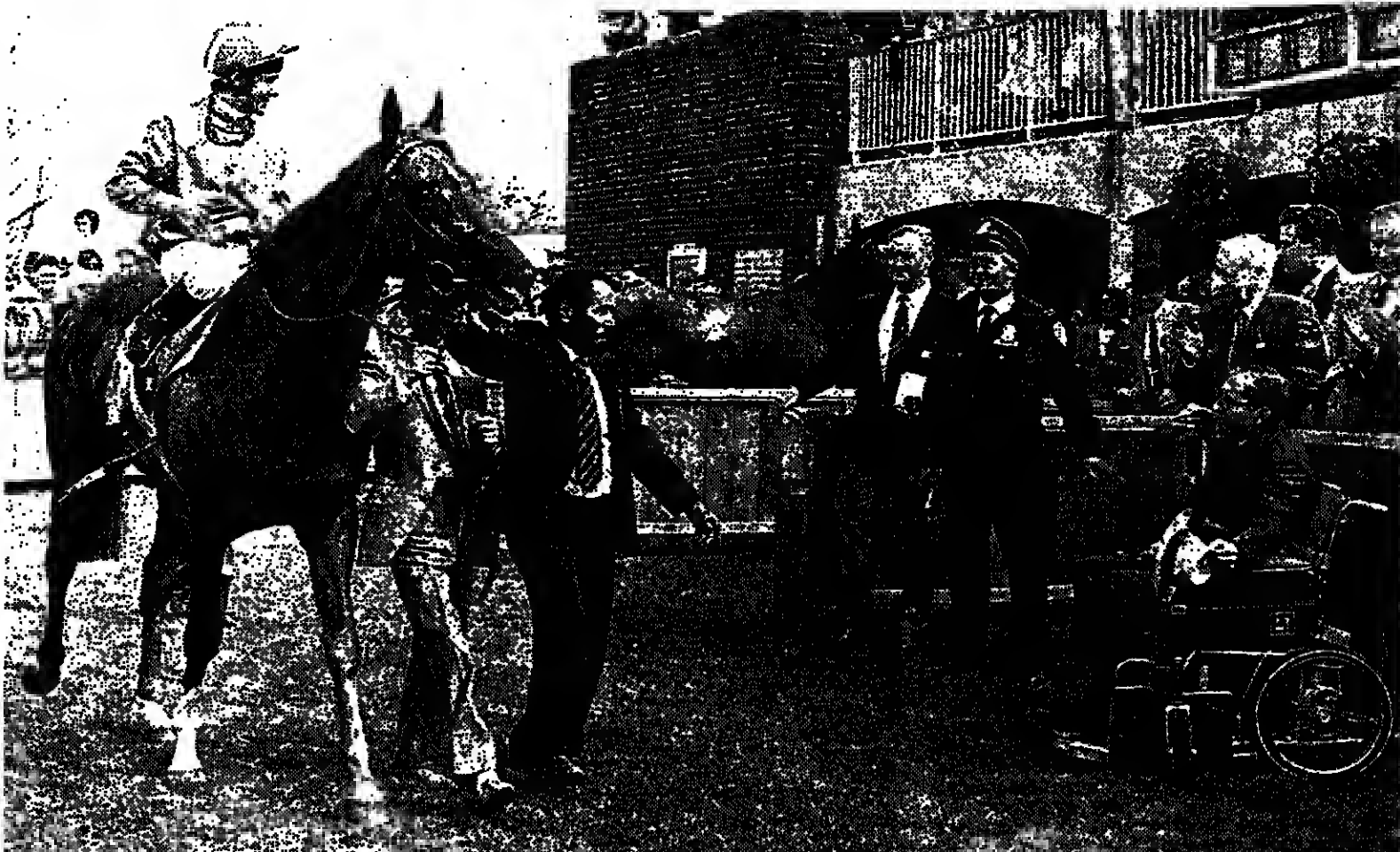
The countdown before any big race is nerve-racking for a trainer, particularly before the Derby. The most powerful racehorse has fragile legs and the prevailing firm ground is a nightmare for all.

Both Nashwan and Prince Of Dance, his stable companion and a well-backed third favourite for the Derby, are already fit. They were both galloped over the full Derby distance for the only time at Newbury last Saturday. On Wednesday the pair did only sharp six-furlong sprints.

Carson, on Nashwan, had been instructed only to move up to his lead horse in the last furlong. The jockey's red and white quartered cap was only a speck in the distance as the horses approached in a hitherto north-east wind.

Nashwan seems to float over the ground and in the twinkling of an eye the lengthy chestnut colt quickened to pass his workmate at the top of the hill.

In direct contrast, Prince Of Dance, a strider is all hard, pounding effort. But the more



Nashwan, Willie Carson and Dick Hern receive a memorable ovation after their 2,000 Guineas triumph. Will the scene be repeated at Epsom on Wednesday?

compact bay is also at his powerful peak and was running strongly at the finish.

The old turf of the summer gallops is like a springy carpet, although in the drought, the ground is rock hard underneath. "No horse has worked on this particular strip for four years," said the trainer, as Oliver Gaisford St Lawrence, his driver and general help, went over to test the going with a stick.

After each group has worked, the horses walk silently past the trainer's vehicle. "More than anything else, I miss riding with the horses," he says. "To see how they have taken their work, whether they are sweating or starting to think a bit. I can see, but it is not the same. You have to adjust."

Neil Graham, the assistant trainer, Gordie Campbell, the head lad, Marcus Tregorran, Buster Haslam, the travelling head lad, and others were all hustling around. At different moments, Carson and Brian Procter, the chief work rider, came up for brief discussions. "Whereas I could feel a leg in days gone by," Hern went on, "now I have to rely on others to do it. Of course, I can still see if a horse is getting a prominent joint or spot any irregularity in his action."

He then talked about the vital back-up team, many of whom have spent their working life with this superb horseman.

"They know what I have done on previous days. We have been lucky enough to have had a lot of good horses

at West Ilsley. The work riders are vastly experienced. If they tell you that a horse has given them a good feel, they know what they are talking about."

Earlier I had stood with Sheikh, the trainer's magnificently loyal and determined wife. Looking at Nashwan, the talisman of their revived fortunes, she said: "He has always had such an air, such presence. I felt he was trying to tell us something all last season. Above all I wanted Dick to be up here training him again this year."

My interview took place inside the comfortable Old Rectory, surrounded by a canopy of sheltering trees with a well-kept garden. The trainer sat at his office desk beneath a picture of Carson on Troy.

Even last autumn, when both Prince Of Dance and Al Hareh were winning pattern races, the word was already being noised abroad that Nashwan should be the pick. But by the end of the campaign, the dark horse had only won minor races at Newbury and Ascot.

During the winter, the development of a splint necessitated a halt to Nashwan's preparation for his three-year-old career. "I was worried because he was only working and trotting in mid-February. They miss a lot of food when they are only doing that at a time when the others are on full rations. You can't go on stoking a boiler without letting off steam."

"When Al Hareh disappointed in the Craven, Sheikh Hamdan was keen on

going for the Guineas but I was still worried that it would encourage me to do more than I should with him. He is so willing, he always does everything we ask. So on the testing soft ground in the spring, I worked him only with animals that were very inferior to him, so it wouldn't take too much out of him."

Then, on Saturday, April 22, came that spectacular gallop, the result of which had the bookmakers running for cover soon after the offices opened at 9am.

"It was an extraordinarily good piece of work and I realized then that he was out of the ordinary."

During the next fortnight, Nashwan was backed from 16-1 to 7-2 favourite. "The dogs were really barking. It was very exciting. I knew now he was the best and fastest miler. I had trained since Brigadier Gerard and he has a mile and a half pedigree which made it look better still."

Nashwan is on target to attempt to give Hern his third win in the Derby and his seventeenth British classic success.

"He was stone fit on Guineas day and my main consideration in the past fortnight has been to keep him sound on the firm going."

Although Nashwan is sired by the miler, Blushing Groom, he is out of Height Of Fashion, and is therefore a grandson of Highclere, a winner of the 1,000 Guineas and French Oaks for the Queen.

"I am reasonably certain he will get the trip. Busto is a strong influence for stamina

and Highclere finished second to Dahlia in the King George."

Carson is more emphatic. "He was really digging in at the finish of the Guineas. I have no doubts about his stamina and I would welcome a strongly-run race."

Foreigners are not the only people who wonder that our most important horse race is run over the crazy switchback circuit of Epsom.

"It has got tremendous prestige and rightly so. The horse that wins it has got to be very adaptable to go down the hill, round the bend and also to gallop on a camber that slopes away to the left."

After the Guineas, Hern silenced the doubters by saying that Nashwan could gallop down the side of a house. "He has such a good action and such beautiful shoulders. I am sure he will handle the hill."

Like Nashwan, Prince Of Dance is unbeaten (apart from a disqualification on technical grounds). And yesterday Steve Causton went to West Ilsley to partner his likely big-race mount for the first time.

"He should stay all right as he is out of a Leger winner, Sun Princess. But he needs his knee a bit and might find the track a bit difficult. But he never knows when he is beat and is going to be a tough nut to crack. It is disappointing they have to take each other on because they are both such good horses."

Like everyone, Hern is keenly aware of the threat posed by Caocethes, Guy Harwood's impressive winner of the Lingfield Derby Trial. "He is obviously a relentless

galloper. He has won over the full distance and can handle firm going."

Together with Vincent O'Brien, Hern is the last of the great classic trainers of a golden era, which also included the late Sir Noel Murless.

He is currently holding his own against such dynamic modern professionals as Henry Cecil, Michael Stoute, Guy Harwood and Luca Cumani. "The competition is keener than ever. There has been such an influx of American-bred stock of the highest quality during the past decade."

On the eve of the Guineas, Hern said he was going to Newmarket "with all flags flying and all guns firing." It will be the same at Epsom on Wednesday when Nashwan and Prince Of Dance face the starter.

Next season, Hern will be sharing the facilities at West Ilsley with William Hastings-Bass and will have to find alternative accommodation if he is to continue operating in 1990.

The idea of retirement remains anathema to this remarkable man, who is idolized by his fellow professionals and most of the racing world.

"I don't want to give up as long as I feel as good as I do now. It is a way of life and all I know. If I retired, what would I do when I got up in the morning? Read a book or write my reminiscences?"

Old Vic to register memorable win

From Our French Racing Correspondent, Paris

Old Vic can give owner Sheikh Mohammed his first success in a European Derby in the Prix du Jockey-Club Lancia at Chantilly tomorrow. Elmyer, trained by Paul Kellaway, adds further British interest to the classic, which is being screened live on Channel 4.

Cecil has long maintained that the son of Sadler's Wells would run at Chantilly only if the ground is good or softer. The going is currently on the fast side of good but his short-term inconvenience Old Vic despite his trainer's protestations.

Old Vic's recent success in the Dalham Chester Vase was his most impressive, scattering the course record on very fast ground. While that form is nothing special, Old Vic is still improving and his ability to maintain a relentless gallop

should enable him to bludge the speed of Gaietto, who looks the chief danger.

Jack Charles Cunningham makes of no secret of his high regard for Gaietto, who sprinted away from Elmyer in the Prix Lupia recently. But Elmyer

was making his seasonal debut on ground too fast for him, and in any case he is not top-class.

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Classic Fame carries O'Brien Derby hopes

From Our Irish Racing Correspondent, Dublin

Vincent O'Brien yesterday confirmed that he intends running Classic Fame in next Wednesday's Ever-Ready Derby.

This colt sustained the first defeat of his career when finishing fifth behind Shaadi in the 1000 Guineas, but O'Brien reported: "The race, his first of the season, has brought him on a lot and I am sure that he will appreciate the extra half mile at Epsom."

Classic Fame goes to the name of Classic Thoroughbred, and this company badly needs a good performance to restore public confidence.

Since the start of the week, the shares have shed most of their 40 per cent of their value with a Dublin Stock Exchange drop of 28p down to 16p.

O'Brien's personal holding, valued at £2 million a month ago, is now worth just over £750,000.

The Irish National Hunt Steeplechase Committee has done away with the tradition of 100 years in covering the National Hunt season with the calendar year. The change was brought about by pressure from breeders who wanted to be able to combine statistics for jumping successes in both England and Ireland.

At Fairyhouse this afternoon, the feature event on the last day of the jumping season is the Porter Joubert Amateur Derby. The top weight, Dublin's Cog Hardi, will start favourite to complete a treble, having won his last two starts over hurdles.

Decrepit theatre for classic performers

A series of weekly reports on Britain's racecourses

No 40: EPSOM

Wailing sirens, weeping children, the baying of dogs, the presence of so many obvious pickpockets. Almost as threatening as the women who sell beer. As the columnist Jeffrey Bernard once pointed out, if the heather is as lacy as they say it is, why are they selling it?

Admission to the Club stand on Derby day is restricted to holders of annual badges, which cost £75, and their guests. Men are required to wear morning dress. Entrance to the Grandstand enclosure costs £15 but you will be lucky to see anything of the race.

There is really no solution. The private boxes are crumbling not just the litter, or the noise (the third-hand of helicopter blades, the baying of dogs) but the presence of so many obvious pickpockets. Almost as threatening as the women who sell beer. As the columnist Jeffrey Bernard once pointed out, if the heather is as lacy as they say it is, why are they selling it?

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THE GOOD RACECOURSE GUIDE

The course has a colourful history but at times it has been a level one. Early Davises dashed beneath the horses of the King's horse; a wretched aristocrat shooting himself after the Derby, because he was in too deep.

They are depressing stories and Epsom has a habit of bringing out the sadness in people. Three years ago, just as the Derby was about to start, a party of us watched a naked figure do a backflip from the roof of an open-topped bus, pursued by 25 notes. He was the best but lost his place on the bus.

And then there was the man who threw a log-roll as the Derby field entered the straight; the roll became entangled with the goggles of the French jockey Yves Saint-Martin so that for a while he could not see. He could have been killed.

The atmosphere on Derby day is actually quite unpleasant. It is

not just the litter, or the noise (the third-hand of helicopter blades, the baying of dogs) but the presence of so many obvious pickpockets. Almost as threatening as the women who sell beer. As the columnist Jeffrey Bernard once pointed out, if the heather is as lacy as they say it is, why are they selling it?

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Musical Bliss fears allayed

By Michael Seely

Michael Stoute allayed fears that Musical Bliss is an unlikely runner for the Oaks at Epsom next Saturday as the trainer attempts to win the filly's classic for the third time with the 1,000 Guineas winner, Alysha and Knosch.

"She was slightly stiff behind after working on Wednesday," he said, "but she's alright now. However, she'll be galloped again on Sunday instead of tomorrow."

Three bookmakers removed Musical Bliss from their main list yesterday, but were prepared to offer the Musical filly with the proviso of a run.

Corals have cut Alysha to even, with Snow Bride 3-1 and Musical Bliss 3-1 with a run. Hills made the filly the favourite from 2-4, Snow Bride 7-2 from 5-1 and offer 5-2 Musical Bliss with a run. Hills also report support today for Stoute's third entry, Knosch, and has reduced her odds to 16-1 from 33-1.

City Index, who initially withdrew Musical Bliss from their list, later re-instated the Guineas heroine at 3-1, but with no 'with a run' proviso.

Ladbrokes chose not to alter their prices, which remain: 13-8 Alysha, 11-4 Musical Bliss, 3-1 Snow Bride, 8-1 Testa, 25-1 base.

Although Walter Swinburn, the stable jockey, is expected to confirm tomorrow that he will be partnering Alysha, the Aga Khan's impressive 3-year-old looks a mighty tempting offer against a filly who is already the decisive winner of a classic.

Sixteen left in Derby

There are 16 five-day acceptors for the Ever Ready Derby at Epsom next Wednesday. However, four, Edinborough, Cypre, Norbert and Old Vic have been declared for tomorrow's Prix du Jockey-Club and are unlikely runners.

The acceptors, with probable riders where known, are: G. Stacey's Classy Fame (J. Red); Edinborough; Flockton's Own; Gran Alpa (B. Rouse); Ille De Nisky (G. Duffield); Luc Cypre; Mill Pond (Pat Eddery); Nashwan (W. Carson); Norbert; Old Vic; Polar Run (A. Clark); Prince Of Dance (S. Causton); Termon; Torjoun (C. Cochrane); Warrsao (W. R. Swinburn).

Crow has chance to take lead

Point-to-point by Brian Beel

A downpour on Wednesday has eased the going and should ensure good-sized fields at Bratton Down this afternoon for the point-to-point.

Lucy Crow has an excellent opportunity to take the lead in the ladies' championship as Mandy Turner, with whom she presently shares the top spot, is without a ride.

Her best opportunity may be Saddle Lake, a winner at the Tredgare Farmers' last Saturday, and likely to be her representative in the ladies.

TRAVEL



Peak viewing: the majestic Mount Robson, the highest in the Canadian Rockies, which is so often covered in cloud that an estimated one visitor in 3,000 sees this view

Excitement in Alberta

Not all of Canada is dull — some of it is breathtaking and some, as Charles Derwent discovered, is startling enough to make an Englishman in a rented wreck ponder immortality

So flat is the Albertan prairie that Red Deer's antiquated wooden grain silo is visible from half an hour out of town on Highway 56 from Calgary. Thirty more miles of unbroken wheatfield, and white hieroglyphs appear on its side. Only as one crosses the Red City city limits are these revealed as words: "What shall I profit a man," asks the silo, vastly, "that be gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

I include this *mise-en-scène* only because it encapsulates two of the surprises in store for the Englishman driving north in Alberta. First, the land itself maps show all central Albertan highways as straight rows or columns, like a massively magnified New York street grid. The English innocent assumes this to be cartographic licence. It isn't. Highway 56 covers the 250 miles from Crowfoot to Camrose without hinting at a corner; likewise, it eschews hills — indeed, all undulations — largely because there aren't any. My Brobdingnagian Chevrolet, \$17 (£8) a day from Rent-a-Wreck (I do not lie) in Calgary, came with a button mysteriously marked "cruise control", a form of auto-pilot. I turned it on at Camrose and only turned it off to visit Drumheller's astonishing paleontology museum, and to overnight in the clipboard hamlet of Beiseker. In between, cruise control kept us at an unvarying 64, leaving both feet free for tapping along to Radio Alberta's exhaustive collection of Country & Western: all one does is steer.

Truth to tell, there isn't even very much cause to steer, roads being dead straight and other traffic non-existent. What there is in space — a million or so square, flat, deserted miles of it, unimaginable luxury for those normally marooned on a two-by-four North Sea island. Stop the car anywhere (everywhere is anywhere in central Alberta), turn off the engine and Miss Parton, and there it is, above the sibilance of wind in wheat — silence and emptiness, washing over one in a mingled wave of happiness and mild agoraphobic terror.

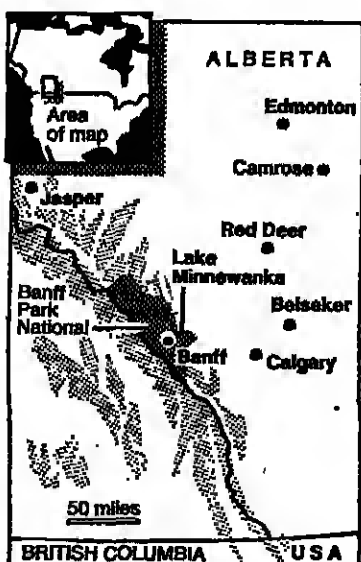
Albertan plainsmen are, not un-

naturally, proud of their land's vastness, and this steersman infiltrates all aspects of their lives. The only thing small about Beiseker, Alta. (pop. 334) is the town itself, a fragile, unpaved dot surrounded by horizonless flatness. A Mennonite community, the town's *Gasthuis* dining room is packed with titanic *plattedeusch* farmhands saving through foot-square slabs of meat called "man of the mountain" steaks. My effete club sandwich drew disapproving stares, the more so when I ignored the proffered fork and picked it up: "Lord," hissed a local Bateman *sotto voce*, above the horrified general hush, "He's eating it with his fingers." Out-couted by 'Albertan farmhands: ah, me.

But Red Deer's eschatological silo, like something from a *Caligula* *film* of the *D'Urbervilles* — and, indeed, the Mennonites themselves — form another side of the Albertan psyche which may surprise the peripatetic Englishman, inscribing the totem of the Province's vastly profitable wheat industry with a text abjuring profit might seem a little ironic, but no irony is intended.

Albertans find no apparent difficulty in serving the twin provincial deities of God and Mammon. Mennonites clip-clop between hugely valuable wheatfields in horse-drawn buggies because the Lord rejects material comfort. Every man-made glade of trees along Highway 56 hides a pretty little timber-framed church, some onion-domed for Russian Orthodox, others more conventionally Protestant or Roman Catholic in design, all serving the spiritual needs of the prairie's invisible congregation. Behind them nod the tireless oil-wells that have made Alberta the Texas of the North.

This theological fugue reaches its crescendo at the end of Highway 56, in the otherwise unobjectionable



city of Edmonton, Canada has had to put up with a lot from tourists who claim to have perceived a certain dullness in the Dominion (W.C. Fields: "I spent a week in Toronto one Sunday"). Al Capone: "Canada? I don't even know what street it's on," and so on and on. They can never have been to West Ed Mall. West Ed Mall is a materialistic behemoth, the world's largest shopping centre, containing under one vast roof, twelve hundred shops, nightclubs, restaurants and hotels, a nine-hole golf course, a two-acre swimming pool replete with submarines, a sandy beach, surfing waves, dolphins and a full-scale replica of Columbus's Santa Maria, an ice-skating rink and a fun-fair with its own, full-size roller coaster. Oh yes: and three churches, all apparently deserted. As the mall itself seems to inspire the sort of open-mouthed reverence Europeans reserve for the interior of Chartres, perhaps it doesn't matter. No; if — as roadside billboards

claim — God lives in Alberta, it is somewhere on the way back to Calgary on Highway 93, between Jasper and Banff.

The Rockies are more like mountains than any other mountain range: even Miss Parton's plaintive odes sound suddenly Wagnerian as the first peaks loom into view, like a mirage. Never can geophysics have been so dramatic. The Rockies are like a slide-show of the Creation — strata frozen in the very act of being thrown up by the Titans, then chewed away again to a fine sand by the millennial thoroughness of glaciers. It is enough to make even the most hard-bitten Englishman ponder immortality in a Chevrolet.

What is especially pleasing about the Albertan Rockies is that, unlike their American (and even British Columbian) counterparts, the provincial authorities have not over-National-Parked their parks with cute cartoon animals in rangers' uniforms. At the same time, Jasper and Banff National Parks provide a wide range of efficiently laid out woodland and mountain "hikes" (Canadian, it seems, do not walk) and by and large unobtrusive accommodation in all price ranges. At the bottom end are log cabin villages, with each four-bed cabin (about \$47/£22.50 a night) receiving a daily supply of logs for its massive stone fireplace, and coal for its barbecue pit, from a central office, whose manager also dispenses helpful tips like, "Look out for the huns if you're hiking to Maligne Falls." (Hardly the pioneering spirit, I thought, hiking off manfully, unaware that huns are Canadian for what eats Antigonus.)

I have always fostered a suspicion that "nature" is simply a synonym for "mosquito bites", and should be Tarnished. No more. Nature in the Albertan Rockies is chucking glacial streams, carpets of minute wild

orchids, and dark, sighing pine forests.

It is also the Athabasca Glacier, which, at 12,000ft, offers blizzards in mid-July: the electric blue Lake Minnewanka, with its canoes, and brown trout fighting each other for your hook; it is the hot springs above Banff which, for a dollar, allow the visitor the surreal experience of sitting up to his neck in steaming, sulphurous water while snowflakes settle whimsically on his nature. Nature in the Rockies is OK.

For the final night on this Albertan loop, it is worth the cost (\$135/£64) of booking into the famous Banff Springs Hotel, built to pine woods a century ago by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to lure tourists to the newly opened West. "Prison for the rich," snarled Tim, the hitchhiking Toronto burglar, as I left him at the gates. Indeed, as his experienced eye had detected, there is a vague resemblance between the hotel's Scottish baronial towers and Colditz: but what a prison. Never mind eating *foie gras* to the sound of trumpets: heaven, I can authoritatively announce, is eating bacon, eggs and maple syrup for breakfast in bed at the Banff Springs, with the swaying tops of pine trees visible through the window.

TRAVEL NOTES

A number of firms offer Fly-Drive packages out of Calgary, including Hickie Borman Holidays, 78 High Street, Ewell, Surrey KT17 9X (01-393 0127); National Holidays, George Street, Wakefield, West Yorkshire WF1 1LY (0924 388888); Canada Air Holidays, 50 Southwell Street, Glasgow G2 3AG (041 332 1511). Travel Alberta, Alberta House, 1 Mount Street, London, W1Y 5AA (01-491 3430) offers travel planning advice, maps, accommodation, lists and discovery guides. I stayed at the simple but atmospheric Beiseker Hotel, Beiseker; a "theme suite" in the bizarre Fantasyland Hotel, Edmonton; a log cabin in Jasper; and the friendly expensive but wonderful Banff Springs Hotel, Banff, all chosen at random from Travel Alberta's Accommodation Guide.

Hidden costs of flights of fancy

Having a valid ticket does not always entitle you to a seat on your flight

FARE DEALS

All regular air travellers become victims of "bumping" at some time or another. Bumping, or to give it correct industry title of "involuntary boarding denial", comes about when a flight is overbooked. When that happens, a number of unlucky passengers are refused a seat even though they hold confirmed seat tickets for the flight in question.

At best, the traveller will be delayed for a couple of hours; at worst, stranded for days on end, thousands of miles from home and at the mercy of airline staff. A few years ago a couple who were booked to fly from Cairo to London via Vienna, found on reaching Cairo airport that the flight to Vienna had been overbooked. And because they were travelling on restrictive, bucket shop tickets, airline staff made no effort to re-book them on alternative flights, neither did they provide any compensation nor hotel accommodation. The couple were simply in Cairo airport until the next flight by their airline, several days later.

Holidaymaker Peter Smith was luckier. His Royal Jordanian Airlines flight to Bangkok via Amman was overbooked out of London. But after an agonizing wait of several hours, Royal Jordanian re-booked Phillips and the other overbooked passengers (many of whom were holding cut-price tickets) on to a Qantas flight. Because the Australian airline flies non-stop to Bangkok (en route for Sydney), Smith actually reached Bangkok four hours earlier than his original flight via Amman.

To ensure that they sell all their seats (and thus earn as much as they can) airlines now routinely overbook their flights to counter the "no show" factor — those passengers with confirmed reservations who fail to turn up for the flight. In most cases the airlines get it right.

What compensation can these victims of overbooking expect? Some airlines offer money as a "goodwill" gesture, but passengers must be delayed for at least four hours before they can claim compensation.

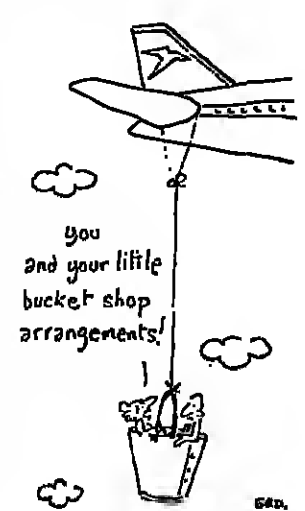
Business travellers form the bulk of the "no shows". Their busy schedules often mean they chop and change bookings without telling the airline and because businessmen usually travel on hugely profitable full-fare tickets, the airlines are loath to penalize them.

Outside the United States, passengers who become victims of overbooking have surprisingly few rights. In Europe, for example, any compensation is paid purely on a voluntary basis. Most local airlines follow guidelines laid down by the Association of European Airlines (AEA), which calls for Denied Boarding Compensation (DBC) of up to £150 per passenger to be paid out when overbooked passengers are delayed for at

least four hours within Europe, and at least six hours when flying from Europe to a long-haul destination. The actual "delay" is based on the original scheduled time of arrival and not any delay in departing.

In addition, for flights out of the United Kingdom, the airlines can either choose to pay the AEA recognized compensation or they can pay compensation along lower BARUK (a local airline body) guidelines. British Airways has its own scheme with different (usually more generous) amounts of compensation. Compensation may not be paid on the spot. Reputable airlines may offer DBC, if only to keep goodwill, but this may not be the case with some Eastern Bloc and Third World carriers.

What about charter flights? In the main, it's "seat only" passengers — those travellers not booked on a package holiday — who are likely to be affected. If you are overbooked, complain to the tour operator's rep at the airport.



AVOIDING TROUBLE

When travelling outside Europe, re-confirm every flight no matter how short your stopover. (Airlines normally require you to re-confirm if your stopover exceeds 72 hours.) If possible, re-confirm in person, at the airline ticket office, especially if flying in the Third World. Insist a copy of the computerized PNR (Passenger Name Record) is stapled to your ticket, which must be validated with this flight details.

If you must re-confirm by phone then note the name/reference of the airline booking clerk. Ask for your PNR number which any good airline should provide.

If you buy your ticket from a bucket shop, check with the airline to ensure you have bookings for the dates/times you require. Also check your ticket is marked "OK/NK" or "KK" in the flight status boxes against each flight.

Buy "seat only" charter flights through a recognized flight specialist — an agency which holds AOA bonding from the CAA or belongs to ABTA.

Alex McWhirter

The author is Travel Editor of Business Traveller.

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Malta	10/6	STN	14	Square Deal	\$229
Greece	22/6	BRS	14	Athina Hotel	\$255
Tenerife	16/6	EMA	14	Square Deal (SC)	\$218
Costa Blanca	14/6	LYN	14	Daymar/Olympia Hotel	\$245
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Back to Mandalay

Tour operators are reintroducing holidays to Burma now that entry restrictions have been relaxed. The country's frontier was closed to foreigners last year when civil unrest broke out, but tourists are now allowed in for stays of up to 14 days.

Silk Cot Travel (0730 65211), which had to suspend its planned Burma programme earlier this year, will now be operating departures in

August, September and October with a 10-day itinerary linked to a stopover in Bangkok. It covers Rangoon, the ruins of Pagan and Burma's ancient royal capital, Mandalay, with prices starting at £1,293.

Regent Holidays (0272 211711), which specializes in holidays to offbeat destinations, is also planning a new programme to Burma and can arrange one-off tours on request.

Rooms with good rates

The Ramada Hotels group is cutting summer rates at more than 400 of its properties in the United Kingdom, Europe and North America. Rates at Ramada's hotels in London, Reading and Manchester will start at \$41 per room, per night, between the end of June and early September, while in America summer room rates will start at \$37 per night for up to four people sharing, with discount vouchers on car rental thrown in. Reservations have to be made 72 hours in advance. Information: 0800 181737.

The Canadian charter flight specialist, Globespan (0293 541541) is cutting fares from the United Kingdom to Toronto throughout June. Prices from Stansted and Manches-

ter have been reduced by up to £100, from Birmingham and Cardiff by up to £120 and from Prestwick by up to £130. Return fares will now range between £149 and £229 depending on departure date and airport, and Globespan promises further fare cuts for July.

Going for a song

Tickets to a host of musical events in Italy this summer are now available to customers who book their travel through Italtour (01-353 9684). The company has produced an "Italy is Music" brochure listing festivals and concert seasons with details of seat prices, availability and booking deadlines. Italtour says the most popular events are expected to include the opera seasons at the Baths of

Caracalla in Rome and the Roman arena in Verona, both of which will include performances of *Aida*. Italtour plans to produce a similar programme for next winter's events.

Mondial Assistance has produced a new policy offering emergency services and insurance for an entire family travelling to the Continent by car. One premium covers the whole family, regardless of how many children under 16 are travelling with their parents. Motoring benefits include roadside assistance, vehicle repatriation, temporary replacement vehicles and "get you home" cover. Mondial quotes a £76 premium for 17 days' cover for two adults and two children compared with up to £96 for other policies on the market. Information: 01-681 2525.

Philip Ray

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TRAVEL

Secret elixir in the land of pâté

Hilary Finch
travels across
Belgium's
bulge to join
the deer hunt
and meet a
great eccentric

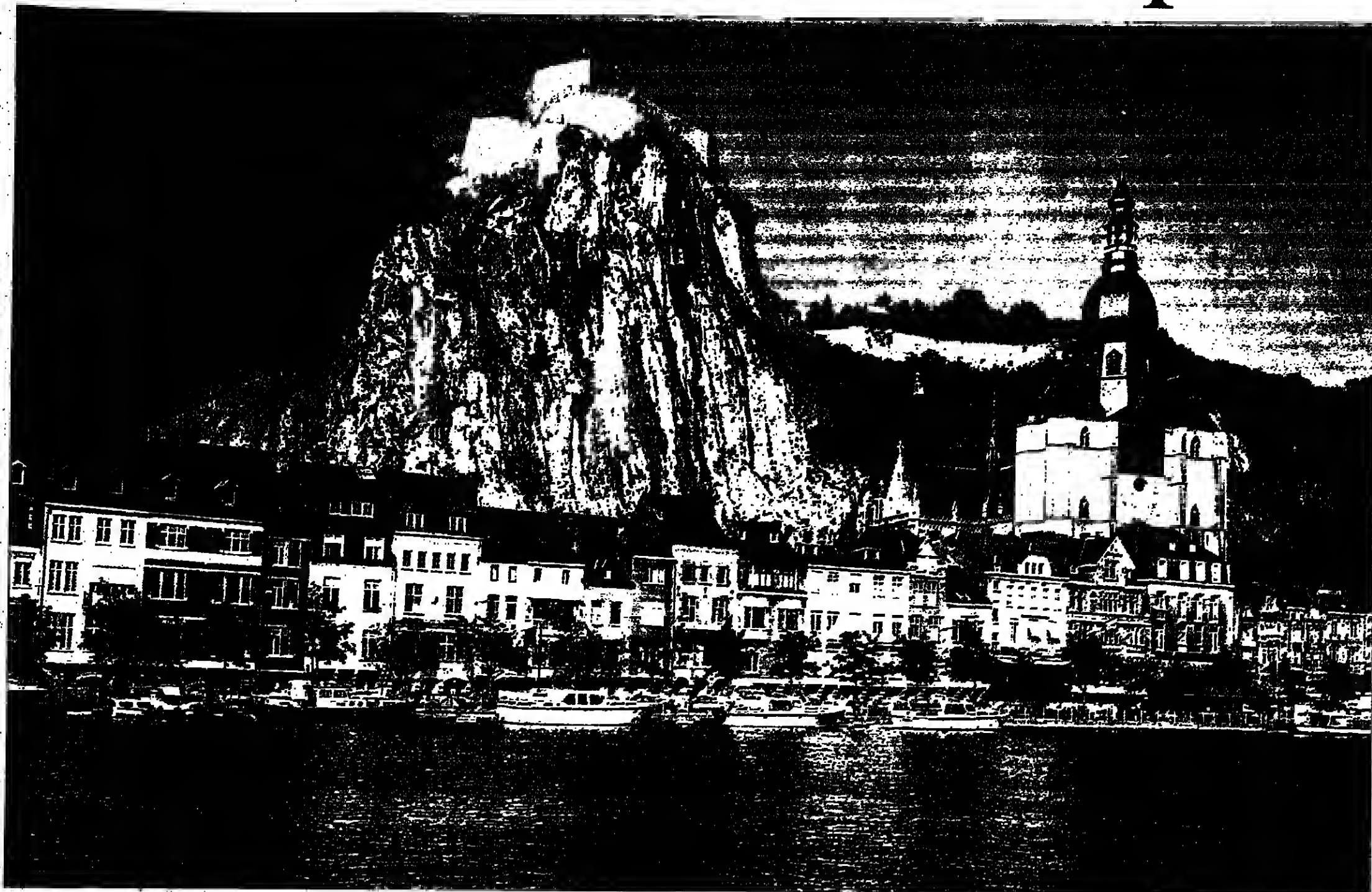


Three young red deer streaked across the clearing: a flurry of dachshunds linked one copse to another. The hunt was up. La chasse in the Hautes Fagnes, that wild, bare upland plateau where Belgium bulges into Germany, is a curiously romantic affair. The lodes are as thick and green as ever, the feather in the tribby a jaunty promise of things to come. But the heart and the foothill is heavy. Hunting is an ecological chore in a landscape in which fragile beech, birch and rowan compete with ever-increasing herds of hungry deer in the battle for the survival of the fittest. There are steep fines if the required cull is not met.

Until a century or so ago, the land itself was the quarry. This unique, shy wilderness, now 67,000 hectares of little-explored nature park, may well be marketed as an area in which "l'influence de l'homme est peu marquée", but not for those with eyes to see. Aerial photography displays its wide marshes and heaths as a vast technical drawing, an architect's groundplan constantly revised but never finished.

Walking through its highly acidic, water-logged fens reveals strange, forsaken lines of ancient, and optimistic ploughing, black scars of peat cuttings, mounds and ditches, glacial rings and quartzite outcrops. Eye contact at dachshund level uncovers fungi, tiny and bright as buttercups, mazes of sphagnum moss, labyrinthine of lichen roots, seeds and pollens, dried and blown by the wind.

While the serious conservation work goes on in field outposts of the university of Liège, the curious and backpacking public are welcomed round a huge wood fire at quite the finest countryside information centre I have seen in Europe, the Centre Nature de Botrange. In the courtyard of its handsome pine-wood complex of inventive exhibitions, cafes and cinemas is a herb garden, cultivated in conjunction with Ortis, a health-food factory-lab hidden in the heart of the Fagnes at Elenborn. The Horn family diligently prepares face cream for Barbara Cartland and a secret royal jelly elixir for the



Shadow of the rock: the Meuse river at Dinant, a historic town overshadowed by its citadel-cliff; the scene of bitter fighting in both world wars, now it is an ideal centre for exploring the Ardennes by road or river excursion



Fast food: frites with sauces

Princess of Wales, and, among bridges full of glistening root and hives loud with honey bees, they have perfected a way of scaling the pungency of local herbs into tiny capsules for herb tea.

It seems to work. A sip of the secret elixir and a cup of camomile tea and I was, en route once again. St Hubert, I was told, was the real *capitaine de la chasse*. That was where the action was. As the drenched plateau of the Hautes Fagnes drains into the steep forested valleys of the central Ardennes, its hard, grey slate is cut into narrow ravines and concentrated into dense, grey stone villages. The Basilica of St Hubert, with its baroque facade and Gothic interior, is a geological harvest of pink and ochre sandstone, grey and white granite, just as

the village itself is a year-round harvest festival of all that lives, moves or has its being in the area.

I just missed the annual *Grand messe solennelle des chateaux*, a mighty blessing of bread and beast, pilgrimage, procession and all. My homage to the saint was done in the Charcuterie Champion, where ham is salted for 15 days, then smoked for 10 more over beech and oak wood; where wild boar becomes mousse, and pâté is sculpted with herbs and peppers.

For St Hubert is only the beginning of Belgian gastronomy. With no food centre, no restaurants to act as emissaries in London, and only pâté and chocs to fly the flag, it all comes as a revelation to the unprepared visitor. *Etapes de gastronomie* in the Ardennes are better signposted than many a town or castle; even the most austere village advertises its *moules*, and roadside *friteries* offer at least a dozen sauces for the dipping. The serious stuff, of course, is focused in the hostilities and châteaux offering their own piquant and totally unpretentious approach to the semi-nouvelle. At Durbuy, a grey, 17th-century toy-town in an eminently walkable wooded bend of the river Ourthe,

Maurice Caerdinael presides over the kitchen of Le Sanglier des Ardennes. While he concentrates on river fish, wild boar and the niceties of rosemary sorbet, his wife purrs over her collection of 238 antique cheese and butter dishes in the long, cold cellar.

At Liège, *salade* takes on a whole new meaning. Do not be deceived: *salade liégeoise* is a sturdy stew of haricot beans, potatoes and sausages, definitely not to be followed by the warm, liquor-soaked pear cake called *la rombosse à la Liège*. The Brasserie As Oubés will tempt you both.

Liégeois have an equally disconcerting way of announcing: "We're going to Liège!" What they mean is that they are crossing the Meuse to the island of Outremeuse, the city's answer to Paris's Ile St-Louis. This is the heart of Walloon-speaking Liège: two tiny parishes of dark, glistening fish shops and surreptitious flea-markets, the home of Simeon — and of Tchotchke, the Pinocchio of Liège. The single vertical wire on which he prances in every puppet theatre and shop window was a result of the poor orphan boy's being weaned on *Pekes*, the local schnapps, instead of milk — either that or

slag heaps grow into grassy hills, and the long-haired, white cattle graze the wide plains. Only 12 miles west of Liège, its spiky turrets emphatic and stable in this ambiguous landscape, is the castle of Jehay, home of one of Belgium's great eccentrics, the Comte Guy van den Steen.

A tiny, bright-eyed wren of a man, at 83 he darts from room to room, excitedly pointing out a Celtic coin, a Carolingian brooch, a Romanesque

madonna, a mesolithic skate, a nymph carved from his own apple tree. More magic than wren, the Count has spent 40 years of solitary excavation unearthing an archaeological collection more wide-ranging through pre-history than any in Europe. His own sculpture, tough, sensuous, Rodin-esque, peoples the cluttered and silent halls. In the moat lies his bronze Ophelia, modelled from an ATS girl while he was in London during the war; to

the side lies a Roman hypocaust which he rescued from a condemned site 12 miles away. The boy who taught himself to sculpt in his childhood in Rome was later to save women and children at Dunkirk by packing them into his old Lincoln. He still beats the police radar in his Lamborghini, and he races against time to complete his last sculpture: a praying mantis, erotic, disturbing, and as mischievous as the man.

TRAVEL NOTES

● Sabena flies to Brussels from E86 Super-pax to £207 business class. There are excellent rail and autoroute connections to Liège and the Ardennes.

● Robertville and the friendly Hotel des Bains (010 32 80 679571) is a good centre for exploring the Hautes Fagnes; Durbuy (the Hosiellerie Le Sanglier des Ardennes; 010 32 86 211 088) for the woods and valleys of the Ardennes. Recommended restaurants: Chateau de Fraixneux at Nandrin, and L'Auberge du Moulin Hildeux at Noirefontaine, both bookable through Relais et Châteaux (Paris 47 420020).

● Belsud offers a wide range of enterprising gîtes-type holidays, camping and hotel accommodation for the Ardennes. Information on these and on a range of gastronomic and activity weekends can be obtained from Belgian Tourist Office, Premier House, 2 Gayton Road, Harrow, Middx (01-861 3300).



Up a lazy river: the heavily wooded Semois valley at Bouillon



Kings of the castle: the magnificent Bouillon chateau on the Semois river, dating mostly from the 16th and 17th centuries

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